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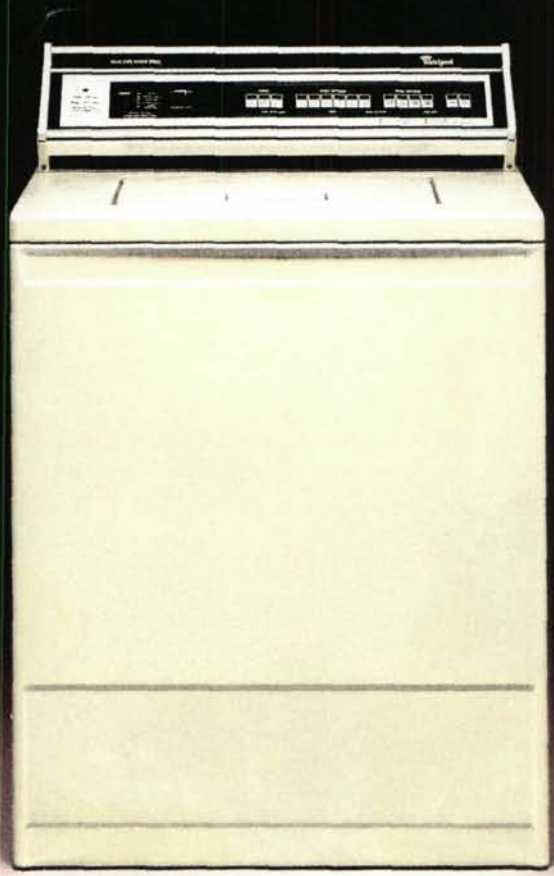

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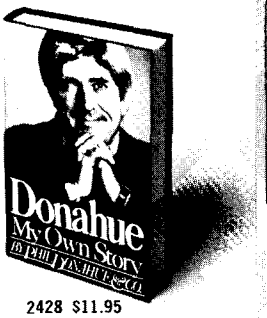

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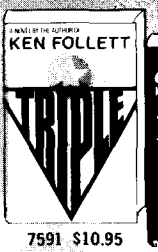

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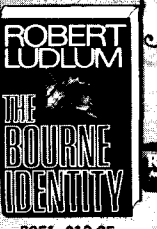

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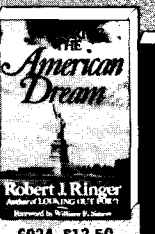

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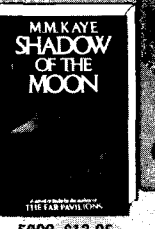

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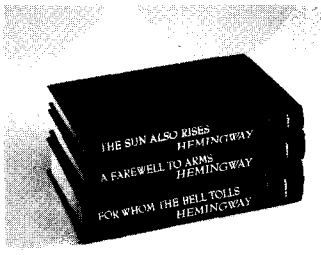

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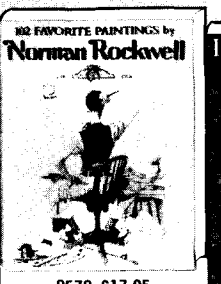

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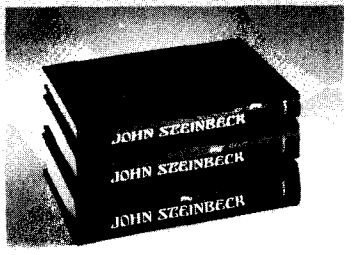

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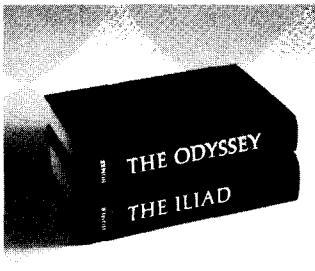

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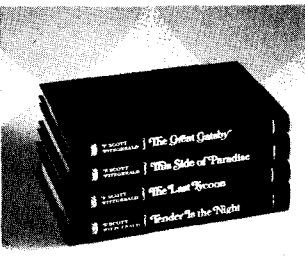

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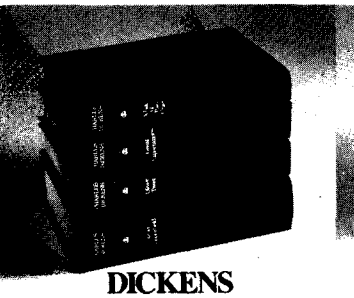

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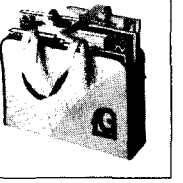

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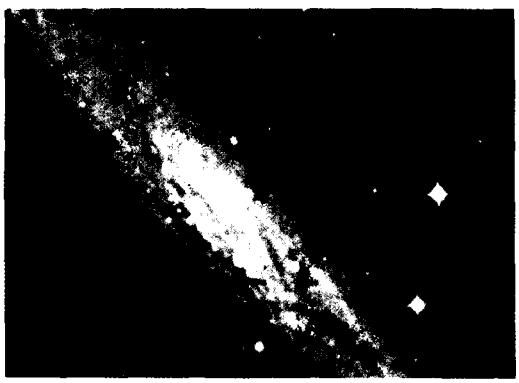

The Ultimate Black Hole

Those plain-named but voracious spirals grow by consuming everything in their paths and are so dense that not even light can escape their hold. Is this the fate that awaits us? Science writer Isaac Asimov shares a startling theory.

26

Holy Bonds

Family tragedies could have shrouded in bitterness the marriage of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. But faith in God, through Christ, turned the grimace of grief into a smile of courage and hope.

50

Heavenly Host

To put God on Main Street has been the goal of Rex Humbard for 47 years. Today, thanks to television, the "Main Street" of this dedicated preacher stretches from Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, halfway around the world.

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10 Commandments for a Happier Marriage 40

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Letters to the Editor

Relatively Famous

Am I ever glad that we take *The Saturday Evening Post*. Last night I was reading your January/February issue. I turned to page 116, "Where in the World?" I couldn't guess any of them, but I was intrigued by the bridge (No. 4). I guessed Arizona. Then when I came to page 129, I saw the answer. John Rennie was my grandmother's uncle in Scotland. Mother told me about him when I was a little girl. She said he built London Bridge. He was knighted by the Queen for that feat and from then on was Sir John Rennie. My grandmother, before marriage, was Jane Rennie. That makes him my great-granduncle. Can you imagine how thrilled I am to see my relative's name in print? I would love to go to Arizona and see that bridge. Maybe some day. Thank you for making me happy.

Mina Craft
Michigan City, Indiana

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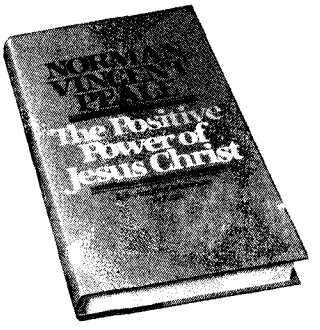
The Positive Power of Jesus Christ

by

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE



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Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, author of 25 books, among them the bestseller, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, and, with Mrs. Peale, Co-Editor and Publisher of *Guideposts* magazine, is senior pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. He conducts ever-popular radio and television programs on stations nationwide, authors a syndicated newspaper column, and speaks frequently at conventions and sales meetings across the nation.

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Deathly Difference

In your magazine's article, "The Wild, Wild Year of Politics 1980," (January/February), you state (p. 126, center column), "... that Mary Jo Kopechne died of suffocation, not drowning."

The difference between death by suffocation and death by drowning is a simple one. In one, there is water in the lungs (drowning), and there is no evidence of water in the lungs in the other (suffocation). A person who is in a drowning situation may hold his breath until he passes out, but as soon as he does, the lungs and brain say "breathe." At this point, water enters the lungs.

How is it possible for a person to die in a car full of water and not die of drowning? Is your article correct in this quoted statement? Is it according to the autopsy?

Dolores J. Slater
Rockland, Maine

You're wrong in saying, "The difference between death by suffocation and death by drowning is a simple one." Wrong! Forensic pathologists say that it is possible that Mary Jo did die of suffocation without ever getting her head in the water. Later, after death, her muscles would have relaxed, allowing some water to seep into her lungs. The point our writer wished to make, that Mary Jo Kopechne lived for some time following the accident and might have been saved by prompt rescue action, is supported by the circumstantial evidence. The captain of the rescue team which recovered the body noted that the girl was positioned with her head in the rear-seat foot area, where an air pocket may have formed. Her hands were still clenched to the seat as if she were trying to breathe from that air pocket. Unfortunately, no autopsy was performed in the case.

Wild Politics

Wild? Sure! Look at the number of Republicans running for the nomination—candidates pledged to the 11th commandment (not to speak ill of another Republican). Wild? Republicans even considering Reagan and dreaming of Ford as a *deus ex machina* when these two men in their stubborn pride gave the White House to Carter? Senators? If just one of them were the "great leader this country needs" he would be as well known as Kennedy and he could "point with pride" to greater accomplishments than his. Wild? A Republican senator running for president who let his arm be twisted to vote for the Panama Canal Treaty? Instead of committing suicide again, the GOP could win by fine-tuning their campaign in a frank contest between Bush and Connally and using the campaign money and efforts wasted on the other six to gain what the winner will need most: more seats in Congress and in state and local governments.

Wild indeed. And sad!

Ernest T. Thiersch
Orlando, Florida

Australian Accolade

The reappearance some months ago of *The Saturday Evening Post* on Australian newsstands was a very pleasant surprise to me.

Memories from my childhood came flooding back. When I was around 10 years of age (20 years ago), I recall spending many hours looking through the *Post* and copying some of the fine paintings by Norman Rockwell and others in my drawing book.

As a member of the Australian-American Association, opportunities arise from time to time to welcome newly arrived Americans to Australia. Recently, when a young U.S. Navy Lieutenant visited my home, he noticed the *Post* which was lying on the coffee table. It rekindled his interest, too, and, in fact, he removed the subscription card and sent it so that a copy would be waiting on his arrival home in San Diego.

Even though I have only visited the United States on two brief occasions, I have always been interested in your country and have endeavored to learn as much as time would permit. I now regard it as my "home away from home."

The Saturday Evening Post has brought it closer still.

Jeni Matthews
Whitebridge, Australia

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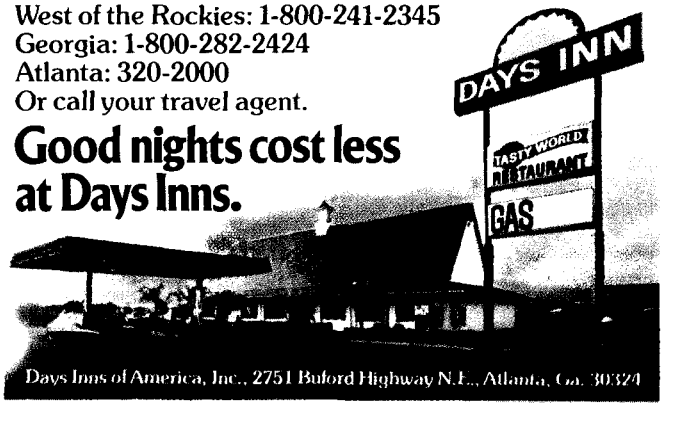

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Rated GP

I am a ninth-grader attending Norwood North Junior High. For a few years now, my family and I have immensely enjoyed your magazine. I have especially liked your choice of stories and the articles on movies and movie stars of the '30s and '40s.

Because of your good taste, I would not hesitate to recommend your magazine for family consumption. I appreciate the fact that such a good magazine is on the market today.

I'm taking this opportunity to congratulate you on your magazine. Keep up the good work!

Rita Curley
Norwood, Massachusetts

Breath of Fresh Air

When I was young, *Post* day was looked forward to for the covers and for the stories. But in our neighborhood it was at least as famous for its contents. If it was published in the *Post*, you could believe it—you could depend on it. If I saw it in the *Post*, that was final. I have read the 'Letters' and not once has this been mentioned. I think it is worthy of mention and long overdue. Please do.

In this age of millions of products I do not believe any periodical can ever again attain the pinnacle of perfection—but in this era of bombardment of filth and trash, the *Post* comes in like a breath of fresh air. Keep it that way.

E. R. White
Garden Grove, California

We are subscribers to your magazine, and this is the second time that I've written to congratulate you on publishing a Christian issue—the December 1979 one—which I've only recently finished reading. It's like a breath of much-needed fresh air in a room full of smoke.

Thank you for having the courage to publish—even occasionally—such an atypical issue.

God bless!

Monita Syll
New Orleans, Louisana

Julie Andrews, 10 . . .

Passing by the book store, I saw the January/February issue of the *Post*. Seeing Julie Andrews smiling on the cover of that issue brought back not only pleasant memories of Julie's performances, but also memories of the *Post* through the years as it captured her best moments.

How perfect to have Julie Andrews, who always rates a "10," on your cover after so many years as her career is again in the spotlight with the movie *10*. That fabulous article, "Thoroughly Modern Julie," surely rates a "10" and reminds me that the *Post* does, too.

Tom S. Wilson
Boulder, Colorado

. . . to 1

We have both resubscribed and given subscriptions to the *Post* because it appeared to be a refreshing new family publication. Please know that we are deeply offended by the prominence and promotion you gave to Julie Andrews and that garbage film, *10*—exactly the sort of thing that has so devastatingly eroded the moral fiber of our country.

We sincerely hope you will not overlook the wishes of many and are quite prepared to cancel our subscriptions.

Leon S. Rhodes
Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania

Post Panegyrics

We are delighted that *The Saturday Evening Post* is once again on the newsstands. It is certainly one of the very best to be offered to the public.

Especially enjoyed the Christian articles. Please keep up the good work. You're doing a smashing job!

Arlene Garrison
Traverse City, Michigan

P.S. We appreciate the Norman Rockwell *Memory Album*. Thanks so much!

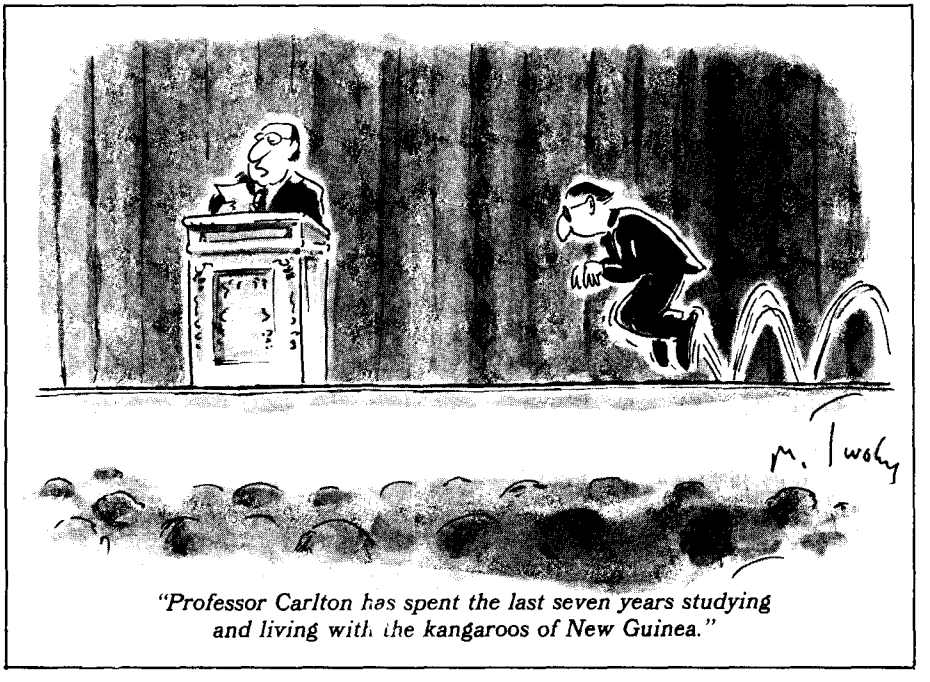
Compu-Rip-Offs

In regard to your story by David Bumke, entitled "Computer Crime" (January/February 1980):

Obviously the courts have been doling out unreasonably small sentences for million-dollar heists, notably computer crimes. Grand theft is a felony and those convicted of this offense should be punished accordingly, be their collars blue or white.

If the courts would hand out a reasonable sentence to the perpetrators of these compu-rip-offs, then the public would see a decline in technological thefts. After all, a man of reason listens to reason.

Tom Carpenter
Milford, Michigan



"Professor Carlton has spent the last seven years studying and living with the kangaroos of New Guinea."

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Any way you cut it!

For performance, comfort, maneuverability, and dependability, no other riding mower on the market today does it all like an Ariens Riding Mower. Ariens makes Riding Mowers that cut the job down to size.

Ariens versatile "Custom Cut" mower deck system lets you tailor the operation of your Ariens Riding Mower to your specific lawn care needs. You can bag, broadcast clippings or mulch. Your Ariens dealer is a professional who can help you decide which Ariens Riding Mower is just right for you!

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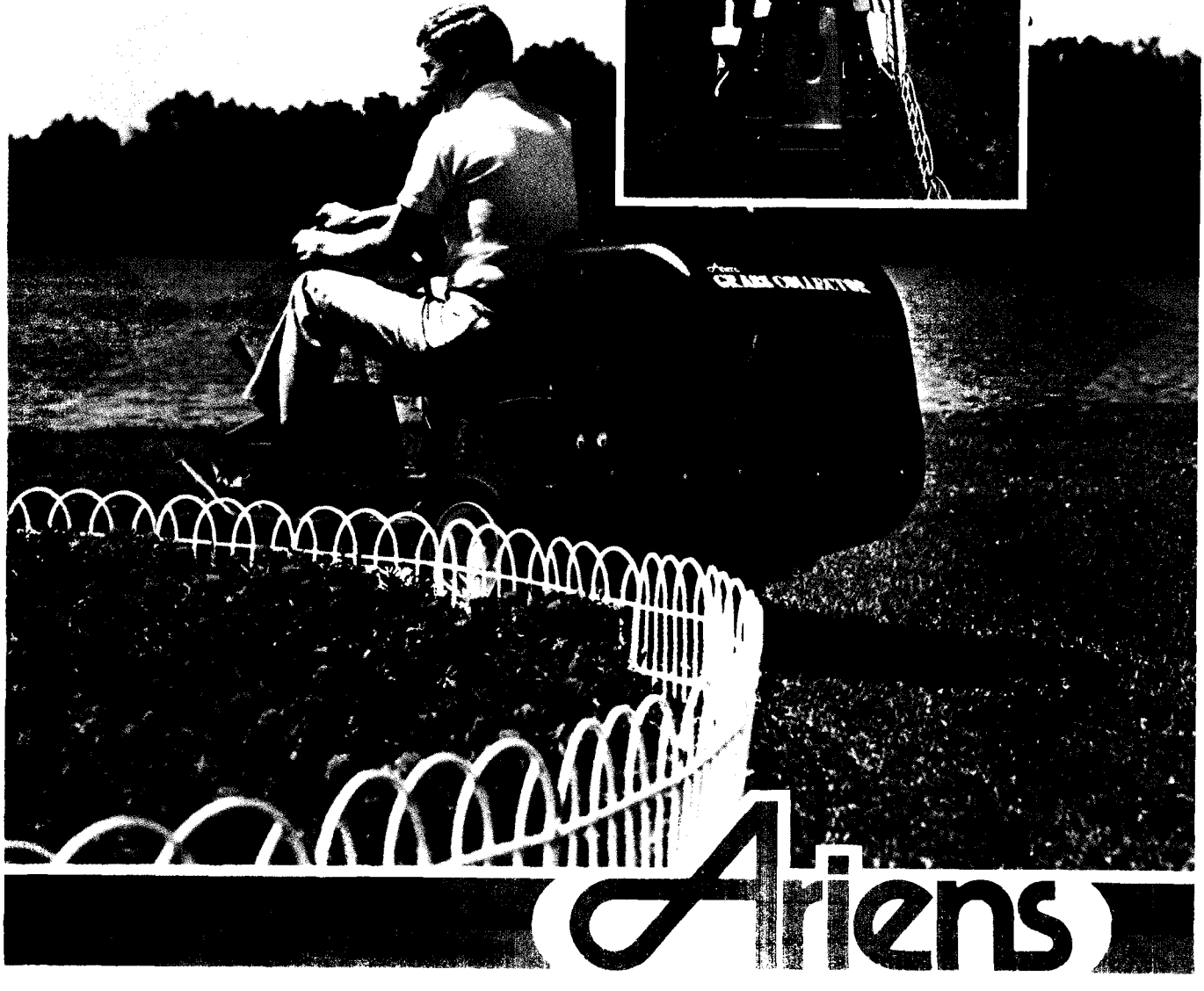

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The true story is only now beginning to

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SITTING BULL...
COCHISE...
CRAZY HORSE...
QUANAH...

From the days when the Indian chiefs were proud, combative, free as the wind...until the final crushing defeat at Wounded Knee, here is the true story of *The Great Chiefs.* Peace makers like Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés. Warriors like Cochise of the Chiricahua Apache. Brilliant strategists like Crazy Horse of the Oglala Sioux. And the greatest of all Sioux heroes, Sitting Bull.

One of the most violent chapters in American history, the confrontation between the Indian and the white man, has come down to us in distortions, myths and legends. The truth is only now beginning to be learned, and told. It is a truth revealed with graphic fidelity to fact in *The Great Chiefs,* your introductory volume to THE OLD WEST. What actually happened at the Battle of the Little Bighorn? At Wounded Knee? What led to the triumphs and bitter defeats of the Arapaho, Apache, Cheyenne, Comanche, Crow?

You're invited to follow the true course of events in *The Great Chiefs* free for 10 days as your introduction to TIME-LIFE BOOKS' much acclaimed series, THE OLD WEST. Extensively researched and documented, this handsomely illustrated series was designed to give you a true picture of the pioneers who faced the dangers and challenges of an untamed continent—who eventually triumphed and settled its wild frontiers. In such superbly narrated, magnificently illustrated volumes as *The Cowboys, The Gunfighters, The Indians, The Soldiers* and *The Alaskans,* you will experience the tumultuous adventure of the Old West as it really was. Send for *The Great Chiefs* and enjoy it free for 10 days. Mail the order form today.

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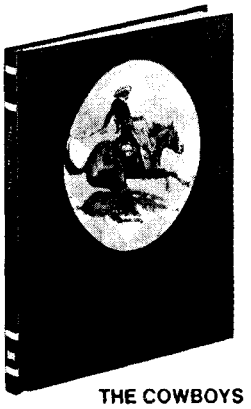
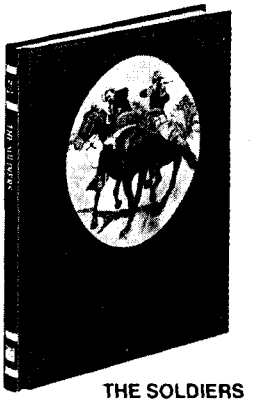
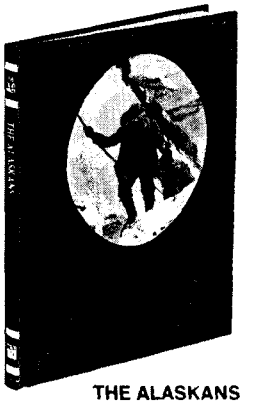
YOURS FREE FOR 10-DAY EXAMINATION



THE COWBOYS
The cowboy as he really was—overworked, lonely, exploited by cattle barons, besieged by marauding Indians, at the mercy of stampeding cattle. Unflinching, puritanically honest, he did his job and helped open the West for those who followed.



THE SOLDIERS
The plain-as-khaki truth about the cowards and heroes, the wise and foolish generals in the latter half of the 19th Century. Indian fighters like Sherman, Sheridan and the ill-fated Custer, matched their foes in both courage and bloodthirstiness.



THE ALASKANS
The pioneers' last great Western frontier—a colossal wilderness of glacier-ridden mountain ranges, dense forests, mighty rivers and boundless tundra. Hardy adventurers, explorers and treasure-seekers found Alaska's riches as gigantic as its challenges.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS
Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 60611

Yes, I would like to examine *The Great Chiefs.* Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination—and enter my subscription to THE OLD WEST. If I decide to keep *The Great Chiefs,* I will pay $9.95 ($11.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in THE OLD WEST series, shipped one volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is $9.95 ($11.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you. If I do not choose to keep *The Great Chiefs,* I will return the book within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will be under no further obligation.

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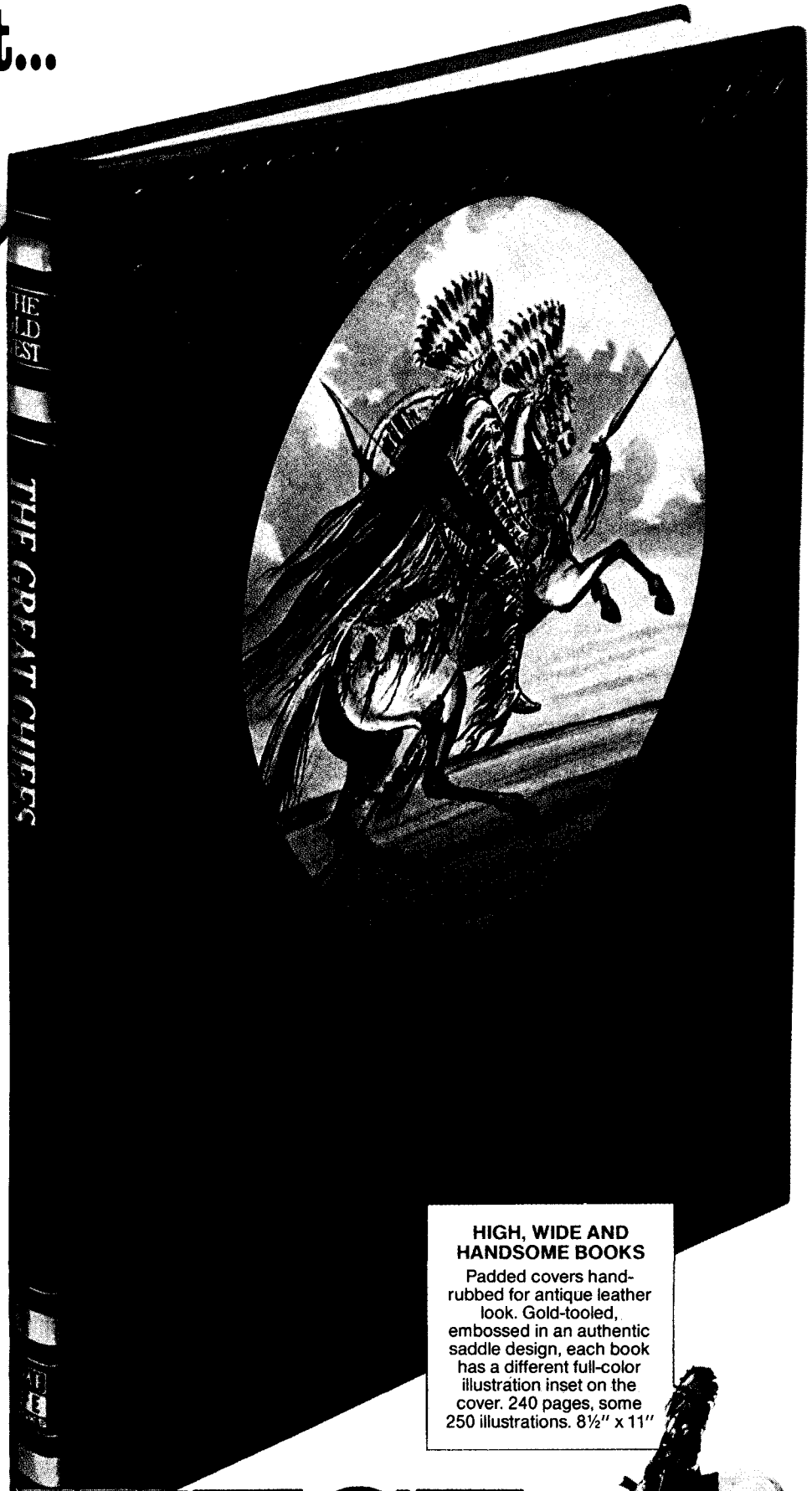

THE GUNFIGHTERS
The bad old days of impatient vigilantes, raw frontier justice and the West's most dangerous gunslingers – outlaws like the James gang, the Daltons, Butch Cassidy, Billy the Kid; lawmen like the dudish sheriff of Dodge City, Bat Masterson.

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME BOOKS
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OLD WEST

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"HE DIDN'T STAY DEAD!"

The truth upon which Christianity rests is that Christ arose bodily from the grave; that He did was witnessed by hundreds—and believed by faithful millions.

by Dr. John R. Rice

On the first Easter morning, two tremulous, sad-faced women came to see the tomb where the Savior was buried.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you so (Matt. 28:2-7).

Dr. John R. Rice, age 84, is the founding editor of **The Sword of the Lord,** *America's foremost revival magazine. He is the author of 195 books and pamphlets that have a combined circulation of 50 million copies.*

Jesus had boldly announced that He would rise from the dead after three days. He had said that the one sign He would give of His deity was that, as Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, He would be in the earth three days and three nights. Those who had Him crucified knew that; so they besought Pilate to have soldiers surround the tomb and to seal it with the Roman seal.

Ah, but the Roman seal and Roman soldiers could not keep the Lord Jesus in that grave!

When the women ran to tell the disciples, these men could hardly believe it. But the proof was overwhelming. Soon these disciples who had walked with Jesus, who had eaten with Him, touched Him, talked with Him for most of 40 days, were convinced beyond any doubt.

The Basic Truth on which All Christianity Rests is That Jesus Christ is Risen from the Dead

It was plainly foretold in the 16th Psalm. Jesus repeatedly told the apostles He would be crucified, then would rise from the dead. All the Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, specifically say that He was raised bodily from the grave. Christ gave the Great Commission to the apostles whom He had chosen, "to whom also he shewed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" (Acts 1:3).

The inspired Apostle Paul said:

For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures: And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures: And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all he was seen of me also, as one born out of due time (I Corinthians 15:3-8).

Yes, they saw Jesus and they talked to Him. They put their hands upon Him. They saw Him eat before them. Doubting Thomas put his fingers in the nail prints, then his hand into the wounded side where the spear had been thrust into Jesus and where the sacred blood had poured out from His broken heart. Then Thomas doubted no more but said, "My Lord and my God!"

Down through the years every creed in all Christendom has stated that Christ arose from the dead. Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Anglican Church, Lutherans, Baptists, Methodists and all others have agreed to this basic truth on which the doctrine of their faith rests: Jesus Christ rose bodily from the grave.

No wonder the Bible says, " . . . he shewed himself

Continued on page 120

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No compromise
Winston Lights didn't have to compromise on great taste to get low tar. Why should I?
Winston Lights taste good like a light cigarette should.
LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Winston
TAR
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GARY S. PAXTON: THE MAD HATTER OF NASHVILLE

Nine years ago this madcap, million-selling songwriter of "Monster Mash" fame did an alley-oop and changed his tune. Today he's born-again proof that Christians have more fun.

by Adrian Katz

"Meet Gary Paxton," said the jeans-clad receptionist, gesturing toward the inner sanctum of a recording studio on the outskirts of Nashville, Tennessee.

I looked, then looked again. Something was wrong. The man in the doorway wasn't nearly as plump as his double on the record jackets. And where were the red jumpsuit, long hair, bushy beard, crazy hats and pointed-toe glitter boots that were his trademark? This specimen with the Sergeant-Carter-cropped hair and tank top was flexing muscles that would send Arnold Schwhatshisname scurrying for his barbells.

"I'm in training," Paxton explained, reaching out with a handshake that could wrench the top off the Chrysler Building. "I'm on a diet, do a hundred sit-ups a day, lift weights and jog."

Two years ago Paxton, who admits to being "36 and holding, but my kids keep getting over 21," was hospitalized for obesity. Weighing 245 pounds (he's only 5′ 8″), his 48-inch waist was so big it was crushing his heart. He pleads guilty to being a food-a-holic with a passion for barbecued anything, pizza and prime ribs.

"For me, food is just as much a sin as shooting heroin," he says. "Whatever ruins your life is a sin, whether it's dope, alcohol, tobacco or anything else. A person should be willing to change in any way he has to to be what he wants to be."

Strong language, but Paxton isn't just sermonizing. He knows firsthand the horrors of addiction. He's been there. Several times.

A familiar face on the "PTL Club," Gary Paxton has struck up a close friendship with Jim Bakker, the show's host, and Bakker's wife Tammy, whose recordings he has helped produce.

"I was in a mental institution for alcoholism . . . padded cell, the whole bit," he recalls. "In 1970, I was in the hospital five times for overdoses. It got to the point that I'd sell a $300 guitar for $20 to buy wine. I'd crush 10 or 15 'whites' and wash them down with whiskey to wake up in the morning. Then I'd take 'reds' to crash. I was drinking wine that cost $1.47 a gallon, smoking four packs of cigarettes a day and using grass. When you've had 15 gold records you can always get the stuff."

Paxton's life story would make heady material for a book, or even a movie, but he's already promised several people he won't snitch. Married five times, he's been on top as owner of several lucrative recording studios in Los Angeles, and he's hit bottom—walking the streets of Nashville pitching songs door to door in an overcoat purchased at the local Salvation Army outlet for $4. Even his initial show business break that catapulted him squarely to the top of the record charts reads like razzle-dazzle copy from the typewriter of some star-struck publicity agent.

"I was up in a tree in Eugene, Oregon, picking fruit and listening to the radio when the disc jockey played a song I had written a year and a half earlier. I didn't recognize my own voice since I had never heard it on the radio. I started to scream, 'Hey, somebody stole my song!' "

Actually, someone had just "borrowed" it. Paxton had cut "It Was I" on a demo tape almost two years before and had sent it to a New York recording executive for his appraisal. The tape lay in a forgotten stack of similar offerings for months until a visiting DJ was sifting through the unsolicited tunes one day, heard Gary's song and proclaimed it a potential hit. The record executive protested that he didn't know the name of the singer. The DJ suggested they press the record, put a fictitious name on it and, if it were a hit, the real artist would come forward and claim it. Sure enough, they attributed "It Was I" to Skip and

Continued on following page

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The First Danbury Mint Porcelain Mother's Day Bell

- ★ **Fine imported porcelain decorated with a lovely rose bouquet and trimmed with precious 22 kt. gold.**
- ★ **Limited edition available at original issue price only until Mother's Day, May 11, 1980.**
- ★ **Each bell individually hallmarked, serially numbered, and registered.**
- ★ **Attractively packaged for gift-giving; not available in stores.**
- ★ **Guaranteed shipment for Mother's Day delivery for all orders received by April 21, 1980.**
- ★ **Priced at only $19.50.**

Rose Bouquet

Shown slightly smaller than actual size of 5¼" in height.

For yourself, or as a gift for someone special, The First Danbury Mint Porcelain Mother's Day Bell can be acquired with confidence, and given with pride. Crafted from fine imported porcelain, this delicate bell is decorated on both sides with a bouquet of roses, and embellished with two hand-painted bands of precious 22kt gold.

This beautiful porcelain bell is a perfect Mother's Day gift which you can display in your home all year round. Each bell is attractively packaged for gift-giving, and *shipment for Mother's Day delivery is guaranteed for all orders received by April 21, 1980.*

The First Danbury Mint Porcelain Mother's Day Bell is available at the original issue price only until May 11, 1980. At just $19.50, this could well be the start of a delightful collecting tradition, or a special gift to someone you love.

The First Danbury Mint Porcelain Mother's Day Bell N14

The Danbury Mint
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Available at original issue price only for orders postmarked by May 11, 1980

Please enter my order for *The First Danbury Mint Porcelain Mother's Day Bell.* I have enclosed my remittance as follows:

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Please make check or money order payable to: Danbury Mint

*Connecticut residents add $1.47 per bell to include sales tax.

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If Rich, Spicy Foods Bring On

Acid Indigestion and Bad Breath

Bring On The CHOOZ®
The Only Chewing Gum Antacid

1 *CHOOZ has soothing antacids to relieve your acid indigestion fast.*

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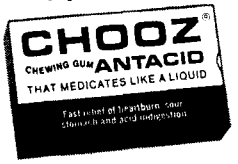
At times you just can't resist yummy, spicy foods that may bring on occasional attacks of acid indigestion and heartburn. So always keep CHOOZ Chewing Gum Antacid handy for fast, 'on the spot' relief.

CHOOZ is the only antacid in pleasant chewing gum form. When you chew CHOOZ it becomes a liquid medicine that bathes your stomach with highly effective antacids.

CHOOZ also freshens your breath, and is so pleasant tasting, never a chalky gritty taste.

Read and follow label directions. Handy packs of 10 and 20 gum tablets.



The Only Antacid In Chewing Gum Form

Flip (the names of the executive's pet poodles), the record sold a million, and a fruit picker in Oregon jumped out of his tree, recruited a partner and went on the road as Skip and Flip.

"I had eight million-sellers in a row. After 'It Was I,' there was 'Cherry Pie.' Then 'Alley-oop' sold five or six million. 'Monster Mash' came out in 1964 and has been a hit on three occasions. I guess I've had 50 or 60 songs on the charts at different times.

America loved Paxton's imaginative (and sometimes crazy) songs and was equally smitten with the man behind the music. A one-of-a-kind extrovert, he was known to show up at a Hollywood party in slinky pants, Nazi boots and a flag for a cape, surfacing next in Nashville with his hair shaved in a Mohawk on top, a long Chinese pigtail in the back and an eight-inch Russian Cossack spit curl on either side.

"Most people never knew I drank because they had never seen me sober," he remembers. "I was kinda fuzzy all the time."

Money came and went. He was a millionaire one year and a pauper the next. The only factor in his life that remained constant was his increasing dependence on drugs and alcohol. He consumed at least two fifths of whiskey a day, and he recalls his studio liquor bill one year was in excess of $70,000. By 1971, he was reduced to a $100-a-week Nashville songwriter, with his total income used to support his habits. He knew he had to find help if he were to survive.

"I can remember my wife and I driving around town in our old red Oldsmobile on a Sunday night, looking for a church. I was paranoid, so when we'd drive past one and see people going inside all dressed up like they should be, I'd say, 'Well, we can't go in there.' Finally, we found a little church over on Music Row. It wasn't a hippy church or anything, but it was in a racially mixed area near five colleges. You'd see a guy in overalls walk in, followed by a guy who had just driven up in a Lincoln Continental. Later, after we started going there, we joked about it being the Gospel Zoo."

The second Sunday he attended services he went forward and was saved. He proudly boasts that from that minute he "never touched another cigarette, another drop of alcohol or any kind of drug." But it wasn't easy. For four months he experienced the agony of withdrawal. He went into shock and had DTs (delirium tremens). His wife would bundle him in blankets and sit on him to control his spasms. When the physical horrors subsided he faced a new set of problems.

"I had never written a song sober in my life," he says. "For about eight or nine months I couldn't do anything. I'd always been good for about 200 songs a year, but I was completely stifled. Then it dawned on me that songwriting is a craft, just like woodworking, journalism or body and fender work. You don't have to wait until lightning strikes your brain or until that glowy feeling comes over you before you can go to work. Now I have between 200 and 300 songs going all the time. I make myself write all the time."

But composing on cue is just one talent that the wildly creative and creatively wild Gary Paxton is developing. Not long ago he discovered auto racing and has set a goal of winning the 1980 Rookie of the Year award in the junior division of NASCAR. He hopes to start a school to teach handicapped persons marketable skills. He's already begun a company called Bible Belts, which produces leather belts with song titles and slogans on them. Then there's the small project concerning beer commercials. . .he's determined to campaign against all messages that tout the alcohol-related "good life" on television.

"When I was saved I didn't stop liking alcohol, but I don't use it because it ruins me," he says. "I love cigars, but I'm not going to smoke because I can't handle them. Smoking leads to heart disease and lung cancer. I don't need that. I used to manufacture enthusiasm for living because I thought that the world had it in for me. Now I don't have to do anything to get high. The simple fact that I have been granted another day to breathe, open my eyes and get out of bed is enough."

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with special guests

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A Country Path in May

Plates shown smaller than life size. Actual diameter: 9 inches.

IN FINE ENGLISH PORCELAIN...

The Country Year

BY PETER BARRETT

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A collection of twelve beautiful porcelain plates, each portraying the charm and color of the countryside in a different month of the year.

Each plate bears an original work of art and is individually decorated with pure 24 karat gold.

To be issued in limited edition.

Offered by direct subscription only, with a further limit of just one collection per applicant.

Subscription application valid until April 30, 1980.

The beauty of a mountain stream in autumn, or a country meadow dappled with summer sun, possesses an enchantment that is universal. And it is the rare ability to capture this unique form of visual poetry — the beauty of the ever-changing countryside — that has established the English painter Peter Barrett as one of today's most gifted landscape artists.

And now, for the first time in his career, Peter Barrett has undertaken the task of creating a collection of important new works for issue in a form particularly prized by collectors: a series of twelve beautiful *porcelain plates* portraying the entire panorama of the countryside.

Each of these original works has been commissioned by Franklin Porcelain and created *exclusively* for 'The Country Year' porcelain plate collection. After it is completed, none of these plates will ever be issued again.

Each plate captures a different setting, a different month of the year

To encompass all the splendors of the countryside in its changing moods, each plate will depict a totally different setting . . . in a different month of the year.

The April plate, for example, conveys the loveliness of Spring from the perspective of a secluded bluebell bower . . . The spirit of May invites us to follow a quiet country lane . . . August brings us to a golden wheatfield, where swallows swoop low in search of food . . .

Wheatfields in August

The Colors of Autumn in October

No detail, no matter how small, escapes Peter Barrett's eye. Yet, over and above their sheer beauty, these new works accomplish something even *more* extraordinary. Because each plate actually seems to draw the viewer *into* the scene.

Challenging to create . . . satisfying to own

By letting elements of his art burst out of the center of the plate and flow to its very rim, Peter Barrett has given these works a unique sense of depth and dimension . . . a feeling of movement and vitality that brings *life* to every scene.

Furthermore, because of the precision of Barrett's art, and the fact that he has used some twenty-five separate colors in every work, this is a collection as challenging to create as it is satisfying to own. Indeed, more than two years has been devoted to its preparation.

To provide full scope for Peter Barrett's artistry and vision, each plate will measure a full nine inches in diameter. The entire collection will be crafted of fine English porcelain, whose traditional richness and vibrancy are exceptionally well suited to dramatizing the subtle colors of his art. And each scene will be framed within a decorative circular border of *pure 24 karat gold.*

A collection to enhance any room . . . any home

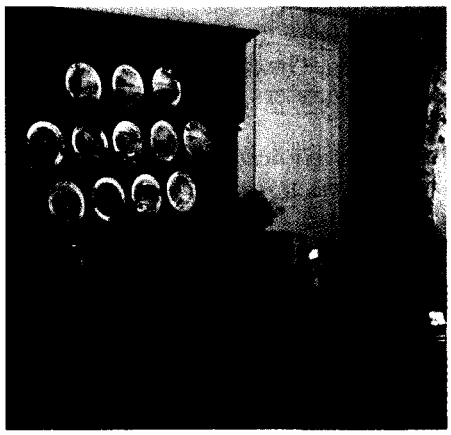
Each of the twelve beautiful plates in the collection is a superlative work of art in itself. Together they constitute a gallery of fine art that is breathtaking. Displayed upon the wall or shelves of any room, these beautiful plates cannot help but enhance the decor of your home.

But the plates are being made available on a very limited basis. They will be crafted *exclusively for individual subscribers.* And a further limit of just one collection per subscriber will be enforced without exception.

Here in the United States, the collection will be issued in a single edition, available *by direct subscription only* — and only from Franklin Porcelain. One plate will be issued every other month, and the issue price is just $55 for each plate and individual wall hanger.

Because of the international interest in Peter Barrett's art, a second edition will be made available overseas, with equally stringent limitations. In the tradition of the finest porcelain, the collection will be available only until the end of 1980, at which time the subscription rolls will be permanently closed. To enter *your* subscription, you need send no money now. But the application below must be mailed by April 30,. 1980.

OUR PROMISE TO YOU: Franklin Porcelain takes pride in the excellence of its limited edition works of art. Therefore you may return any plate in this collection, for any reason, within 30 days after it is sent to you and receive a full refund or credit.



SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

The Country Year

Valid only until April 30, 1980.
Further limit: One collection per applicant.

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CONVERSATIONS WITH THE MASTERS

The champions of golf always have a swinging time at the Masters tournament, where the purse, the prestige and the pressure seem to suit them to a tee.

by Hank Nuwer and Steve Cecil

Illustrated by Ron Ramsey

Most sports conclude their seasons with a spectacular finish—baseball has the World Series, football the Super Bowl and hockey the Stanley Cup Championship. Golf, on the other hand, holds its showcase event in the early months of its season; the Masters tournament held every April in Augusta, Georgia.

The Masters, co-founded by golf legends Bobby Jones and Clifford Roberts in 1934, has slowly developed into the sport's premiere event. Like the Indy 500, the Alamo and Mae West, the Masters is an American tradition. The game's superstars all flock here to compete, and more than 15,000 names appear on a waiting list for gallery admittance. Adrenaline flows like champagne in Vegas; even pros sport lumpy throats.

Arnold Palmer, golf's dominant player during the late '50s and early '60s with four Masters wins under his belt, admits that the mystique of the Augusta National event is intimidating even to him. "I think the course's location in the Southeast has something to do with its significance," says Palmer. "The tradition of the Deep South is an interesting part of it, too. Also, there's a feeling caused by the dynamic business personalities attached to Augusta from all over the United States. They come here, they watch the tournament and are intrigued by it. Personalities from all walks of life show up, too. That adds a certain air of sophistication. When a person wins the Masters, it acknowledges him as a master, a champion, more than any other tournament."

Collectively accounting for 25 percent of all wins at Augusta, Arnold Palmer (left), Jack Nicklaus (center) and Ben Hogan are legends who have dominated the Masters tournament.

A different viewpoint is expressed by another household name of golf, Sam Snead, whose more than 100 major classic victories include three Masters triumphs. "It's just another tournament," insists Slammin' Sam. "The guys are out there playing as hard as they can, and they more or less forget about the stress when they just play the course." Snead, however, agrees with Palmer that as a spectator sport the Masters is the most magnetic event of the golf year. "The Masters is the best tournament of all to watch," he says. "It's the most beautiful course of all with all those azaleas and beautiful flowers and things like that. Over the years they've built the course up so that spectators can sit and watch two or three holes at a time instead of one. That's the way any great tournament should operate."

Another reason Snead enthusiastically endorses Augusta National is that visiting professionals are treated like royalty by the club's management. "They take good

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care of the players," says Snead, "especially the players who have won before. They even have a special room where the past champions change their shoes." The red carpet treatment extends to the field as well. Back in 1949, the club awarded Slammin' Sam not only prize money and a trophy, but an Augusta National green blazer as well to go with his ever-present Panama hat. That tradition continues today for the 31st straight year.

The Masters is also unique because the course itself inspires awe. Augusta National is where the Confederate White House might stand had the South won the Civil War. A stately, whitewashed clubhouse reposes amidst a sea of hybrid Bermuda grass, and one expects to find Rhett and Scarlett sippin' mint juleps on a slat-railed veranda. Fairways are massive, well-manicured affairs, and the club's fathers have eliminated rough areas as simply too tacky to consider. Augusta National is built on the site of a once-flourishing nursery, and the course reflects this heritage. Each of the 18 holes at Augusta is named after the dominant flower, shrub or tree in its vicinity, such as tea olive, pink dogwood, magnolia, yellow jasmine, fire thorn, golden bell and holly.

This is not to say that playing this course is a simple walk in the park. Trying to blast one's way out of a grove of flowering crab apple can take three or four precious shots. Last year, for example, luckless Japanese PGA champion Tsuneyuki Nakajima suffered stroke after stroke on the par 5, 485-yard dogleg-left 13th hole known as "the Azalea Hole," finishing with a flush-cheeked 13 before his agony ended.

Pros, of course, opt for quite different game plans when attacking the course. "Because it's wide open out there," says Snead, "you must put the ball in different spots on the fairway in order to get close to the flag on the green. You must play well there, and you must putt well to win." Another approach is taken by 26-year-old Craig Stadler, a former U.S. Amateur Open winner, who is a dark horse candidate to take the Masters in this, his fifth, attempt.

With Jack Nicklaus dethroned, there's talk that golf needs a new King. Often billed as heir to the scepter, Tom Watson hopes to duplicate his stellar '77 performance at Augusta.

Stadler says that he will resist the urge to try overpowering the ball to compensate for the course's long green acreage. "The fairways have flattened out a little bit in the last five to ten years," claims Stadler. "I don't think you really have to hit it that long here. It helps on two or three holes, but that's it. I think it's a position course, mainly. Even though there's no rough on the golf course, pros hit a lot of high scores out there. You just have to know how to position yourself off the tee, depending on where the pins are located. You can hit a shot in there 15 feet from the cup, and if you're on the wrong side of the hole, you gotta work for four shots. But if you're on the right side of the hole, you get an easy birdie putt. Mainly, I think, you want to keep the ball in play."

Like boxers, pro golfers prepare themselves ahead of time before coming to Augusta. "I used to give myself ten days or two weeks to practice for that course," says Ben Hogan, a four-time winner of the U.S. Open and twice winner of the Masters. Hogan, who is to golf what William Tell was to archery, knows the lay of Augusta National better than its grounds keepers do. Thus he was able to simulate anticipated shots at whatever fairways he was visiting a few weeks before a match.

Once a player arrives in Georgia, says grand-old-man of golf Byron Nelson, he must work abnormally hard at "living as normally as possible." Nelson knows of what he speaks. Back in the '30s and '40s, Lord Byron reeled off 113 consecutive matches in which he finished in the money, including Masters successes in '37 and '42. "Before the Masters you don't stay up late just because you're afraid you won't get to sleep," says Nelson. "You try to eat normally; you don't go on a diet."

Once out on the course, a healthy mental attitude is essential, claims the golfing Hall of Famer. "I always tried to make sure that I didn't catch myself holding my breath. A lot of times when I get nervous, I breathe more quickly. When I walked I would pace myself so I didn't get out of breath."

Another viewpoint is provided by Tom Watson, the 30-year-old *Wunderkind* who copped a Masters win three years back and is the media's favorite to repeat in '80. Watson believes that a player's fate on a given day is often settled on the practice tee. "You have certain routines that you go through, certain time frames that you put yourself in," says the flaxen-haired Stanford alumnus. "I'll start warming up about 45 minutes in advance. I start with my short irons first, and I end up hitting my driver; then I go back to a short iron and practice my putting. When you have been practicing poorly on the practice tee, you have a certain doubt out there on the course. But if you go out to the practice tee and hit the ball well, then yes, you have more confidence than if you weren't hitting the ball well."

Watson insists that he needs no special motivation to get up for the Masters. Simply addressing a tiny white sphere is always a natural high for him. "What motivates me? I love the game. It's a great game, and there is a certain individuality about it that is appealing

Continued on page 87

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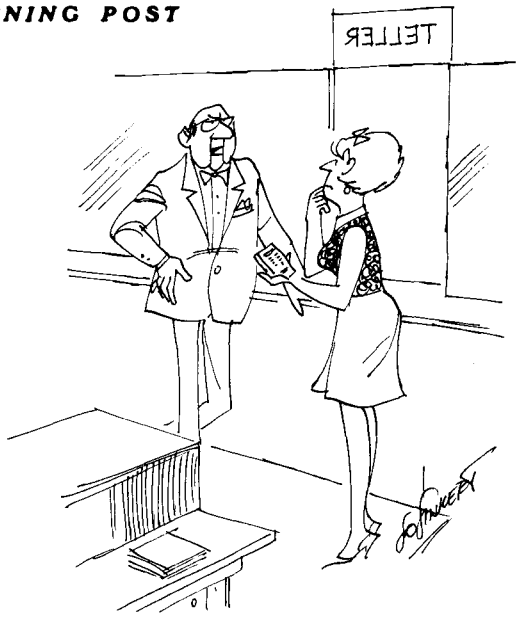

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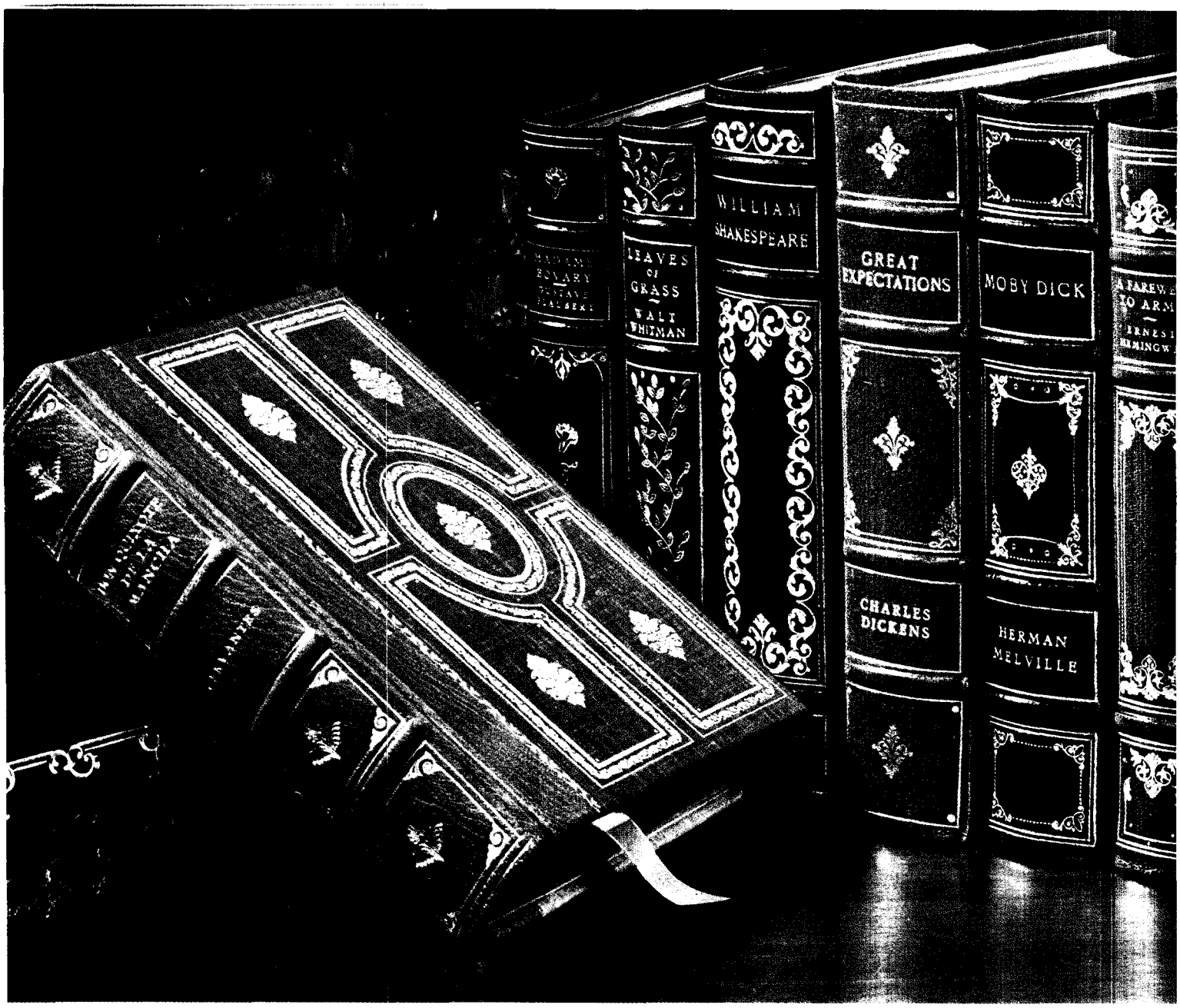

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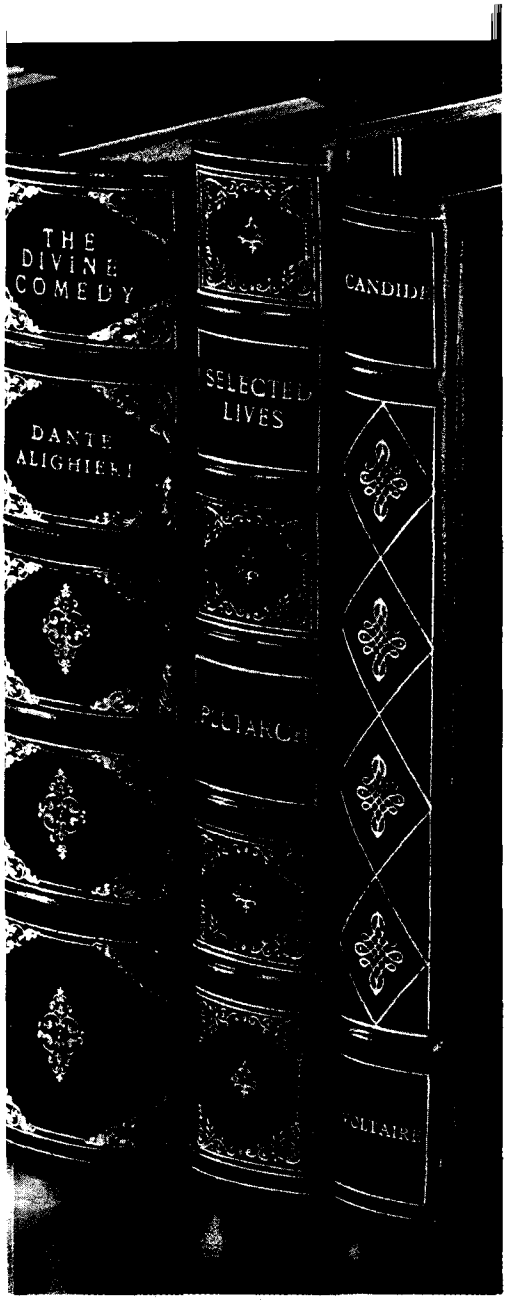

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THE ULTIMATE BLACK HOLE

What would it be like to be sucked into a black hole in space from which not even light can escape? One scientist suggests we may already know.

by Isaac Asimov

Since 1960 the universe has taken on a wholly new face. It has become more exciting, more mysterious, more violent and more extreme as our knowledge concerning it has suddenly expanded. And the most exciting, most mysterious, most violent and most extreme phenomenon of all has the simplest, plainest, calmest and mildest name—nothing more than a "black hole."

A hole is nothing, and if it is black, we can't even see it. Ought we to get excited over an invisible nothing?

Yes—if that black hole represents the most extreme state of matter possible, if it represents the possible end of the universe, if it represents the possible beginning of the universe, if it represents new physical laws and new methods for circumventing what had previously been considered absolute limitations.

A pivotal chapter in the story of black holes began in 1939. Robert Oppenheimer was working out the theoretical implications of the neutron star and looking into the possibility of further collapse of matter. It seemed to him that a collapsing star, if massive enough, could contract with such force that even the neutrons would cave in under the impact.

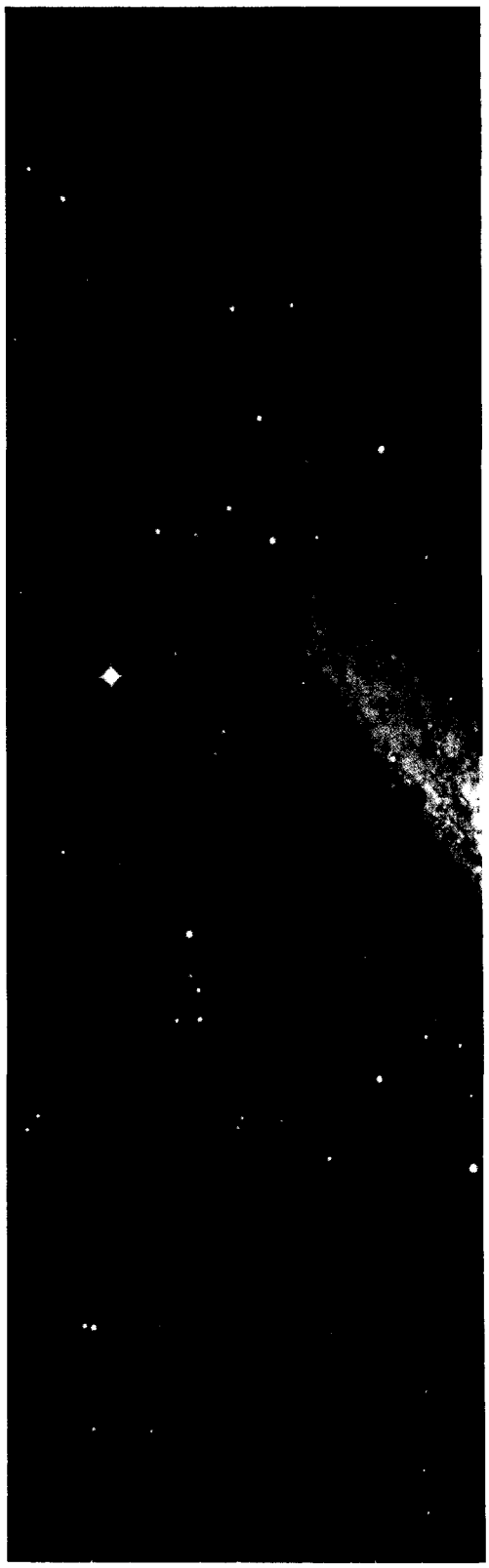
Oppenheimer saw that there is no stopping point for the collapse. When the nuclear force that holds atoms apart is surpassed, there is nothing left to withstand gravitation, that weakest of all forces, which—when added to by the endless piling together of mass—finally becomes the strongest.

If a collapsing star crashes through the neutron star barrier, gravitation wins its final victory. The star keeps on collapsing indefinitely with its volume shrinking to zero and its surface gravity increasing without limit.

It appears that the crucial turning point is three times the sun's mass. Just as no white dwarf can be more than 1.4 times the sun's mass without collapsing further to the neutron star stage, so no neutron star can be more than three times the sun's mass without collapsing further. Any contracting mass that is more than three times the sun's mass cannot halt its contraction at either the white dwarf or the neutron star stage but must go beyond.

Initiating the compression of such a mass requires a star more than 20 times the sun's mass exploding as a supernova. A star smaller than this may shed too much matter in a supernova explosion to make a black hole, leaving instead a white dwarf or neutron star from its collapsed core.

Once the contracting star's core compresses beyond the neutron star stage, its surface gravity grows more and more intense, ultimately reaching a point where the escape velocity becomes equal to the speed of light. The value of the radius of a body where this is true is called the Schwarzschild radius because it was first calculated by the German astronomer Karl Schwarzschild (1873-1916). The zero point at the center is called the Schwarzschild singularity.



One of our nearest major galaxies is the large, dust-laden spiral NGC253. Like most spirals, it is a breeding ground for new stars—and black holes. Since black holes can only grow as they consume matter, scientists speculate about the ultimate fate of all galaxies. Is everything ultimately destined to plunge into a black hole?

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For a mass equal to the sun's the Schwarzschild radius is about two miles, or a diameter of four miles.

Imagine, then, a neutron star with the mass of the sum contracting through the neutron barrier and shrinking from its diameter of nine miles down to four miles. Its density increases thirteenfold to nearly 18 million billion times the density of water. Its surface gravity is an astounding 1.5 trillion times that of Earth. So a human being would weigh 200 trillion pounds if he were standing on such an object.

The most important property of such a super-collapsed object, however, is just the fact that the escape velocity is equal to the speed of light (naturally, if the object collapses to a size still smaller than the Schwarzschild radius, the escape velocity becomes greater than the speed of light).

It so happens that physicists are quite certain that no physical object possessing mass can move at a speed equal to or greater than that of light. That means that any body at the Schwarzschild radius or less cannot lose any mass by ejection. Nothing that possesses mass can escape its final clutch, not even such objects as electrons, which can, with difficulty, escape from a neutron star.

Things can fall into such a super-collapsed object, but they cannot be ejected again. It is as though the object were an infinitely deep hole in space.

What's more, even light or any similar radiation cannot escape. Light consists of massless particles, so you might think the gravitational pull of any object, however great that pull might be, would have no effect on light. By Einstein's theory of general relativity, however, we know that light rising against gravity loses some of its energy and undergoes the Einstein redshift. This has been an established fact ever since it was detected in connection with the white dwarf Sirius B. When a collapsed object is at the Schwarzschild radius or less, light rising from it loses all its energy and experiences an infinite redshift. This means that nothing emerges.

This super-collapsed object acts not only like a hole but like a black one, since it can emit no light or light-like radiation. It is in fact called a black hole for that reason.

(The phrase scarcely seems to be appropriate for an astronomical object whose existence is worked out by abstruse theoretical reasoning. It is too common and everyday a phrase. Another suggested name, therefore, is *collapsar*, a shortened version of *collapsed star*. The dramatic picture of a "black hole" and the very simplicity of its name, however, seems to insure that it will continue to be used.)

We are bound to be curious about what can possibly happen to matter that falls into a black hole. It is very difficult to satisfy that curiosity. Indeed, all we can do is speculate, for we have no way of telling whether any of the laws of nature that have so painstakingly been worked out by observing the universe around us can hold under the extreme conditions of a black hole. We can't duplicate those conditions in any way here on Earth, and we can't observe those conditions in the heavens, since we know of no black hole in our vicinity.

It follows, then, that we can only assume that the laws of nature do hold and then try to speculate what might happen.

One thing that might happen is that the worst does *not* happen—or at least is not observed to happen. How, for instance, can mass compress down to zero volume and infinite density at the Schwarzschild singularity? This so boggles the mind that we must search for something that will prevent it.

For instance, Einstein's theory

Glossary

Escape velocity: The speed necessary for an object to escape the gravitational pull of a planet or star.

Neutron star: A star that has collapsed as a result of a supernova explosion; very small, incredibly dense, consisting mainly of tightly packed neutrons rotating at high speed, and visible only as an X-ray source.

Schwartzschild radius: The "edge" of a black hole. The point where escape velocity is equal to the speed of light, so that even light is pulled into the black hole.

Supernova: A star that suddenly increases its light output to a tremendous degree (over 100 million times that of the sun) and then gradually fades.

White dwarf: An old star that has shrunk to a fraction of its former size, often following a period of expansion; very small, though not so small as a neutron star, and very hot.

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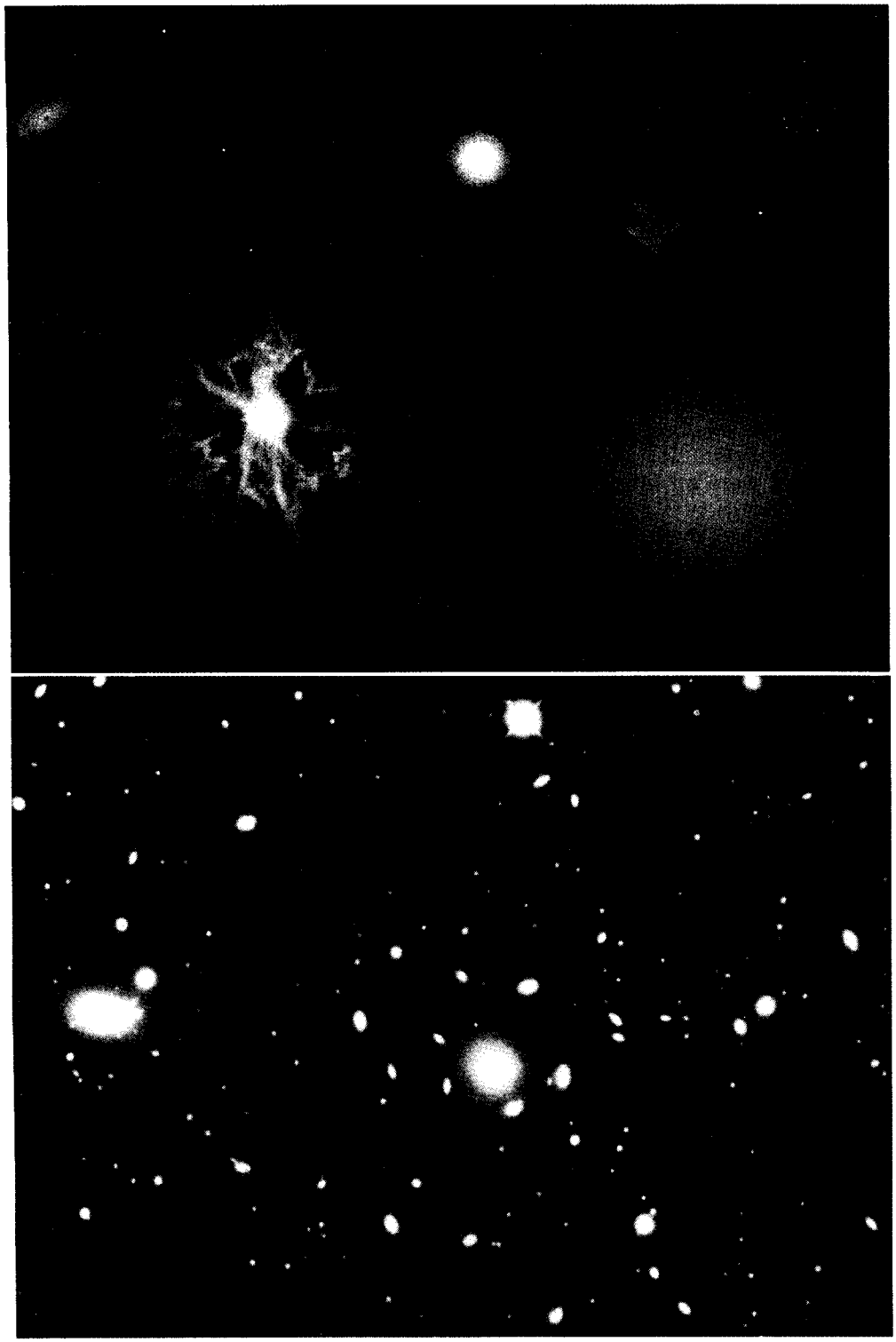
Recipe for whipping up a black hole: (1) Take a star at least 10 times the mass of our sun and let it burn by nuclear fusion for a few tens of millions of years. (2) When the star eventually begins to deplete its nuclear fuel supplies, it staves off death by ballooning to a red giant hundreds of times the sun's diameter. (3) Its fuel exhausted, the star then erupts in a supernova explosion, splashing most of its matter into an expanding cloud of debris. (4) The core of the star, however, implodes with atom-crushing force and quickly consumes itself to form a gravity whirlpool—or black hole.



Asimov suggests that galaxies, each of which may contain millions of black holes, all could one day be consumed by these voracious spirals—unless, of course, the universe itself is one great black hole.

makes it seem that increasing intensity of gravity has the effect of slowing the passage of time. This is not something we can observe in the universe very easily, for outside of black holes and neutron stars, those gravitational intensities we encounter have only a negligible effect on the time rate.

Because of this, if we could observe something dropping down into a black hole, we would see it move more and more slowly as it approaches the Schwarzschild radius, creeping ever more slowly until at the Schwarzschild radius we would see it stop dead. However, as it approaches, the Einstein redshift, also dependent on gravitational intensity, robs light and light-like radiation of more and more of its energy. The object dropping downward will grow dimmer as it moves more slowly, and at the Schwarzschild radius, where it freezes, it also blacks out. The result is that we cannot possibly observe anything within the Schwarzschild radius.

If we imagine an astronaut falling into a black hole and somehow retaining consciousness and the ability to be aware of his surroundings, he would feel no change in time rate; that change is only something an outsider would see as existing.

The astronaut falling into a black hole would pass through the Schwarzschild radius without knowing it was any kind of barrier, and he would keep on falling toward the singularity ahead. However, one way of interpreting the events that follow is to suppose that from the standpoint of the astronaut the distance before him would expand as he fell, so that though he might fall forever, he would never reach the center. The black hole in that view is a bottomless hole.

In either way of looking at objects falling into a black hole there is no reaching the center, no zero volume, no infinite density—yet there is also no turning back.

If there is truly no way to reverse or neutralize the black hole, then those that exist now can only grow; and new ones may form. If there is a black hole at the center of every galaxy and at the center of every globular cluster, then in the end

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(however long delayed), each galaxy will become a large black hole surrounded by satellite black holes that are much smaller.

Two black holes can collide and coalesce, but a black hole once formed cannot split up. Therefore, we might imagine that, sooner or later, the globular cluster black holes in their orbit around the galactic black hole may coalesce with one another and, eventually, with the central one, so that, given enough time, the galaxy will become a single, colossal black hole.

But a strange thing happens when black holes grow to enormous masses. The more massive a black hole is, the larger and the less dense it is.

Suppose our entire galaxy, which is about 100 billion times the mass of our sun, were squeezed into a black hole. Its diameter would be 400 billion miles, and its average density would be about 0.000001 grams per cubic centimeter. The galactic black hole would be more than 50 times as wide as Pluto's orbit and would be no more dense than a gas!

Suppose that all the galaxies of the universe, possibly 100 billion of them, collapsed into a black hole. Such a black hole, containing all the matter of the universe, would be 10 billion light-years across, and its average density would be that of an exceedingly thin gas.

Yet no matter how thin this gas, the structure is a black hole.

Suppose the total mass of the universe is 2.5 times as large as it seems to astronomers to be. In that case, the black hole formed by all the matter of the universe is 25 billion light-years across—which is about the diameter of the universe we live in (as far as we know).

It is quite possible, then, that the entire universe is itself a black hole (as has been suggested by the physicist Kip Thorne).

If it is, then very likely it has always been a black hole and will always be a black hole. If that is so, we live within a black hole, and if we want to know what conditions are like in a black hole—provided it is extremely massive—we have but to look around.

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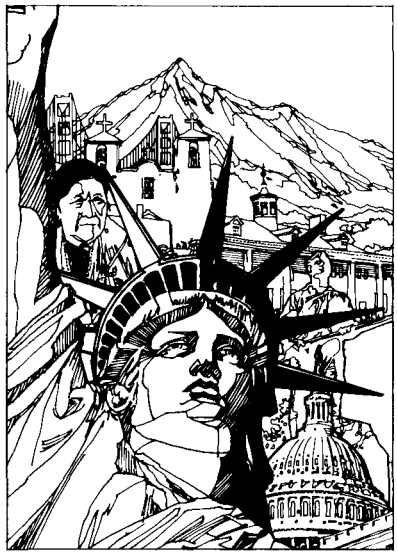

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HOODWINKS

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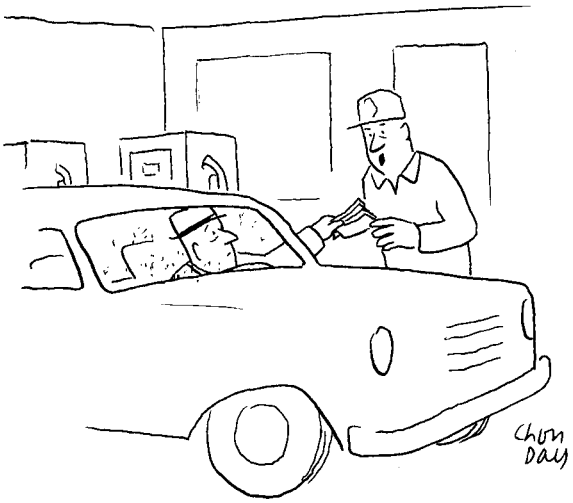
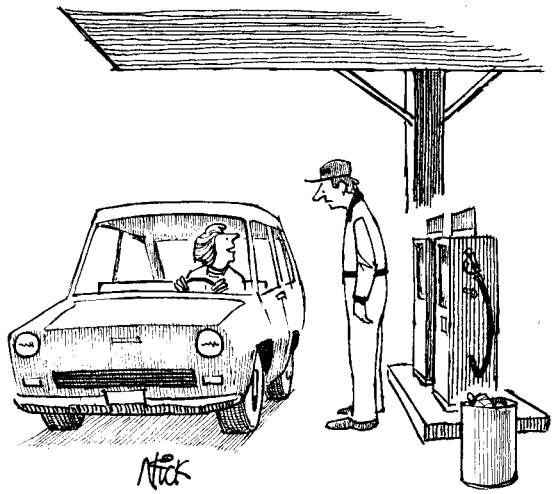
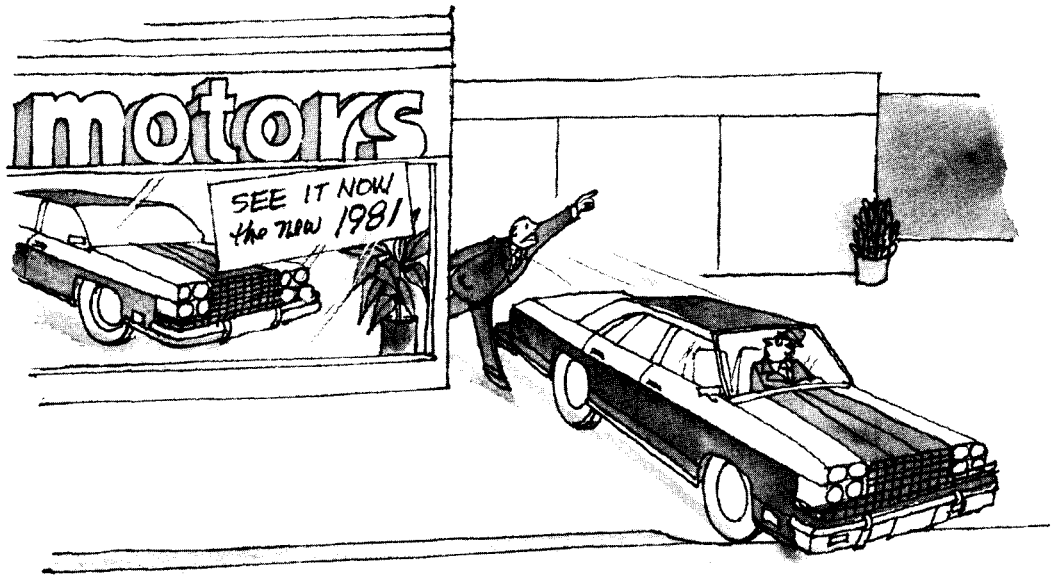


"Ya oughta wash that windshield, Mac. It's filthy."



"... and please change the air in my tires."



"Hold it! It's been recalled!"

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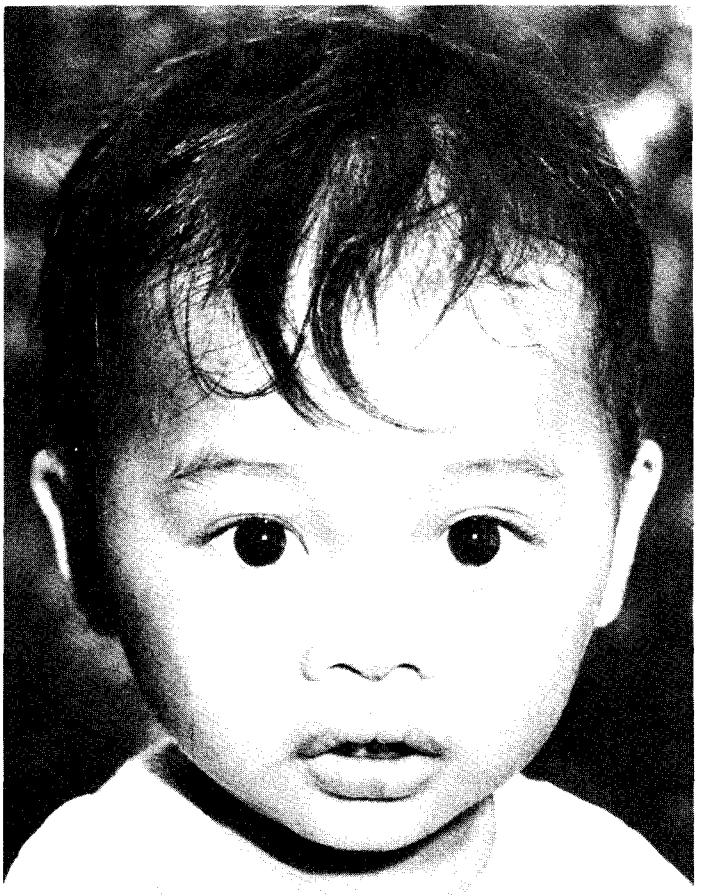
Let us introduce you to a child you can love and help



Each day, thousands of weakened, impoverished children die quietly in the streets of India, Haiti, Bolivia and other "third world" countries. Many others, like the little one pictured at right, die in spirit as they realize that life holds absolutely no hope for them...they will never have the strength, education, or medical care to lift themselves from abject poverty and hopelessness.

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TREATING THE TROUBLED SOUL

When a healthy, active business and civic leader suddenly becomes apathetic, Dr. Peale suspects illness of the soul. He calls on the Great Physician for consultation—and the patient is healed by the positive power of Jesus Christ.

by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

In my ministry I have been drawn into many human situations in which the sense of guilt has been a basic factor in personal misery, even causing sickness, particularly in nervous conditions. I received a letter from a woman who told me that her husband, formerly an active business and civic leader, president of the Rotary Club, past president of the Chamber of Commerce, and involved in other similar activities, was now completely apathetic and lacking in interest in any of his former connections. It seemed that he would sit inert for long periods of time staring straight ahead, seldom speaking, indeed acting totally indifferent to everyone and everything around him. This was so unlike what he had been previously that his wife felt impelled to consult me as well as her physician about her husband's strange behavior, especially in view of the fact that he had been "an enthusiastic exponent, Dr. Peale, of your principles of positive thinking." Whether he had gone overboard on a superpositive attitude and thus depleted his energies by uncontrolled nervous expenditure, or for some other reason had become de-energized, was not clear.

She asked that if I should come to their city on a speaking engagement or other business, would I please let her know and be good enough to see her husband? She assured me that her husband had the very best of medical attention; that, indeed, the doctor himself had hinted his suspicions that a mental, possibly even spiritual, problem might be involved. The physician had volunteered this opinion when she asked if he minded that a pastor be brought in to consult with his patient.

In due course I did have an engagement in that city and notified the woman that I could see her husband in my room in a certain hotel. She telephoned from the lobby at the appointed time to say that her husband was on his way up, and I went to the elevator to meet him. He greeted me with a wan smile and a rather flabby handshake. I noticed as he walked that it was not with a firm stride but rather he seemed to shuffle, hardly lifting his feet from the floor. That, together with the manner in which he held his arms, gave somewhat the impression of a person who had suffered a stroke, but I had been informed that such was not the case. His whole demeanor was that of a man who was a semi-invalid, his natural force much abated.

From the pulpit and the typewriter, Dr. Peale reaches out to thousands with the breath of new hope, as proved by the exciting stories in his new book, **The Positive Power of Jesus Christ.**

He sank into a chair with a sigh, but at my urging carried on a reasonably interesting conversation, which at least indicated that his mind was functioning normally. "It's just that the life has been knocked out of me," he explained. "I haven't got any energy, and I must say that I couldn't care less about anything. I guess I'm finished. Washed up. All through. But I did want to meet you, for I have read your books."

"Well," I responded, "they don't seem to have done you much good. They are designed to enhance life, certainly not to contribute to knocking it out of you," I said with a smile.

"Oh, don't get me wrong," he was quick to inject. "Had it not been for your books, I'm sure I would now be in my grave."

After a period of establishing a feeling of rapport

Continued on page 34

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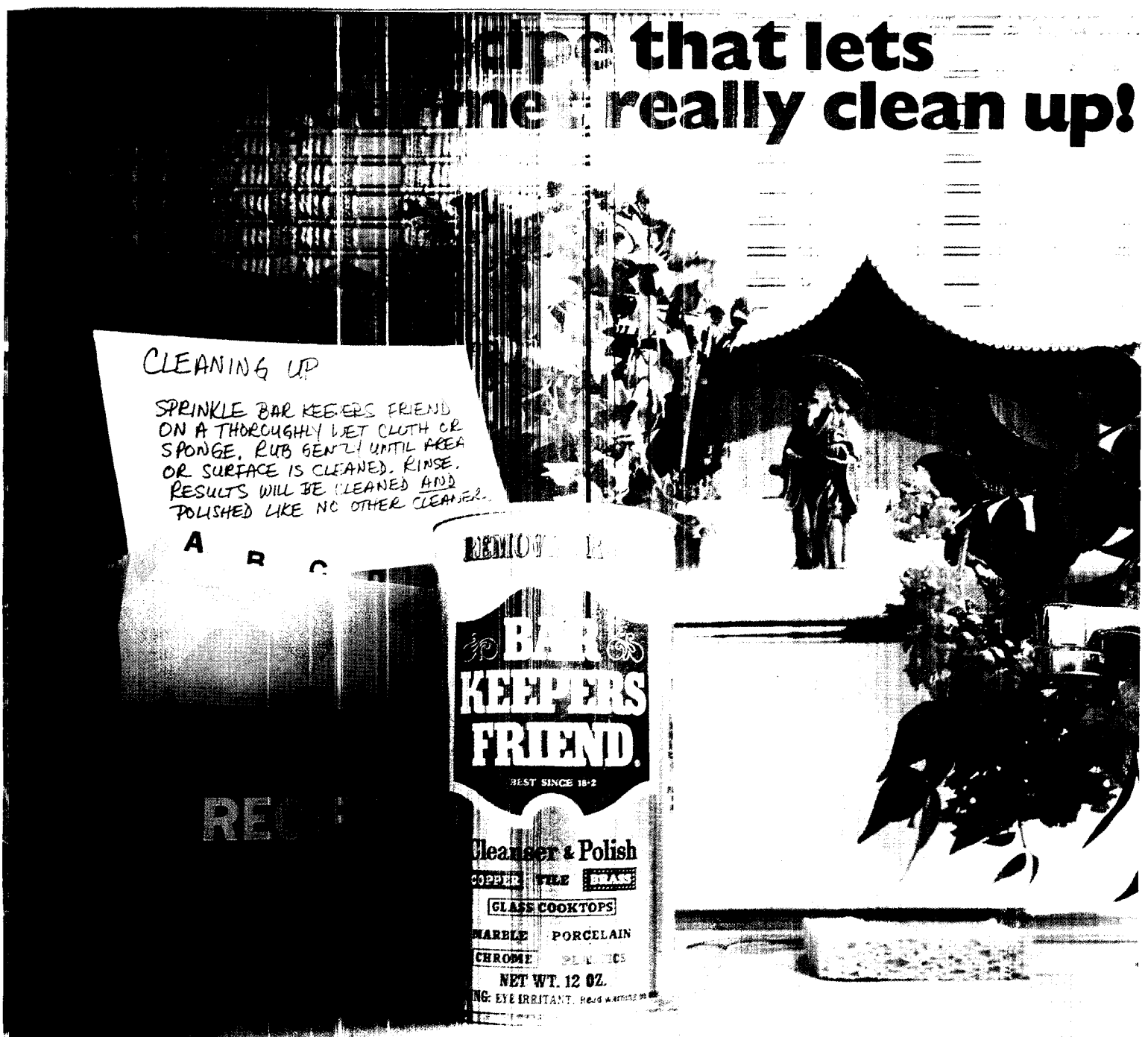
...ire that lets ...ne really clean up!



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and understanding, I said, "Jack, have you opened up and talked to anyone about all that stuff you are holding on your chest, or, to state it more accurately, in your memory, in your mind?" He looked up, startled.

"What stuff? What do you mean, stuff in my memory, in my mind?"

"Come, now, let's not kid ourselves. You know to what I refer. Your doctor says there is nothing wrong with your physical mechanism, so the inference is that it may be a burden weighing heavily upon your mind, or perhaps even on your soul. This could be the cause of your profound retreat from life, the giving way of your personality force. If this is a proper diagnosis and if you will unload this burden, give it to Jesus Christ, He will clean out your mind, forgive you for anything —everything—and you can be your old self again. In fact, you can be a brand new self, a new creature, as the Bible says (2 Corinthians 5:17). And that is a fact—a great, big, wonderful fact. So, what do you say we get with it and have that marvelous thing happen which is called being born again?"

He looked at me piteously. "How did you know so much about me? Who told you?"

"No one told me and I know no facts about you, but I do know that anyone afflicted as you are, unless he has had a physical accident, must therefore be in deep soul trouble. Now look, I am a pastor, therefore a confidant. I love you and believe in you, and my function is to mediate to you the healing and transforming grace of Jesus Christ who died on the Cross to save sinful men and women."

He started hesitantly to talk, but as the stuff began coming out, his intensity stepped up until it was obvious that he was finding relief in the exorcism. And what a mass it was, accumulated over many years—practically every sin in the book and some sins of desire, though not actually committed in action. When finally he ran down, I asked, "Is that all? Take another look around inside to be sure you have not overlooked anything, for we want to scrape out all this cancerous evil lurking in the soul of a highly respected citizen."

He winced a bit at that. "I sure am a heel," he replied, and a few more confessions came forth. Then: "That's all, absolutely all of my lousy history. I can't think of another thing, but that's enough, isn't it? I'm a dirty dog, a skunk, a phony, a no-account. You name it. That's what I am."

"Yes, you are all of that, and so, to one degree or another, are all of us. But you are one more thing."

"And what in the world could that be?" he asked.

"A child of God, who is now being redeemed, made over into His likeness.

"Now, Jack," I continued, "let me ask you a question, and I want an honest answer. Are you heartily sorry for your sins?"

"Oh, yes, Dr. Peale. Oh, yes, of course I am, with all my heart."

There was no doubting the sincerity of that response. "O.K., then answer this question. Do you believe that God can and will forgive your sins?"

"Yes, I do, even mine, as bad as they are."

"Ask Him now, aloud, to forgive you." Jack bowed his head and, in a pleading tone that really tugged at my heartstrings, he asked Christ to forgive him all his confessed sins.

"Now," I said, "thank Him for forgiving you."

"Why? Is it done?" he asked in surprise.

"It is indeed," I assured him. "Remember the Bible verse, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them' (Mark 11:24). Jack, the sincere plea for forgiveness is always granted. Now you must forgive yourself and no longer hold thoughts of your unworthiness. You are free, released, relieved. It is all over. You are a new man in Christ. You have received the positive power of Jesus Christ, your Savior. 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us' (Psalms 103:12), and, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow' (Isaiah 1:18)."

"Well, for one thing you're teeing the ball too high."

Jack sat in deep thought, as did I also. Then he did a strange thing. Slowly getting to his feet, he stretched his arms high above his head. Reaching as far as he could toward the ceiling, he rose up on tiptoe. Then in a strong, exultant voice, almost a shout, he exclaimed, "My, but I feel good!" The relief he expressed was in depth, as if an intolerable weight had been lifted from him, as indeed it had been. As he walked down the hall the shuffling was no more. He moved with a spring in his step and waved a vigorous good-bye as the elevator doors closed.

Jack had a few times of setback when he tried to make amends for the wrongs he had done, but those were when he indulged in self-condemnation and regret. When I pointed out that these were due to lack of self-forgiveness, he forgave himself again. Finally, when no further amends could be made, he found peace and full healing. In such manner the positive power of the Great Physician operates in the cure of souls, the healing of persons. The deeper we go into the power, the deeper the power proves to be. There is no limit to the positive power of Jesus Christ. ✝

From *The Positive Power of Jesus*, by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Tyndale House Publishers, April 1980, $8.95.

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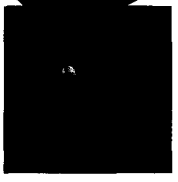

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SHAKE HANDS AND COME OUT SINGING

On the eve of their silver anniversary as America's top gospel-singing duo, Buck and Dottie Rambo are making beautiful music together onstage and off. But it wasn't always this way...

by Charles W. Phillips

Ask Dottie and Buck Rambo how long they've been married and you may never get the same answer twice. Stretching his lanky six-foot two-inch frame over his favorite chair by the fireplace, Buck thinks for a minute, then decides on 28 years.

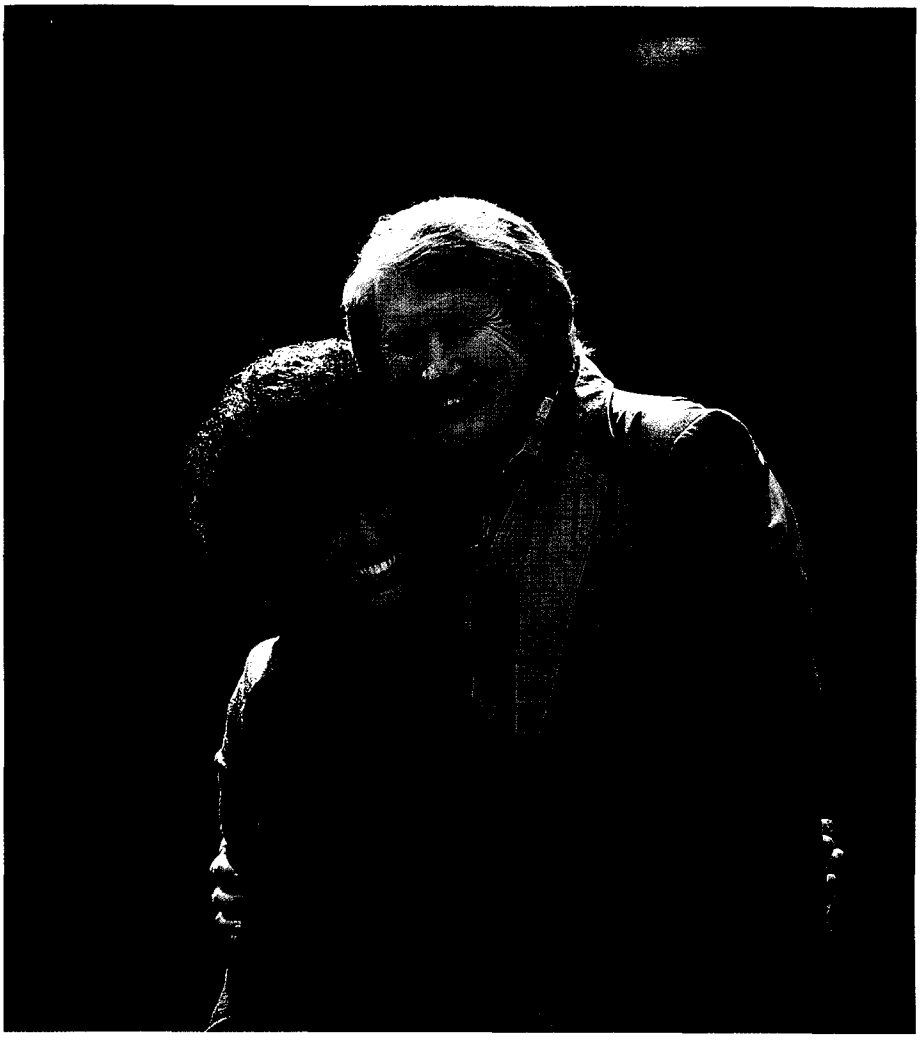
"It'll be 30 years in July," calls Dottie from the kitchen, where she's slicing a homemade chocolate concoction into servings guaranteed to add three inches to the hips of everyone lucky enough to be on the receiving end.

Whatever the official count, Dottie and Buck claim they've been married all their lives. In fact, Dottie adds, "We grew up together." As one of America's top gospel-singing husband and wife duos, the Rambos estimate they've traveled at least 2 million miles during their 25 years in the business and only recently have slowed their pace to about 90 road concerts per year.

Not that the Rambos are ready to join the shuffleboard set yet. It's just that since they vacated their Nashville penthouse in favor of a sprawling farm deep in the Tennessee hills, city-girl Dottie has developed a penchant for fishing, jogging (at least a mile a day), swimming, gardening and golf. Even her songwriting efforts, which have earned her fans, fame and a Grammy award through the years, come easier in the antique-filled home that overlooks what Dottie calls "the big pond or little lake."

"After 25 years of traveling, riding all night in a bus or sleeping in church basements and motels, we're finally experiencing what it's like to be home," says Buck. "It had gotten to the point where I knew if Dottie's writing talents were to continue, she couldn't have people pulling her in all directions. Let's face it, we're not getting old, but we are getting older, and I think God wants us to handle our time wisely. Now Dottie makes me promise every week that we'll never sell the farm."

If the rural life has contributed to the preservation of Dottie's unique gift for writing, it also has been the salvation of the Rambos' long (how many years was it?) marriage. The spouses who once had so little in common that they sched-



Among the Rambos' best friends was Elvis Presley. "We used to go out and spend days with Elvis, and he would sing nothing but gospel," recalls Dottie. When Presley died, Buck was given one of his costumes as a keepsake.

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uled separate vacations, now delight in spending weeks at their country retreat with nothing more pressing on their calendar than occasional trips to the grocery or Sunday evening services at a small church an hour's drive away.

"About eight years ago, Buck and I went through some rough times," says Dottie. "We had been business partners for years, but we had nothing in common except 200 concerts a year and making a lot of money. It's easy to handle failure, but success is so hard."

The best years had been the lean ones, when Buck, a young hotel clerk from Walnut Grove, Kentucky, moonlighted as a coal miner in order to save $67.50 to buy an engagement ring for a certain traveling gospel-singer. Even today, Dottie says she wouldn't trade those hungry days and that modest ring for all the success that later would come their way.

"When Dottie and I were married I had $12. For the first 15 years we drove on slick tires from one revival to the next without enough money to stop and buy a hamburger and only enough gas to get us to the next church," recalls Buck.

"We'd drive until I had to pinch Buck's legs just to keep him awake," adds Dottie. "I made everything we wore. I guess I'll never forget what it was like. . . . It still bugs me to death to spend money for clothes."

They started as a duet, wending their way from one small congregation to another in a wheezing '48 Plymouth that sometimes was required to run on fumes alone. The family expanded by one when Dottie, at age 17, gave birth to Reba, a hearty little bundle with a promising set of vocal cords, who promptly set up residence in the back seat of the home on wheels.

The Rambos expanded professionally, too, adding a third voice and billing themselves on the revival circuit as The Gospel Echoes. A series of singers filled the number three slot until Reba graduated from backstage fan to front-and-center vocalist.

The melodious blend of the Rambos' voices and Dottie's Southern gospel, foot-stomping contemporary and mournful soul songs

Around the world, the dire needs of men and women cry out. With the speed of flight, and the love of Jesus Christ, Mission Aviation Fellowship reaches out to those in need.

MAF pilot in Honduras, George Penner, briefly describes an actual day. It starts in the capital city of Tegucigalpa.

Friday, August 17

Up early, pressure already.
Radio contact with home base ... two medical emergencies in opposite directions.
Weather poor ... low ceilings, poor visibility, smoke and haze cover mountains.

Take off for base to deliver cargo from capital. On course, on time.

Twenty minutes from base, get urgent call from Wampusirpe ... man working in rice field **bitten by poisonous snake.**
Two days of herb treatment ... carried for two days by trail and river to reach mission station.
This is his fifth day, and he is in bad shape.

Land at base, unload plane, hurry and take off for snake victim ... other two medical cases will have to wait.
Matter of life and death.

Weather change, showers and spotty fog.

In-flight call from other two cases ... **pregnant lady with complications, and sick baby in Barra Patuca.**

At Wampusirpe the bitten man is already quite stiff and in tremendous pain.
Fly him to clinic and leave for pregnant woman in Cauquira.

Weather closing in ... solid overcast with heavy showers in spots.

Land at Cauquira — also our fuel storage base — fuel plane, load woman, already beginning contractions ... take off.
Not much time to spare.

Afternoon slipping away ... with heavy overcast.
Losing half-hour flying time due to darkness.

Fly to clinic at Ahuas.
Woman okay ... just in time.
Forty minutes of flying time left ...
thirty-minute flight waiting.

By the time the plane is unloaded and ready to fly again, the last flight is extremely marginal.
Great danger in darkness and weather.
Daylight fading, weather closing in, mountains shrouded in low clouds.

Just too much.
Postpone flight for baby until morning.
Praying that baby makes it through the night.

Day of difficult decisions ... heavy burdens.

Saturday, August 18

6:00 a.m. radio call from Barra Patuca.
Cancel flight.
Baby died in the night.
Grief.

A difficult day for George Penner. One man saved, a new life brought safely into the world, and one small child slipped away.

For a long time George Penner has been flying a very heavy load — with over 2400 landings this last year, in addition to regular aircraft maintenance and repair. Finally he is getting help from a second pilot, Barry Borror.

But with the second pilot comes the need for a second airplane. Hopefully with two planes they can handle *all the needs of this single mission station.*

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began to catch the attention of the entire music business. Suddenly, recording companies were vying for their signatures, and permission to sing Dottie's songs was being sought by such industry giants as Jerry Lee Lewis, Governor Jim Davis and Elvis Presley.

"The biggest problem Dottie and I ever had was handling success when it came," says Buck, looking back. "We had nothing for years and we had no trouble coping with the fact that some days we couldn't afford to buy a hamburger.

"But what happens when all at once you've got two brand-new cars sitting in the driveway, a $150,000 home with a swimming pool and all the clothes and money you ever wanted? Today I could be happy without all those things, but back then I couldn't. I thought that was what happiness was."

Even Dottie, granddaughter of a Baptist preacher and veteran of her own ministry since the age of 12, became caught up in the breathless pace that accompanied success.

"It was as if money were falling out of the trees, and we were like kids spending it on cars, jewelry and furs. We found we were never satisfied, we were always reaching for something else. Vacations would come and I'd go in one direction and he'd go in another. The only time we really looked like ourselves was on stage; then we'd shake hands and come out singing. When it got too bad, I put on a blonde wig, got on an airplane and left," remembers Dottie.

No one knew of their problem except the Rambos' minister, doctor and lawyer. Friends could sense a change, however, because Dottie's unstoppable energy seemed drained and her vibrant personality was strangely suppressed.

Looking back, she recalls feeling old and looking haggard. The songs she wrote reflected her pain, and the records cut during that period were charged with emotion. Even their concerts, always sold out and always wildly successful, had an undercurrent of frenzy.

"Onstage we were so hyped . . . we knew exactly how to get an ovation. We weren't happy unless our albums were selling the most and we had every audience standing on its feet four or five times. There were about ten top gospel groups, and when we would do a concert together we knew we had to be better than the last group and we'd work so it would be hard on the group following us. We found ourselves very competitive; if you weren't, you didn't stay on top," says Dottie. "We were unhappy with each other so we sought happiness from being famous."

Divorce, a *verboten* word in gospel circles, suddenly seemed an option to be considered. The chore of untangling the Rambos' professional holdings—royalties, publishing rights, recording profits and contracts—was enough to cause the family lawyer nightmares. The thought of dissolving their personal lives was enough to cause Dottie to doff the blonde wig and scamper back to Nashville, full of resolve to try again—and make it work.

"I started disciplining myself to give more, and I found I worked better and so did Buck," says Dottie. "I tried to show more affection and be more thoughtful. Before, I'd just float along, write my songs, and he'd go off to bed alone. I never liked the country, but we bought the farm and began coming out here even before the house was built. We'd fish, ride horses and take long walks.

Buck liked golf, so I learned how to play. I tried to wear things that he liked me to wear, and when I went shopping sometimes I'd call him and describe what I'd found and ask if he thought I should buy it. He didn't really care, but he appreciated being asked."

Buck responded in his own quiet way. Knowing Dottie's love of antiques, he began scouring the countryside for accessories for their new home. The biggest surprise involved an old grand piano, one of the first to come by stagecoach to Tennessee. Dottie had discovered the massive instrument years earlier but had put it into storage when Buck vehemently objected to its ugly black finish and tinny sound. The day the Rambos moved into the farmhouse a delivery truck deposited the totally restrung, refinished, refurbished beauty in a place of honor in the new living room.

Dottie recalls sitting in the middle of the floor in the otherwise bare room and crying . . . partly because she was thrilled by the gift, but mostly because she was touched by the thoughtfulness of the giver. The gesture seemed a symbol of their solid, rekindled affection for each other.

"It took about three years to get our new relationship to work really well. We've learned the most refreshing feeling of all is to be open, talk our problems through and decide together how we can make things better," says Dottie.

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"One mistake the church has made is to give the impression that once people are saved, they're on a mountaintop and everything is glorious from then on. But it isn't," adds Buck. "There's this false image that we're goody-goody saints of God, but we're not. We fight the devil every day; we get bruised and we get hurt."

If the Rambos' personal life has changed, so has their ministry. Now they prefer to establish a more intimate rapport with their audiences, to sit on stools and gently share their experiences and their music. They refuse concert engagements geared only to pulling large crowds. They feel what they say between songs is more important than the songs themselves.

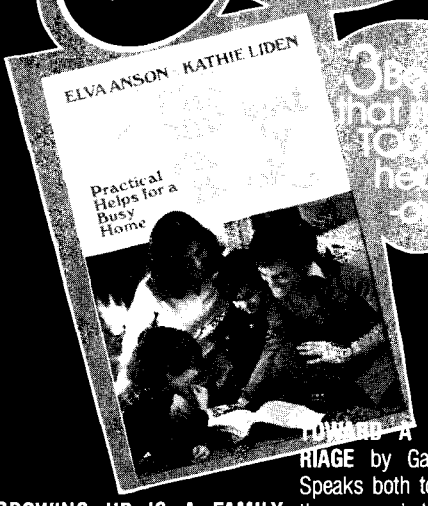
"We're more sensitive to hurt," explains Buck. "We can almost pick out the couples who are bleeding to death inside. We don't preach to them; we just talk about life. We tell about the downs we've had and how we got up. We really believe every marriage goes through a shaky time. We try to explain the work involved in keeping a happy relationship going. People know we've been there and have found an answer, so they seem more willing to listen."

Anyone unconvinced by the Rambos' testimony and music need only look at Dottie for proof positive of the couple's happiness. As a concession to her husband the city girl has gone country and the end result is mountain chic. Her jeans are the designer variety, to be worn only with high heels and feminine silk shirts; she's stocked three freezers with home-grown produce, has become masterful at the art of creating sinfully delicious pastries, already has a cookbook to her credit and once again sews most of her onstage costumes. All this and a smile besides.

"Someone asked me not long ago if I've had a face-lift," says Dottie. "I said no, but I will when I need one. If I look good it's because I'm really happy.

"Since Buck and I have put our marriage back together it's better than before. I guess you might say I've had an inward life. These are our best years. Right now." ★

Time Out for Family Living



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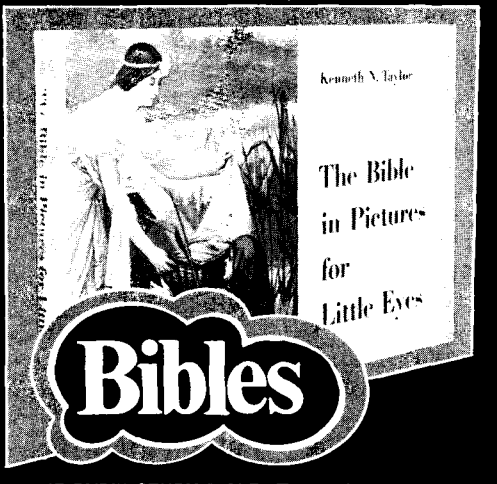

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10 COMMANDMENTS FOR A HAPPIER MARRIAGE

Tying the knot is easy—but keeping those matrimonial bonds from unraveling can be hard work.

by Rosemary Rogers

During the last century, divorce was unheard of and marriages were made in heaven—to *last*. Any indiscretions (usually on the part of a man) were carefully covered up, as were the women of those times. Marriage and The Family were one strongly welded unit, with the example of Queen Victoria and her beloved consort Prince Albert leading the way.

Moving to the present day, however, it seems as if the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme. Fewer people marry and then live happily ever after—more and more people approach marriage with the attitude: "If it doesn't work out there's always divorce!"

People who expend unlimited time and energy on achieving success in the business world are open and eloquent about the problems and pitfalls that plague marriages today, but don't or can't be bothered to expend equal time and energy on making a marriage work.

I married for the first time when I was very young and woefully immature. Now, looking back, I can see all too clearly how my marriage could have and should have been saved—with just a little effort on my part and that of my husband. *Now* I perceive in retrospect all the mistakes I made.

I have since almost fallen into the role of unofficial marriage counselor to several of my women (and men) friends, all of whom seem to be having difficulties with their marriages—most of these difficulties arising simply from a lack of patience, understanding and basic communication with each other.

"I don't have to put up with his utter lack of consideration!" one of my closest friends exploded the other day. "I'm sick of his selfishness and I've told him I'm going to file for a divorce!"

"What did he say?"

I suppose my question was as predictable as Betty's reply, delivered in a scathing tone. "Do you know that he actually acted *surprised*? He pretended that he hadn't the least idea how I felt about his actions."

It surprised me to discover that Betty had never told Rich she was upset. Instead of sitting down to talk things over with him she had kept sullenly silent, letting the resentment inside her build and build until at last it exploded into a row over something trivial—at which point she announced she was going to divorce him.

Fortunately, as it turned out, both Betty and Rich really cared enough about each other to cool down and give each other a second chance. Sadly, there are too many other couples who let either pride, stubbornness or sheer *laziness* prevent them from giving their marriages another try.

The following "Ten Commandments for Saving a Marriage" I dedicate to my friend Martha who, along with some of my other friends, helped me compile it.

1 ***Thou shalt communicate with each other.***

This means being able to *talk*—to say to your spouse: "I don't like what you're doing" or "I don't understand *why* you said or acted so."

It simply means saving time and space each day to discuss things—the office, the kids or anything else that might need sharing. Share your thoughts—open your emotions!

2 ***Thou shalt compromise when things cannot be changed.***

In horse-and-carriage days, courting led to marriage. Today marriage often leads to court, but with care, the family album can be kept intact.

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All right—so Roseanne has asked friends to dinner, forgetting that it was Craig's night to go bowling. She's truly repentant; but the invitations have gone out and been accepted. Craig gives in with good grace and Roseanne promises she'll ask him first before she commits them both to any engagement.

3 ***Thou shalt never take each other for granted.***

Cyril, a vigorous man belonging to the old-fashioned generation, always took it for granted that Barbara, whom he married right out of high school, would continue to be sweetly submissive, leaving him to make decisions for her. Twenty-five years later, with their youngest ready to leave the nest, Barbara astounds him by announcing that she is going back to college. She starts using make-up and actually disagrees with him on political issues of the day. Cyril is just not able to cope! In his anxiety to discover what made her change, what's suddenly the matter with her, he doesn't seem to realize that he's never really looked at Barbara as an individual all these years. Cyril is about to lose her when he discovers how much he's been missing!

4 ***Thou shalt keep romance alive in your marriage.***

Once Judy wrote John poems. And at one time *he* never failed to bring her a single carnation on special occasions. What happened to walks in the rain? Holding hands at the movies? Waking up at midnight and slipping into the hot tub together, sans clothes? As the old song goes, "Little Things Mean A Lot." And it doesn't take much effort to do the little things that say to your partner, "Hey, I still feel the same about you now as I did then." My mother and father still make a little ceremony of going outside to catch a first glimpse of the new moon together and sharing a kiss. He's 80 and she's 69!

5 ***Thou shalt arrange to spend time alone together.***

This "commandment" is an extension of the previous one, and yet it is one, I think, which deserves to be dealt with separately. Adults, and especially two married adults, need time spent away from the children and with each other. Any successful relationship needs to grow and expand in order for it to work; how well I know the feeling of suffocation that children and family can give one sometimes, in spite of the fact that the *love* one feels is unchanged. Do spur-of-the-moment things sometimes. Ask your partner to meet you in the city for dinner. Or arrange to take a short cruise together. Rediscover all the things that brought you two together in the first place! You'll have much more to give to each other and your children.

6 ***Thou shalt not let money come between you.***

And believe me, arguments over money or the lack of it account for a very large percentage of failed marriages. Who controls the purse strings? Does *she* happen to earn more than *he* does (and is his pride hurt)? What happens when one partner is a spendthrift (Daddy had plenty of money and always spoiled his little girl) and the other half of the partnership has always had to count his pennies? Here, I think, is where two people should agree on basic ground rules *before* marriage. It's a matter of choosing priorities. What is more important anyway—money or love?

7 ***Thou shalt show each other respect and consideration.***

Respect your partner's opinions—show consideration for his or her feelings. My father used to say, "Politeness costs nothing," and I believe that politeness is something far too easily forgotten in some marriages.

Jeff constantly puts Anne down whenever she ventures an opinion during a heated political discussion. His patronizing manner makes her actually *hate* him at that moment, and she remembers other occasions when he just didn't care if he hurt her feelings.

Chris never bothers to open a door for his wife, although he'll do so for other women.

Neither marriage lasted because one partner failed to show the other the basic consideration they'd show to their friends.

8 ***Thou shalt show thy appreciation for each other.***

The other side of the coin is that even if you are mad, do concentrate on the nice things about your husband or wife—and the good times you've had together. Go out and buy her roses with a note that says, "Thank you for all the times you've picked up after me, waited up for me, shared misfortunes and sorrow with me."

She, on the other hand, should show him how much she appreciates the fact that he gave up his

Continued on page 87

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Speaking Out

DEMOCRATS: THE WAR PARTY?

Four Democratic presidents have led the United States directly into war, a fifth sent troops into Vietnam. Were those wars necessary? Did a bungled foreign policy make them unavoidable? Or is an "activist role" the unifying thread in leaders of the Democratic Party?

by Tim Clift

Will President Jimmy Carter lead the United States to war?

That question is worth pondering, for it's a fact that the Democratic presidents preceding him in this century have shown themselves afflicted by a kind of war mania they seemed impotent to shake off.

Presidents Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman and Lyndon Baines Johnson involved the U.S. directly in war, while President John F. Kennedy had taken the warlike step of dispatching some 16,000 U.S. combat troops to Vietnam by the time of his assassination in November 1963.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a people's person, tried and true, "hated war." Yet in five years he managed to fumble the American people into a war in which 300,000 would ultimately lay down their lives in battle. No nation had gone to war in greater disarray.

That is the war-prone record of Democratic presidents in the 20th century—up to Carter. It is a record to be feared. It is one the American people should get to understand. They should think about it, long and hard, for it has been enormously costly in human lives, in natural resources, in almost every conceivable way.

In quest of that understanding, therefore, a start may be made by asking why Wilson came to break the promise implied by the slogan, "He kept us out of war," on which he was reelected to the presidency in 1916.

Could he have kept that promise? The realistic answer must be no. U.S. interests could not then risk the very real chance of victory by the Central Powers in World War I. Those powers—principally Germany and Austria—had already demonstrated their capacity to seize without qualm the territory of other nations. The unprincipled German march through Belgium in 1914 had been compounded by the invasion of France and was to be underscored by the monstrous arrogance of the 1918 Treaty of Brest-Litovsk with defeated Russia.

So, less than a year after his reelection as a president devoted to keeping the nation out of war, Wilson led the nation into war.

But the question remains: Could Wilson have taken steps to stamp out the sparks that ignited World War I? Between his first inaugural in 1913 and the outbreak of war in August 1914, could he have so put the fear of God into the German government in particular that it would have recoiled in terror at the potential catastrophe he might have shown it down the road?

Again the answer must be no. He scarcely had time. Nor was the handwriting as large, as glaring on the wall as it was later—and still is.

Yet it's one of the enigmas of history. Had he been a bigger man, could Wilson have realized—as a U.S. president should have—that the enormous productive capacity of the U.S. could make mincemeat of Europe's quarrelsome nations? That he had in his hand the means to make the heads of Europe's aggressive states gibber with fear at the defeat awaiting them if they went to war and the U.S. came in on the opposing side?

In fact, this is exactly what happened. But the tragedy is that the World War I blood bath actually had to take place, and the U.S. had to add its 50,000 battle deaths to the war's 10 million total to prove the point.

But if Wilson was blind, what of the blindness of Franklin Delano Roosevelt—four-time elected president—whose policies influenced U.S. destiny from 1933 until his death in 1945 and beyond?

Living in luxury and of a family with old and lucrative roots in America, Roosevelt nonetheless made it plain he was a people's person—tried and true.

Would such a person then lead the American people

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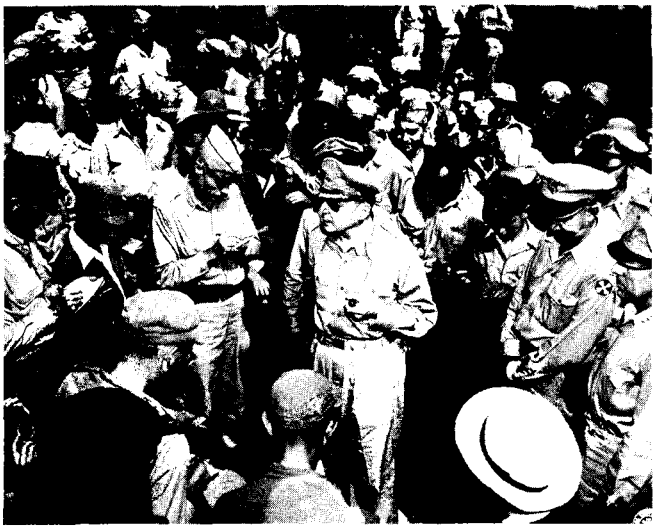
into a war in which some 16 million of them would be called to arms and nearly 300,000 would ultimately lay down their lives in battle?

Not in reason. But Roosevelt did just that.

"I hate war," Roosevelt declared in his didactic, master-to-minion style in a widely publicized speech in 1936. Yet, barely five years later, he had managed to fumble the U.S. into global war.

Moreover, it's probable no nation has gone to war in greater disarray than did the U.S. when catapulted into World War II by the politically insane attack Japan felt emboldened by Roosevelt's provincially oriented policies to launch against Pearl Harbor in December 1941.

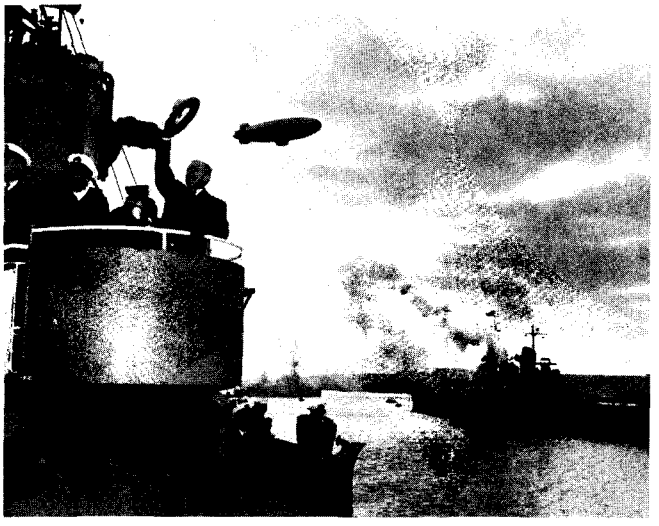


The boundary between General Douglas MacArthur's Southwest Pacific war zones and British Southeast Asia lay neatly along the Vietnamese coast. Silence on this crucial point provides the clue to America's rudderless approach to the immoral Vietnam War.

Militarily supine throughout the 1930s while Germany, Italy and Japan—the so-called Axis nations—armed apace, the U.S. was woefully unprepared when the Japanese struck, though a full two years had passed since Adolf Hitler's 1939 march into Poland had triggered World War II. And U.S. weakness, dismayingly exposed by the rapid loss of the Philippines in 1942, was still further aggravated by the surprise Japanese attack which wrecked substantial elements of the nation's Pacific fleet and burned much of its Pacific-based air strength on the ground.

How did a nation, so potentially powerful as to emerge master of the world less than four years later, thus get ingloriously jostled into a war it might indeed have prevented altogether had it only maintained a quota of the invincible might it eventually mustered?

Of course, part of the blame had to lie with the foolish complacency shared by the U.S., Britain and, to some degree, France on emerging winners in World War I. Soon discarded was America's military muscle—backed by production on a scale unknown to the rest of the world—which had staggered the Central Powers and turned stalemate into victory, even though U.S. intervention came only one year before the war's end in 1918.



Harry Truman perceived so little threat from communism in Asia that he ordered U.S. peace-keeping forces in Asia withdrawn from South Korea. A year later communist North Korea swarmed over the United Nations-drawn 38th parallel—and the Korean War began.

Roosevelt cannot be blamed for the brittle 1920s which left the nation militarily hamstrung and ended with the stock market crash of 1929. Indeed, the conservative tone of his first presidential campaign suggested a sounder course. But he failed to follow through. Almost from his inauguration in 1933 he plunged into the New Deal, an extension of largely make-work programs designed by his predecessor, President Hoover, to combat the "Great" Depression in which the U.S. and other industrial nations by then wallowed.

In retrospect, the New Deal may have hindered rather than helped a cyclical recovery of the economy. Whereas some 12 million Americans, a quarter of the civilian labor force, lacked work as Roosevelt entered the White House, their numbers—after a painfully slow decline—bounced back in 1938 to a sorry 10 million, or 19 percent of a somewhat larger work force. But if the New Deal did little to lighten the Depression, it did even less—where it might have been turned to good account—to improve the nation's military posture. From a pitiful 250,000 when Roosevelt took office, the U.S. had only 340,000 fighting men by 1938. And even in 1940, a year after World War II had flamed in Europe, the armed forces numbered scarcely over half a million.

If Roosevelt had but stuck to his 1932 campaign promises, attending to the nation's neglected military establishment rather than to work of questionable value, how different might have been the turn of history, how vastly improved the lot of his fellow Americans. Had he had in hand but a fraction of the military might the U.S. presented to the world at the height of World War II and the will to use it for whipping some sense into the upstart Axis nations when their aggressive designs unfolded in the mid- to late-1930s, he could have held them chomping at the bit. Had he then made them look open-eyed at the fate of America's enemies in World War I, as-

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suring them the same fate awaited nations foolish enough to risk American hostility in any subsequent war, he could have forced them to recoil in horror at the chasm opening beneath their feet.

But he did no such thing. He gave no sign of having the will. His own policies denied him the means.

Instead, with somber lament over "a date which will live in infamy," he led the U.S. to war. He had promised "again and again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars." But he presided over a war in which our "boys" fought from North Africa to Italy to the heartland of Germany, from Guadalcanal to New Guinea to the doorstep of Japan, sailed the world's oceans or otherwise wore their country's uniforms.

President Lyndon Johnson waited only a year to order John Kennedy's 16,000 combat troops into action. But not even the addition of every sort of sophisticated weaponry, backed by heavy naval and air units, could inspire the necessary will to win.

It was a war in which almost all able-bodied adult Americans were in some way mobilized, and its mammoth, eleventh-hour cost—"Never before have we had so little time in which to do so much," conceded Roosevelt—added more than $150 billion to the national debt.

Yet the Roosevelt administration's war aims were so ill-defined that at war's end the road led inexorably ahead to further wars, the most catastrophic of which—the Vietnam War—grew directly out of Roosevelt's chronic tendency to plan not historically, but provincially.

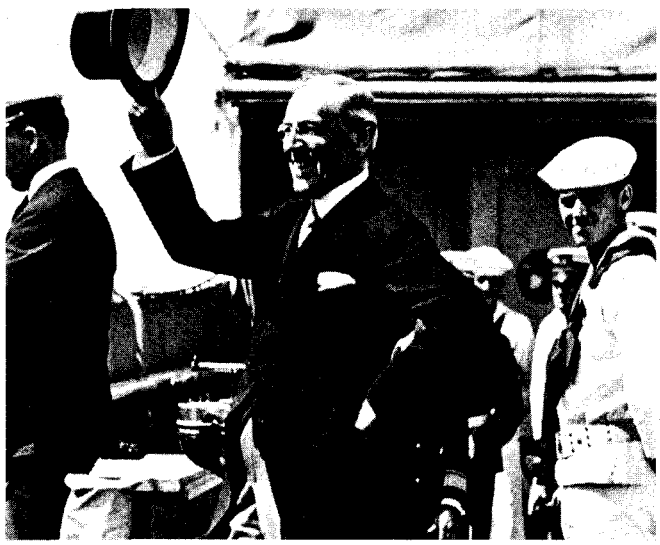
Meanwhile, however, it was the turn of Harry Truman, this century's third Democratic president, to lead the U.S. to war. His was the Korean War—sometimes known more euphemistically as the Korean Conflict.

In fairness, it should be said that Truman fell heir to the vaguely conceived humanitarian schemes, largely undone by under-the-table deals with Soviet Russia, which constituted Roosevelt's World War II aims and virtually promised that war, like marsh gas exploding from world-wide rot, would again break out. In many ways he shouldered manfully the burden of unfinished business that descended on him with Roosevelt's abrupt demise only months after winning, in 1944, a precedent-shattering fourth term in the presidency.

But Truman seemed never fully to shake off the woolly Rooseveltian philosophy which tended to see communism not as a tyrannical revival of the old world but as an advanced, people-oriented form of self-government. Thus, author of the Truman Doctrine of opposition to communist designs in Europe—especially in Greece—he almost simultaneously perceived so little threat from communism in Asia that he trustingly ordered U.S. peace-keeping forces withdrawn from South Korea in 1949.

A year later, communist North Korea brazenly swarmed over the United Nations-drawn 38th parallel dividing North and South Korea, and the Korean War began.

Truman called that war "a police action"—a term hardly appreciated by those involved, although it had a certain rationality from the war's purpose of punishment for disobedience to a U.N. initiative. Unfortunately, the aggressors were never adequately punished, and the most corrosive consequence of the Korean War—an end to which was left to President Eisenhower to negotiate—was that thenceforth it might be presumed the U.S. could be jockeyed into a war it lacked the will to win.



Woodrow Wilson broke the promise of his slogan, "He kept us out of war." In his hands was the means to make quarreling European states gibber with the fear of inevitable defeat if the U.S. came in on the opposing side, but it took World War I to prove the point.

And jockeyed it was, though by a far more protracted process than is generally understood, into America's longest and most catastrophic war and the first it ever lost—the Vietnam War.

U.S. involvement in that war began not with President Kennedy's dispatch of U.S. combat troops to Vietnam in 1962, nor with commitment of those troops to battle by President Johnson, but a full 20 years earlier when, under the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration, the war zones were established for

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the prosecution of World War II in the Pacific theater of operations.

To comprehend the extraordinary short-sightedness of that expedient, with its ultimately calamitous consequences, it should be borne in mind that it was in the last year of Roosevelt's second term in the presidency—1940—that France, for nearly a century ruler of Indochina, was ignominiously defeated on her own home ground and capitulated to Adolf Hitler's Nazi Germany.

Well over a year in advance of the U.S. entry into World War II, therefore, and with full knowledge of a firmly established Roosevelt adminstration, France thus suffered a defeat almost unique in history—that of a colonial power brought to its knees at home and thereby losing control not only of its own destiny but that of its colonies as well.

When has such a nation so defeated been able to regain its lost colonies? Never in world annals. And that point should have been crystal clear to Roosevelt—doubly so to one with the international stature to which he pretended.

Yet it wasn't. It couldn't have been. For he was content to let the whole of Indochina fall into the British-controlled Southeast Asia war zone. Thus he failed to grasp that his own country must be by far the dominant contributor to any victories won, either in the Pacific or Europe, and therefore would inevitably be involved—as it ultimately was with a vengeance—in the intensely difficult Indochinese settlement that must follow war's end.

Where was the boundary drawn between the British Southeast Asia and General Douglas MacArthur's Southwest Pacific war zones? It lay neatly along the Vietnamese coast. And thus the bulk of Indochina fell to British suzerainty—not that of the U.S.—on the Japanese collapse in 1945.

Was this a U.S.-British-French deal, a deal kept secret from the American people? The record does not divulge. And silence on that crucial point without doubt provides the clue to why Americans became so deplorably divided, so distracted, so rudderless in their

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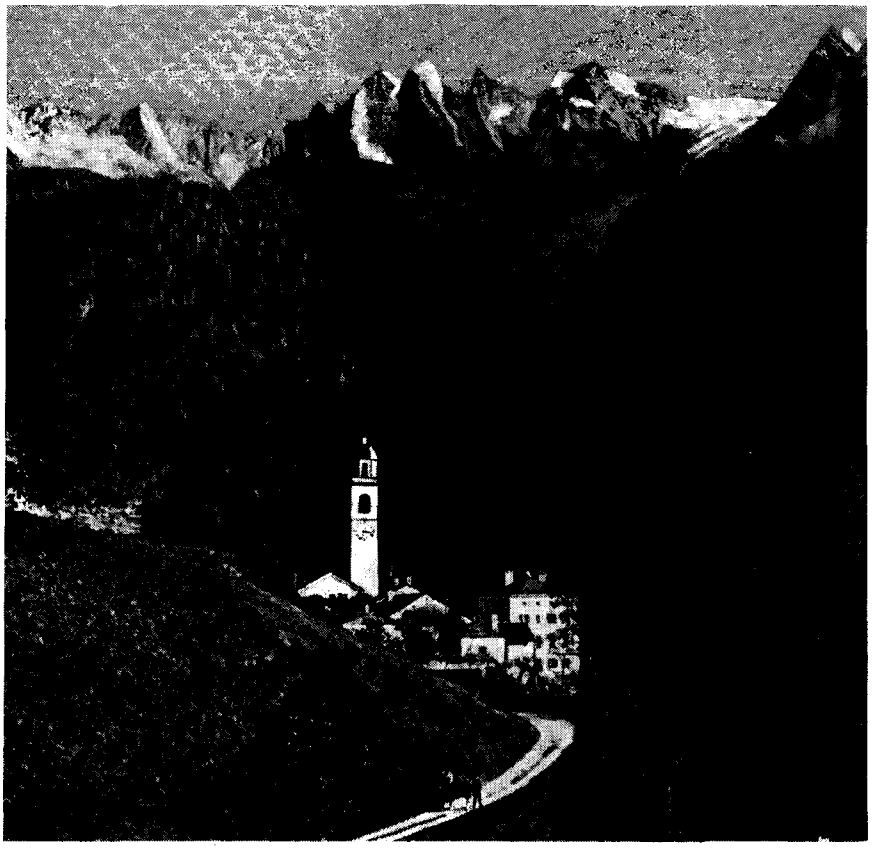

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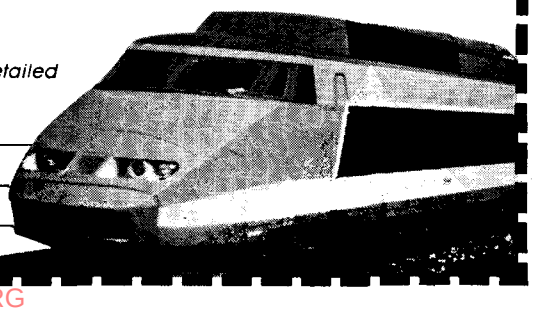

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purposes when eventually they became enmeshed in the Vietnam War—a war they didn't understand, an "immoral war" that never should have come about but instead flickered ever hotter and hotter, a war whose ashes even now flame angrily like some persistent fire that refuses to be extinguished.

Yes, the Vietnam War was immoral. It was immoral for exposing American servicemen to the unusual hazards of an undeclared, no-win war. It was immoral for its image of a giant nation mindlessly flailing an insignificant, far-away nation with no real understanding of why. But its greatest immorality lay in the fact that it need not even have come about but for the gross incompetence of U.S. foreign policy as far back as the Roosevelt era.

John Kennedy expanded American influence in South Vietnam from cadres of military advisors to some 160,000 combat troops. This ultimately led to naval and air units, a 500,000-man army and the Vietnam War—which the U.S. couldn't win.

Did that policy comprehend the long-manifest Indochinese nationalism—spearheaded by Ho Chi Minh's Viet Minh movement—that burned to throw off French rule? Did it grasp that, once defeated, France could never hope to regain its lost Indochinese possessions and had no business even trying? Did it feel any obligation to reward an ally, the Viet Minh, for its anti-Japanese services in World War II—a concern promising much to the ultimate advancement of U.S. interests in Asia?

Obviously not. Instead, the first downhill step—resulting directly from those oddly drawn World War II combat zones—was for a self-sidelined U.S. to watch helplessly the disgraceful British rearming of Japanese prisoners in 1945 to bushwhack the newly proclaimed Viet Minh administration in Vietnam and to hold the territory open against the arrival of French military units.

Next followed a senseless interlude during which France attempted the historically impossible—a grim truth brought home by the French defeat at Dien Bien Phu, which led to the futile Geneva Accord creating North and South Vietnam and dividing them at the 17th parallel.

And did the U.S. make any attempt to influence or even halt this stupidity? Far from it. By 1950 the U.S. was underwriting France's military effort in Vietnam to the tune of $150 million, an outlay which was to grow to more than $1 billion—80 percent of the French costs—in 1954, the year of Dien Bien Phu.

Unbelievable? But that was barely a beginning. The time came when the U.S., with one tentative toe in the Vietnam quagmire, got sucked in over head and ears.

From cadres of military advisers to South Vietnam in the Truman-Eisenhower years, the U.S. presence grew to the Kennedy-dispatched contingent of some 16,000 combat troops; a year later President Johnson ordered those troops into battle. There followed the mad Tonkin Gulf frolic and—*presto!*—the U.S. was committed to a full-fledged war ultimately involving a half-million-man army equipped with every sort of sophisticated weaponry and backed by heavy naval and air units.

But still the U.S. couldn't win. And lacking the will to win, it eventually lost.

Were the North Vietnamese the enemy, the Viet Cong—who? Why was the U.S. in Vietnam at all? How did it get there? What were its aims? Babbitt-like reasons were tossed back and forth. But the American people weren't convinced. Ignorant of the long-festering reasons for their country's plight, they swayed this way and that. In the end enough of them screamed "end the war" so tumultuously that Johnson felt himself barred from the second presidential term he might have sought.

So once again it fell to a Republican president to unscramble a military mess. Elected Johnson's successor in 1968, President Nixon promised to "wind down" the war. He tried. He managed to cut the U.S. military presence to some 25,000. Aided by Henry Kissinger, his secretary of state, he contrived the fragile Paris peace agreement of 1973. But his "Vietnamization" program was systematically scuttled by a Democrat-dominated Congress. And hardly had President Ford succeeded Watergate-ousted Nixon than he faced the final calamity of America's ill-starred Indochinese adventure.

The North Vietnamese—descendants of Ho Chi Minh's Viet Minh, but now bitter enemies of the U.S.—swarmed across the 1973 cease-fire line, overran South Vietnam and left the remaining Americans no choice but to flee, their shirttails flying, any way they could.

That is the war-prone record of this century's Democratic presidents—save only Mr. Carter. And out of concern for future generations of Americans, it would surely seem vital to look for anything that may have united these presidents in a kind of affinity for war, though certainly none wished for war.

The unifying thread most apparent is that all shared the belief—now virtually Democratic dogma—that government should play an activist role in the lives and doings of the American people.

Truman carried this concept to its logical conclusion in calling his party "the party of the people," while Roosevelt's New Deal, though failing in its goal of fighting the "Great" Depression, perfectly exemplified

Continued on page 120

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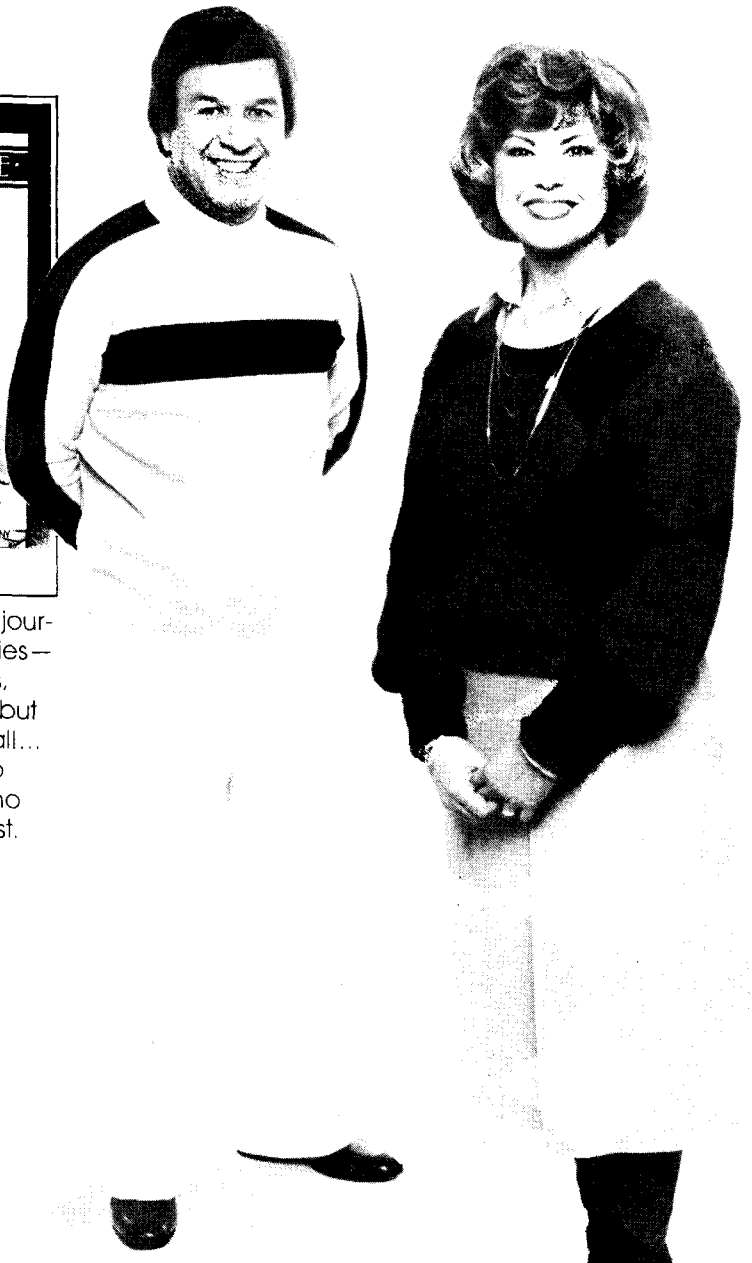
"From the beginning of our journey we've made discoveries—some because of victories, some because of defeat, but the greatest discovery of all... the one that compels us to grow on is this: The One who knows us best loves us most. We are loved."

Bill & Gloria



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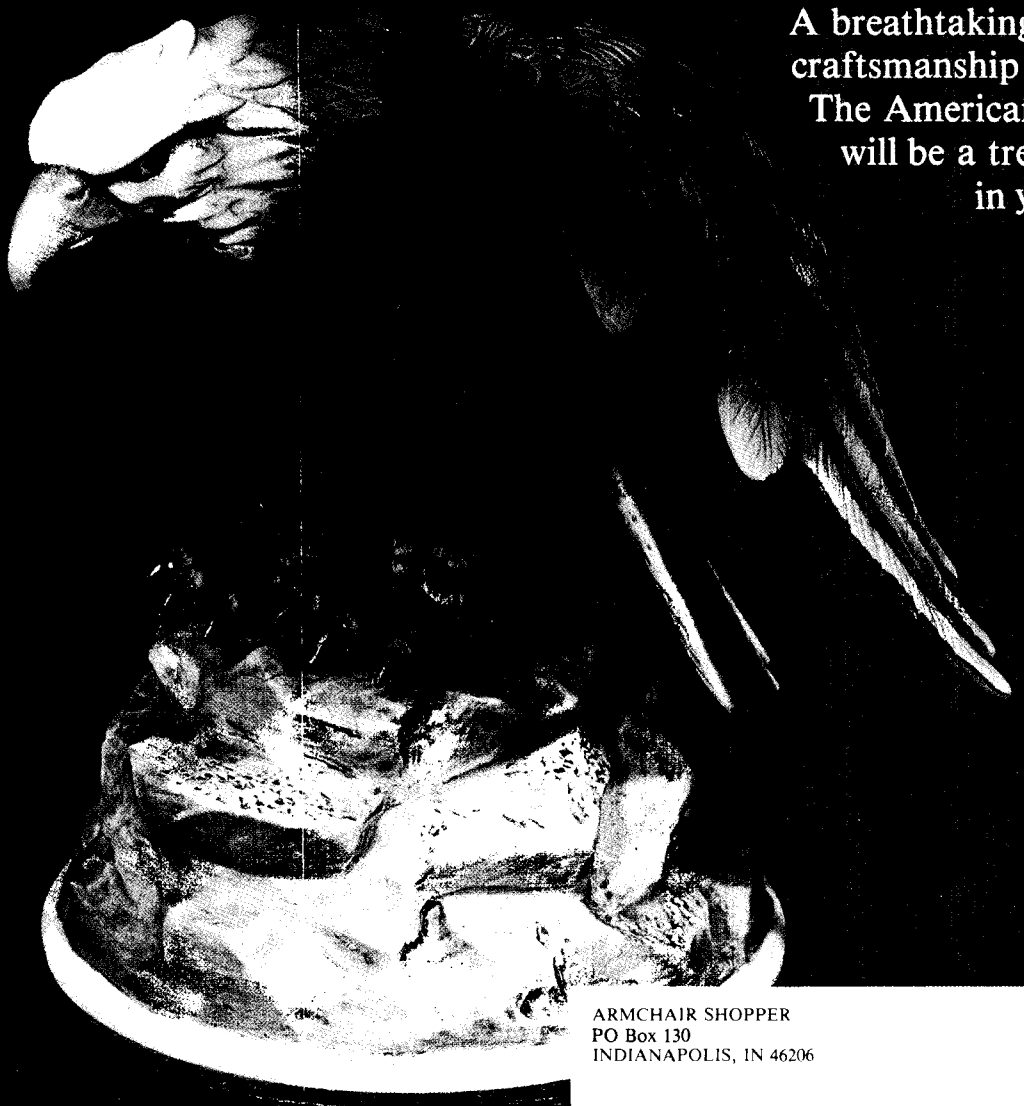

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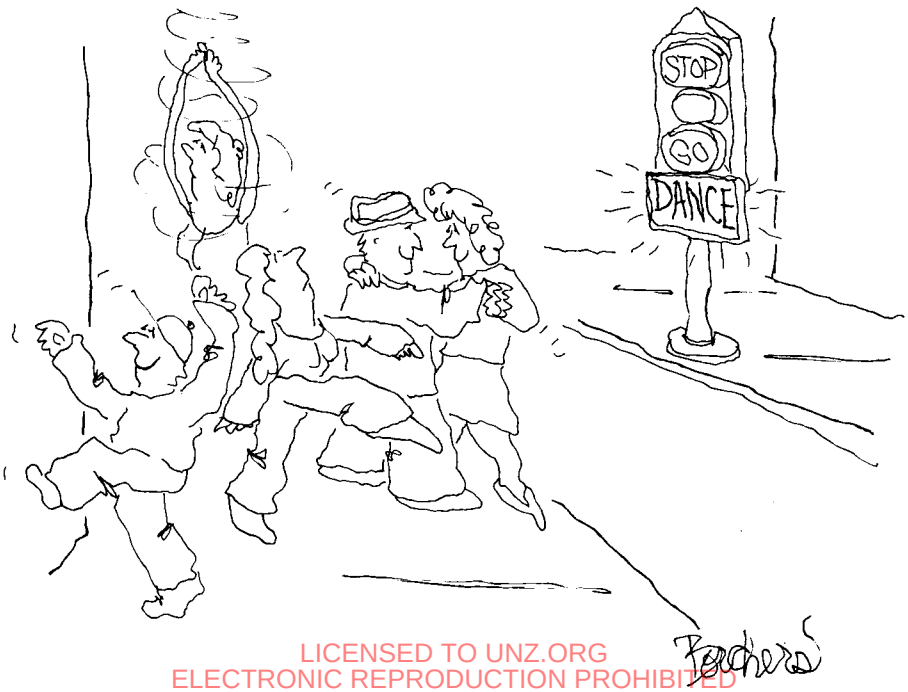

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Holding tightly to a faith "that works," Roy Rogers has leaped life's toughest obstacles and ridden victoriously into the hearts of millions.

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A MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN

Had Roy Rogers and Dale Evans shrouded their lives in bitterness after their family tragedies, it would be easy to understand. But faith in God, through Christ, dried the tears and turned the grimace of grief into a smile of hope and courage for all the world.

by Joan Winmill Brown

On the main highway, just a few miles outside of Apple Valley, California, hometown for Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, a large wedding chapel sign advertises "Instant Marriage!"

At a time when too many marriages are "instant" and then end in divorce, the Rogers stand tall.

This universally loved couple have found the answer that seems to elude so many, as more and more marriages disintegrate under the pressures of today's world.

Sitting in their office at the Roy Rogers and Dale Evans Rogers Museum in Victorville, California, they spoke of the time when Dale had been so distraught early in their marriage.

" 'If someone would only give me hope!'—these were the words that came from my grieving heart," said Dale, "as I watched my little Mongoloid daughter, Robin, suffer. It was then that Roy gently placed the Bible in my hands."

Trails have not all been happy for the King of the Cowboys and Queen of the West. But Roy Rogers and Dale Evans have sung all the songs together—the sad ones and the happy ones—sharing the belief that it is God who writes the lyrics.

Through this loving gesture Dale found hope and strength from God's Word. It is this Word and their deeply entrenched belief and love for God, through Jesus Christ, that has kept these two people together.

"We've had a wonderful 32 years," says Roy reflectively. "It doesn't mean we haven't had any arguments. Being successfully married for so many years, it's 'give 90 and take 10' on *both* sides!"

"I tell you the truth," Dale elaborates, "we never would have made it but for a mutual faith in God, through Christ. He made the difference. There have been times—rough times. Never once have I considered divorce, because I promised God there would never be a divorce under any circumstances."

Known for her honesty, Dale has never tried to hide the fact that before marrying Roy she had been divorced twice. "It was not of my own choosing, because I was deserted, abandoned. After that I could never quite get on with my life, until the Lord came in."

Dale said she never prayed as hard in her life as she did the day she married Roy. Because of what she had been through she felt that they really did not have a chance.

"It would be difficult with three step-children and because my life was going to change so drastically. But shortly after our marriage, I gave my heart completely to the Lord, and my life upended—in my attitude—in the center of my being."

It was not long after Dale's decision that Roy, too, made his commitment. At church the day after a stormy evening at a cocktail party in their home, Roy committed his life to the Lord.

Dale has tried to be as honest as possible with her children about her divorces and, speaking from her own experience, says, "With divorce there is a penalty, *always* a penalty. Someone gets hurt and usually it is the children.

"The children are between a rock and a hard place. Unless there is a strong commitment and unless Christianity is lived in front of them at home, it is desperately hard."

Twelve years after they were married, Roy and Dale were remarried on Roy's mother's and father's 50th wedding anniversay at St. Nicholas Episcopal Church in Encino, California.

"Our first wedding took place in a home and we were not Christians then. Roy and I wanted to take our vows

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again in a church this time," said Dale, while Roy laughed, remembering the drama that had taken place at their first wedding.

"While Dale fumed waiting for me with the minister and guests, and the quartet sang 'I Love You Truly' over and over again, Art Rush, my manager, and I were putting out a fire in one of the bedrooms!"

When Roy speaks, there is the down-home, warm, friendly, earthy wisdom that comes from a man whose roots began in Ducks Run, Ohio. He has never lost his love and thankfulness for his heritage. The visitor to the Rogers Museum senses this love of humble beginnings. Memorabilia from Roy's and Dale's past speaks volumes as you see their personal remembrances. Perhaps the most striking as far as their success goes is the contrast between the truck that brought Roy and his family from Ohio to California and a convertible bedecked with silver dollars, a silver saddle and silver pistols. The truck's upholstery is down to the springs, with no padding for the back—just plywood. Yet, if Roy had to part with either, it is easy to say which one he would keep.

With all the movies he and Dale have made together and the constant traveling to state fair engagements, Roy is thankful to be able to raise horses and ride his motorcycle in the desert, "where sometimes all I see is a jack rabbit." Roy had some descendants of Trigger on his ranch which brought back memories of a horse he loved and worked with so well. "He was a great horse," said Roy, remembering those days when, at the sound of his master's voice, Trigger would delight the audiences with his tricks. Now Trigger, Bullet and Buttermilk are all mounted at the museum.

Memories of all the children are there, too. Roy and Dale's love for children all over the world brought about their adopting four: a little Indian baby, Dodie; a boy from Texas named Sandy, who had been abused and abandoned; a girl from Scotland called Marion and another from Korea named Debbie. Filled with these as well as their own children, the Rogers' home has been a mini-League of Nations. There has never been any problem concerning race or skin color.

As Dale says, "It was God that made the races, not man. Nowhere do we hear God saying that He prefers any one race to another. . . . "

When Dale and Roy first married, it was extremely difficult for her and the children of Roy's first marriage to get along. The children reminded her that the furniture in the home had belonged to their mother, who had died. Dale, not wanting to obliterate the memory of this young woman, saw to it that her photograph was in prominent display in their bedrooms.

Then came the tragedy of Dale's and Roy's baby being born Mongoloid. As her stepchildren saw her contend with this heart-breaking experience they were drawn closer to her. On a Mother's Day several years later, Dale's stepdaughter Cheryl wrote a card to her that she treasures today. Roy is so thankful that his young daughter wrote these words: "Thanks a lot for all the things you've done for us, for me. You've straightened me out on a lot of things I was alone in. And when I needed comforting . . . you were always there to tell me what I wanted to know. You came to live with us at rather a bad time, with Daddy so sad, and two little girls who were naughty, and a little boy who needed a mother's love that he had never known. . . . When you had problems of your own you were always there by our sides and you helped make our Daddy a Christian. I can't find anything fancy to say, but thanks from all of us and we really love you."

The anguish that strikes the parents of a Mongoloid child hit Dale and Roy early in their marriage. At her birth, the doctor told them to take little Robin home and love her—that was all that could be done for her. Two years later she died.

"Although it was hard to face," Dale reflects, "it became clear that Robin had been a little ministering angel to our family, teaching us through her handicaps that the strength of the Lord is made perfect in weakness. She taught us some badly needed lessons and true values in life. We learned humility, patience, gratitude and dependence upon God."

Corrie ten Boom, the greatly loved Dutch woman who, with her family in Holland, saved so many Jews during World War II, is a person to whom Dale Evans relates in a special way.

"Corrie means so much to me. She really strikes a chord with her concern for the retarded. She helped them, taught them, spent time with them and really loved them. I feel a kinship because of that—because of Robin." Her experiences with her own "angel unaware" led Dale to write a book by that name. This was read by people all over the world, and the comfort and lessons that Dale encountered were shared by millions.

Only two months after Robin's death, the Rogers adopted two children. Dale remembers that she and Roy fell completely in love with them when they visited the adoption home. Roy looked down at Sandy, who greeted him with "Howdy, padnuh!", and swept him up in his arms and held him tight. "We 'was took'!" says Dale.

After that meeting, Dale and Roy talked for three hours about little Sandy. He had an extremely severe case of rickets, and the doctors were not sure he would ever walk normally. He was a little slow in his mental reflexes. Together in their hotel room Dale and Roy prayed. Then he said, "Look, anybody will adopt a kid who has everything

The camaraderie of The Sons of the Pioneers often led to impromptu rehearsals at the drop of a Stetson. But in 1937, Roy Rogers left the group to saddle up with Republic Studios as "The Singing Cowboy," later to become "King of the West."

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going for him, but what becomes of little guys like this one? Let's take him." Dale agreed.

After several operations to correct Sandy's physical disabilities, and with years of Roy's and Dale's loving care, he was able to pass the rigorous medical examination required by the United States Army. Sandy realized a boyhood dream of becoming a soldier and was sent to Germany. While stationed there he died as a result of a dare by his fellow soldiers to drink an enormous amount of alcohol. Roy quietly says, "He wanted to prove he was a man."

Once more Roy and Dale were brought to the excruciating valley where no grief can compare with the loss of a child.

As Roy watched Dale accept the flag that had draped Sandy's casket, the "King of the Cowboys" with a heart as big as the West felt all the strength go out of him and he cried—tears that he knew his Heavenly Father understood, for He, too, had a Son He loved.

Only 14 months before the loss of Sandy, Dale and Roy had experienced another death in their family. Debbie, the fun-loving little Korean girl they had adopted, was killed in a bus accident while delivering gifts to an orphanage. Dale, tears welling up, remembers how she felt when she received the news.

"I went into orbit with shock. I pounded my fists against the door. I asked God why. Why my baby again? Jesus, please help me."

Regaining enough composure, she called U.C.L.A. hospital, where Roy was recovering from major surgery. His stunts, performed in his movies, had taken their toll on his spine. Dale told the nurses to take the TV and radio out of his room. It was all over the media, shots of the bus in which Debbie had been traveling, gory scenes of the accident.

Art Rush went over to the hospital to break the news to Roy, who took it so hard that the doctors ordered him to be put back in intensive care.

Looking back, Roy quietly remembers, "It's so strange how things happen. Five minutes before the accident there were two boys up front in the bus. The girls talked them into changing seats with them. The boys went to the back, and no sooner did they sit down than this happened." Looking down, Roy quietly said, "It was meant to be."

Three children who had brought sunshine and laughter into the Rogers' lives, now gone. If they had become bitter, it would be easy to understand. But they didn't.

"You miss the blessing if there is bitterness," Dale continued. "I believe in time you get understanding, if you don't demand to know the answer immediately. The fact that He has permitted me to see each one of the children, and Roy, accept Jesus Christ means that He has been more than fair with me. The tears He has allowed to dim the eyes have cleared the eyes of my soul, bringing a new spiritual depth of understanding and vision."

As you sit with Roy and Dale you sense the love that is still so strong in their hearts for the children who are now with the Lord. Sandy's death was, in a way, the hardest for them because of the manner in which he died.

Dale says, "We were completely honest about his death, because it helps no one if you are not. Here it was spread all over the world that Roy Rogers' and Dale Evans' son met his death in a bottle. It wasn't easy to appear before crowds."

Then came the trite remarks, the unfeeling, glib answers, the fingers pointed. Many, who should have shown love and understanding, became pharisaical in their condemnation and judgment.

"It was that kind of Christian who kept me out of church for a long time," Roy quietly remarked.

The rest of the Rogers' children have grown and left home. The ranch is quiet. No longer does the sound of children's voices resound through the home—except at the holidays. "Imagine—36 for Thanksgiving!" says Roy, laughing and thinking about all the grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Dale has worked many years, but at a time when she knew the children needed her, she gave up an opportunity she had longed for—to star in *Annie Get Your Gun* on the stage in London. It was shortly after her marriage to Roy when she was a young successful star, but she believed the children came first. Today she has no regrets and many wonderful memories. Her family is one that "rises up and calls her blessed."

Later Roy and Dale were able to combine their careers with a strong witness for God, but it has not always been easy. In 1952 the management of Madison Square Garden was horrified that Roy and Dale would contemplate singing a religious number during their engagement there and pleaded with them not to, saying it would be professional suicide. But that night, with the Garden packed to capacity, when the time came for Roy to sing in praise to his Lord, the auditorium went dark. Spotlights formed a huge cross and from out of the darkness came Roy's voice singing "Peace in the Valley."

During their engagement of 43 performances the box office broke all attendance records—Roy's and Dale's courage had been blessed.

People throughout the world continue to love the "King of the Cowboys" and the "Queen of the West," and they are as much in demand as they ever were. There are constant requests for their appearances on television.

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans remind us all of days when we were filled with hope and our pursuit of happiness was a tranquil one. But these two celebrities continue to bring a message of hope. Theirs has been a constant message down through the years of belief in God and a love for this country.

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The earth surrendered a king's ransom in gold to make Johnny Aurora a rich man. But the real price was paid in human emotion and a woman's grief that still haunts the Black Hills.

Illustrated by Rob Sauber

It was in 1940, just before the war, that we rode into the ghost town, Jimmy Decatur and I, looking like we'd eaten nothing but dust for longer than the three days we'd been out.

Jimmy looked at me and winked a dust-filled eyelash. "Haven't been here for ten years or more, but can't say as things have changed much." His laugh was gentle, deep down in his chest, and the crow's feet crinkled at his temples.

Our horses plodded slowly in the soft dust. Little gusts of wind swirled the fine particles into the air and golden halos formed against the setting sun.

"Looks like Yellowknife," I said. "Only dead."

"It's dead, all right. *Nobody's* lived here for 50 years, and it's been *dead* longer'n *that*."

Jimmy Decatur was a guide, and in his best days he'd have gone with you pretty near anywhere you wanted to go within a hundred miles of Rapid City. He'd have taken you hunting or fishing or climbing, up to four in a party, and he'd have wrangled the horses and handled the grub and still beat you up in the morning. But in 1940 he was in his 70s and he settled for a loner or a couple who just wanted to camp out and take pictures or do a little amateur gold-panning in the Black Hills.

He still looked the part though, and acted it, too. He was tall—with just a hint of curve to his upper spine—and lean and tanned. The Stetson, bandanna, whipcord pants, and boots all looked right on him.

At the time I figured I must look just like he did,

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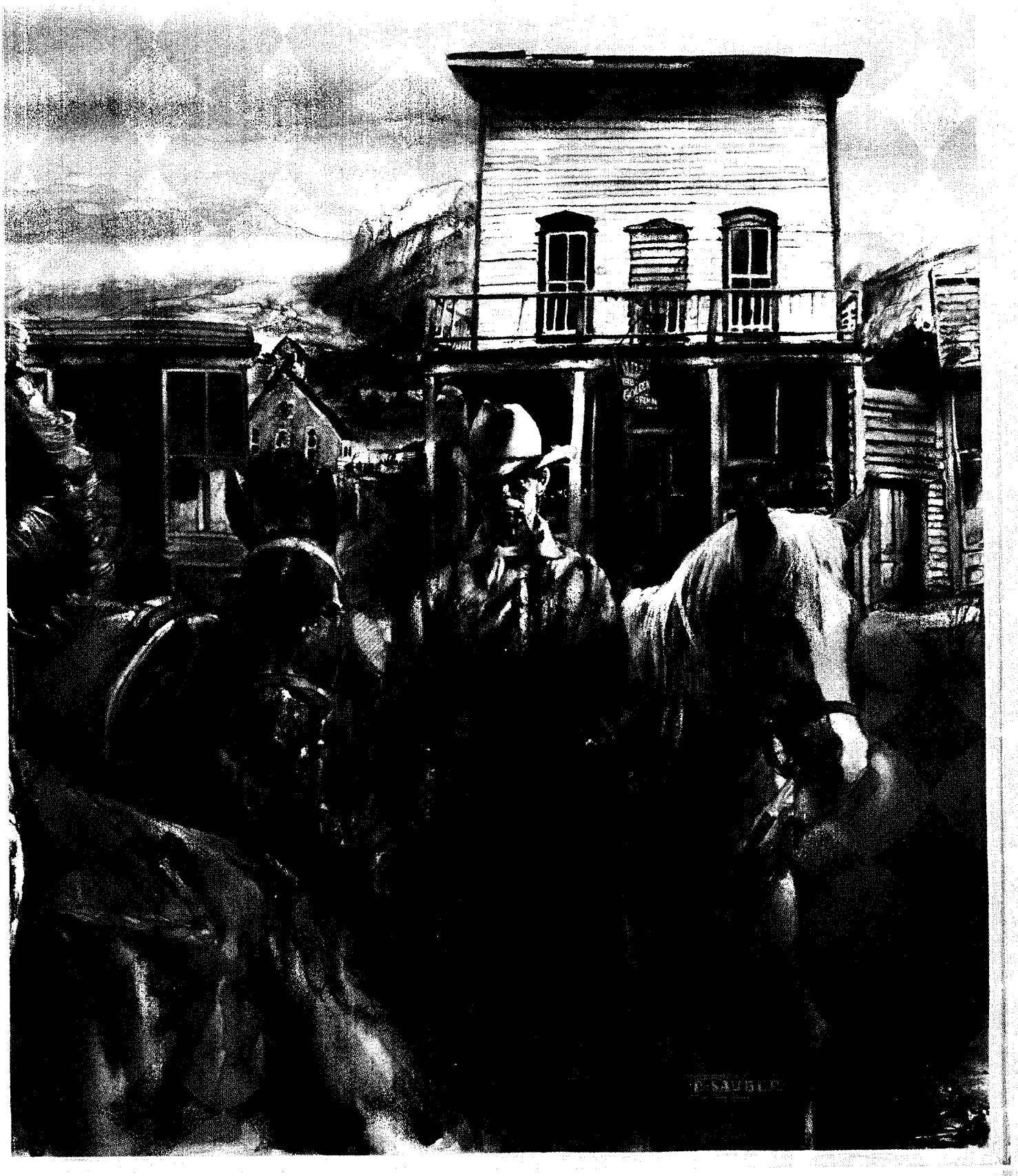

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but as I think back now I probably resembled more closely an extra in a Grade B oater. But I was just a youngster out of a Midwest college doing a paper on the gold-rush days in South Dakota. Jimmy knew the ghost towns which once heard the thump of gold nuggets on the bars, the streams that those nuggets came from, and even some of the men, now long since dead, who found them.

We pulled up in front of the one-room post office and Jimmy flipped his leg over the saddle and slipped to the ground.

"Good place to light," he said with a smile. "Uncle Sam didn't have me in mind when he built this place, but I don't figure he'd rile too much if he knew I used it once in a while. Come on inside. Skeeters'll be thicker'n buzzards on a dead rattler any minute."

At the door, Jimmy built a fire of small oak boards which once had been some proud housewife's shiny parlor floor. Before long it was dark except for the campfire throwing tongues of light into our snug little room. We sat almost on the door sill to tend the fire without getting up and to ward off the chill, which later on would creep into that old town when the sun dropped behind the hills.

Beyond the fire a whippoorwill sent his endless echoes into the still night. I caught a glimpse of a silvery sliver of a new moon high in the dark sky, but I couldn't see the stars for the fire. A long, low moaning started in the piñon pines behind us on the hills as night riders rode the wind through the valley. Something bounced along the battered boardwalk, and it didn't take much imagination for me to see the sharp toes and high heels of a long-dead cowboy clattering down to meet his poke-bonneted girl.

I felt a little drowsy, my stomach full of corned beef and a little tot of neat whisky. I pulled my blanket roll up behind me and leaned back with a sigh of contentment. Jimmy Decatur grinned, and then the grin slid sideways and I sat bolt upright with wide staring eyes as the eerie wailing cry of a terrible loneliness ululated down the dusty street and fled frighteningly into the hills ringing the haunted town of Doomsday.

Jimmy's grin had righted itself but there was the added dimension of apology in the curling of his lip and the slight squeezing together of his eyelids.

"The Wailing Woman," he said finally, and threw a few more boards on the fire. "Eerie, ain't it?"

I could only look at him with astonishment. "You've heard that before?"

He nodded.

"My God, man, is it alive?"

He wasn't smiling as he answered, "Some say she used to be."

I shivered involuntarily. "Must be the wind on some wires."

Jimmy nodded. "Probably."

"Sure was close," I said. "Sounded like it was right across the street in front of that big old mansion."

From half a mile away the high tremulous wailing started again and was lost in the rush of the night wind soughing in the pines. Doors slammed and shutters rattled and I could almost hear the shouts of men clamoring for a drink in the saloon half a block away.

He saw the smoldering fire in her eyes and knew she still loved him. And he knew that down where his own soul really lived, he loved her, too.

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Jimmy nodded again. "Don't take much imagination to fill this town up again, do it?"

He had read my thoughts, or I his, and I laughed with him for the moment our minds had met.

"You called her the Wailing Woman."

"Yup, that's what she's called."

"You know her real name?"

He dropped his head just a bit, half-closed his eyes, and stared into the fire. "Summer Nighthawk."

"An Indian woman, Jimmy?"

His chin tilted sharply upward an inch or two in acquiescence.

I wasn't about to let him off that easily. "I think it's about time you told me the story of Summer Nighthawk."

Before he could answer yes or no, there came the thrilling trill of a young woman in pain, an agony of the heart, a poignant wail which clutched at our guts with a terrible pull. I half rose to my feet, but before I could run out into the street, the wail trailed off into the distance and seemed to end a mile away.

Jimmy Decatur looked at me with knowing eyes. "Used to want to go look myself, son, but never did. Wouldn't find nothing. Sit down," he added with a sigh. "I'll tell you the story."

It was somewhat under a hundred years ago when all this happened. Wasn't much out here then. Dakota Territory it was called. There were some small towns farther east—Sioux Falls, Yankton—but out here in the Black Hills there wasn't much.

There came to the fort one day a young feller by the name of Johnny—Johnny Aurora, I think his last name was. We'll call him that. Handsome feller it seems, catch a lady's eye right off. Not that it did much good when there weren't no women allowed in the fort in those days. They came later when the place was settled down some. If they hadn't, there wouldn't be no story about a wailing woman.

Aurora rode into the fort and said he was looking for a job. The lieutenant in charge looked him over and tried to get him to enlist.

"No, sir," said Aurora, "I'll never do that as long as I can keep my freedom and earn a living at the same time."

Wasn't the right thing to say, of course—kind of insulting to the lieutenant, and he took it as such. I don't think the lad really meant it as an insult, but there it was. The lieutenant ordered him off the place and there wasn't nothing Aurora could do but leave. Maybe if he'd of swallowed his pride and apologized he could have calmed the lieutenant down, but that wasn't his way.

He sort of swaggered to his horse and cantered out of the fort. Next he was heard from, he had joined with a trapper for a few weeks over in Coldfish Canyon, learning the ways of catching the furs that every lady east of Ft. Dodge wanted wrapped around her of a cold night. They say he really was a quick study, learning in a few weeks what it took some men months or even years to master. But then he had Joe Slocum as a teacher, and there never was a better beaver man round here. His name's still legend when you get a few old-timers together.

There came a day, however, when Slocum had to throw Aurora out. No hard feelings. But the streams were petering out close to the fort, and them as had prior rights, so to speak, could rightly feel the latecomers should move on up the rivers and look for new country.

Johnny Aurora packed a board and took off. Alone. Without a mule or horse, even. Everyone thought he was crazy and maybe he was. But he was a strong man, was Johnny Aurora, and he knew if ever a man could handle the back country, it was him. He followed the river right out of Coldfish, waving to the folks along the way, the farmers close by the fort and the trappers and loners farther on out. For three days he followed the river upstream, taking the biggest branch each time it forked. Going was kind of tough, as heavy as the woods was then, but there's always a deer trail both sides of any stream—you've noticed that, I know—and he mostly stayed on them.

Finally he ran clean out of people—whites, that is—but decided to keep going another day, which he figured might be another eight or ten miles at the rate he was going.

Now he built a cabin, did young Johnny Aurora, right on a high bank overlooking a bend in the little stream, just above a stretch of white water. Not too many years before, a feller'd 'a' been crazy to camp near rapids, 'cause you couldn't hear the woods quieten down and the snap of a branch being trod when some warring Indian clan like the Oglala Sioux was on your trail. But when Aurora was there, the treaty'd been signed and there was peaceful Indians living all about through the hills.

He built his cabin and his cache box, and when winter came and the stream was froze he walked the length of it setting his traps. He put deep underwater drown'd sets at the lodge mouths and by the shore-side trail holes of the beaver. He carefully constructed dirt-hole sets on the riverside sand spits for the wolf and red fox and coon. And by spring he knew he had enough fur to take out and stake himself for any other venture he chose, save buying out the banker back in Sioux Falls.

But by spring he didn't want to leave, for by then he'd taken a beautiful young Indian girl into his cabin, and she became—under the laws of the Sioux—his wife. She was medium tall, straight up and down from carrying firewood on her head, black hair braided like you've seen in a hundred movies. 'Cept she wasn't no movie Indian. She needed teaching in the ways of the white man, about cook-

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The artists of immortality reach the heights of inspiration on that journey from the manger to the cross.

No event in the history of mankind has so challenged the inspiration and talents of the artist as the birth, life and death of Christ. Moretto da Brescia answered that challenge in 1520 with his moving *Pietá*, arousing for time eternal man's compassion for the Virgin Mary, disconsolate and alone in the sepulcher, mourning the crucified body. But only from the awe-ful agony of the cross would come the joyous promise of salvation, so gloriously conceived in Luca della Robbia's immortal *Madonna and Child with Lilies.*

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PICTURE OF COURAGE

Healed in spirit if not in body, courageous quadriplegic Joni Eareckson became an inspiration to the sophisticated movie people filming her tragic young life.

by Twila Knaack

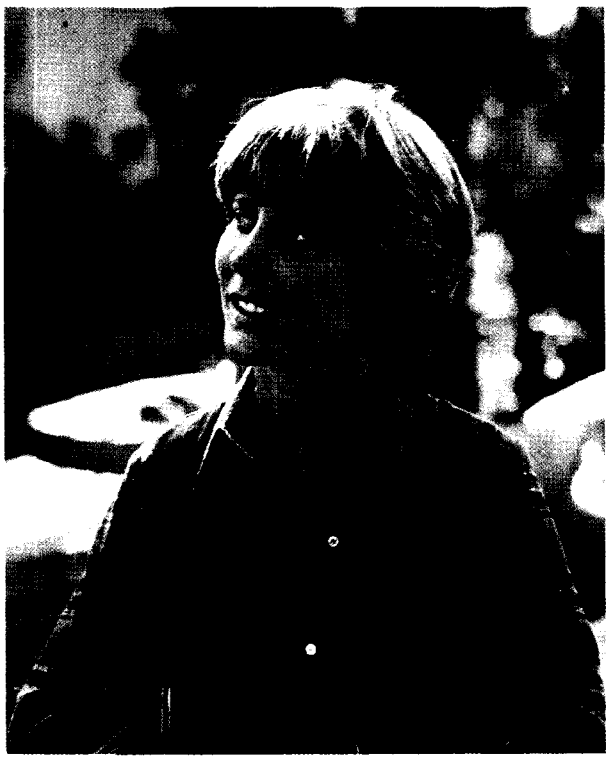
In the movie, a beautiful blonde teen-ager bubbling with all the excitement of youth goes for a cooling swim in the shallow waters of Chesapeake Bay. The camera catches the lithe figure executing a perfect jackknife from the diving raft and then pans in on the still form floating face down upon the surface—having in that one instant become a quadriplegic for life.

It is only a movie, a $2 million production now being released in theaters across the United States. But what makes it remarkable is that the leading character is Joni (pronounced Johnny) Eareckson, and the movie is her life story.

Joni, based on the best-selling book of the same name, is the story of a vivacious, athletic teen-ager who, on a hot summer afternoon in July 1967, was reduced to a quadriplegic in a split second from a dive into the shallow waters of the Chesapeake Bay.

A shrilling ambulance took the young girl to Baltimore's University Hospital, where she fought for her life and then struggled for a reason to go on living.

Months spent in hospitals and rehabilitation centers blurred into almost two years. Shattered were her dreams of college and hopes of marriage and children in a fashionable home in the suburbs. The painful reality that she would never even walk again or use her hands to brush her teeth or comb her hair challenged her will to live and tested her faith in God.



Joni Eareckson had no aspirations to be a movie star, but she had the emotions demanded of a teen-ager suddenly finding herself a quadriplegic—she had been through that shattering experience.

Visitors to her hospital room would quote scripture verses including, "All things work together for good." It seemed glib to the teen-ager whose idea of good meant that God was going to arrange things in her life so that it would become a journey spiced with joy and ecstacy. "I never imagined that suffering would be a part of God's plan for me," she said.

"God is not obligated to tell us the reasons He allows suffering," Joni learned, "but He does, by sheer virture of His grace, impart to us a small measure of His wisdom to be able to endure it."

Through persevering prayers of family and friends, God began to change the headstrong, rebellious kid into a young woman with her focus off herself and onto God.

With determination, she rebuilt her world into a constructive one by learning to sketch with a pen in her mouth. Her hobby turned to profits as her drawings were reproduced on a line of greeting cards and her colorful masterpieces were framed and sold.

After her artwork was shown on the "Today Show" and Joni was interviewed by Barbara Walters, the publishers at Zondervan asked Joni to put her story into a book. Soon there were demands for the author/artist to speak at youth gatherings, churches and conventions. She tells her audiences, "I have learned what it means to trust God in the middle of pain and problems. Thank the Lord that we don't all have to break our necks to find that out."

The inspiration of the Scandinavian lass prompted Billy Graham's movie company to film her courageous fight for a meaningful existence.

William Brown, the company's president, phoned Joni at her Maryland ranch home to discuss the possibility of her playing herself in the film.

"Have you guys gone bananas?" she screamed into the phone. "There's no way I can do it. For one thing I am not an actress and for another I don't know if I can live through it again."

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As peers went off to school or married high school sweethearts, Joni Eareckson's days were spent working hard to train her shoulder muscles to manipulate a motorized wheelchair—and asking why, if God was going to do a miracle healing in her life, He didn't hurry.

However, she finally agreed to come to Los Angeles for a screen test. Once Brown and Director James F. Collier saw the footage from the test there were no doubts in their minds that they had found their leading lady.

Joni wrestled with the idea of being an actress. "What had to be considered first," she said, "was whether or not I could glorify God in doing this." As she pondered her decision, she began to see that if the audience could see on the screen the real person saying the real lines, the impact of the film would be much greater, and she agreed to do it.

Completely naive about the film industry, Joni and two companions arrived in Hollywood in July 1978 to begin the shooting.

To make it easier for Joni to relive her past 12 years, the film was shot in sequence, a fact most unusual for motion pictures. The first day of shooting took the crew and cast to Newport Beach to reenact that fateful dive into the murky waters. A double made that perfect jackknife from the raft, but it was the real Joni who donned a blue one-piece bathing suit to prepare for her rescue by her sister Kathy.

"I hadn't worn a bathing suit since my accident, and here I was wearing one in front of 75 people. While waiting for the scene to begin, my corset was around my bathing suit and my leg bag was hanging out. I had this awful wig on and no make-up. There I was in the present, sitting there in front of all those people, feeling really silly," said Joni, reflecting on her first day of shooting.

Two paramedical lifeguards floated the helpless girl to the cold deep waters and then ducked out of camera range as the lens zeroed in on Joni face down in the water. The crew worked quickly, but during the time she was in the chilly Pacific Ocean, her body temperature dropped drastically. It took five hours of being wrapped in blankets before it returned to normal. On another occasion, after a busy day of shooting, fluid backed up in her system. To prevent a cerebral hemorrhage, she was rushed to the nearest hospital. But the next day, with only a few hours' delay, she was on the set.

Although reliving the past came quite naturally for Joni, the scenes involving her anger at God and the deep depression she went through years ago were the most difficult to bring to the surface. God had healed those wounds and filled her with a warm, loving, kind spirit. "As the days progressed I relived all my weaknesses," Joni recalls. "When the director would call 'cut,' the actors and actresses would just walk away from the set and go home to their personal lives. But for me it was difficult to turn off emotions. Sometimes I would go home at night and cry. Although I knew it would be hard work, I had no idea it would have such an emotional impact on me. At times it was painfully real."

Joni had the unique opportunity to relearn lessons she had learned in the early stages of her Christian walk. "I remembered many times in the past I really didn't care about my appearance. I was saying, 'Look, I feel cruddy on the inside, so I look cruddy on the outside.' It gave me an appreciation that I had come quite far and that the Lord had done some great things in my life. But in another sense it made me grieve for all the lost years."

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Only after a friend helped her piece together a healthy self-image did Joni learn she had something to offer and begin her unique drawing methods.

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FAIRWAY OR FOUL

Cheat at the great game of golf? Never! This golfer preferred to call it "playing underhanded." But when his "buddies" reciprocated, cheating was the only word for it.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Jared Lee

Any Wednesday afternoon golfer can beat any other Wednesday afternoon golfer if he will only learn to capitalize on his opponent's hang-ups. The street term for it, I suppose, is "cheating." But you and I, being somewhat more refined, are going to use the expression, "playing underhanded."

No, this will not be your standard-type chicanery. You know what I mean. Carelessly stepping on the other golfer's lost ball and burying it in the mud. Or clumsily kicking it under a pile of leaves. Or absently pulling brush over it. Nor would we consider anything so crude as waving the flag so the shadow flickers across the cup when he's about to putt. Or pointing just as he strokes the ball, leaving him to come through wondering if it's a UFO or a wasp lowering its flaps for a landing on his neck. (Which reminds me of a

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fellow I knew, briefly, who went so far as to put honey on his fingers before patting his opponent on the back and wishing him good luck before a game. This not only kept the other guy busy; he himself was never bothered by flying insects.)

As for making sure your victim's longer shots go in any direction but the right one, we won't be stooping to anything so crass as openly dodging behind a tree or the golf cart, or lying prone and wrapping our arms around our heads as he takes his practice swings. Such crudities went out with the wooden shaft. At least in my repertoire.

Not that I didn't cut my teeth, shall we say, on such practices. But one specific incident was to change my whole approach.

In our regular Wednesday afternoon foursome we have—or had—one of those "para-noise-iacs." Ordinarily, Ed wouldn't turn his head at a sonic boom in the next room. But on the golf course with a club in his hands, everyone is supposed to breathe out of only one nostril. If he drives into the corn field, it's never from a mental lapse or lack of ability. It's because a cricket cricked, a gnat belched, or a leaf turned color just as he swung. You know the type.

Anyway, Stan had got fed up with all these "noise" alibis. So on this particular occasion, just as Ed was in the throes of a crucial putt, Stan cut loose a sneeze. Not just any old common everyday run-of-the-mill sneeze. This had to be the doggonedest sneeze ever to fall upon the ears of man. The racket, we later learned, had been augmented somewhat by means of a duck call concealed in Stan's handkerchief. While the result was nothing short of beautiful (Ed having to use a 9-iron to chip back to the green), and Ed ended up with high score (Stan had only to take a deep breath after that for Ed's ball to shoot past the cup without so much as looking in), I decided this was going too far. Especially when Ed showed up the next week with a moose call.

The whole episode, however, started me thinking. And what I thought was: I'll bet if a guy paid attention to the eccentricities of the other players, he could have them hitting into the old frog pond with satisfying regularity. Of course I already knew Ed's.

And you know something? Ed hasn't beaten me

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TRIAL BY FIRE

It took a fiery plane crash to teach Merrill Womach that suffering is a part of the Christian walk. Instead of becoming a pile of ashes in an Oregon forest, this persevering man of God was refined by a crucible of pain to a purity of spirit and purpose that he had never before known.

by Kenny Waters

Merrill Womach isn't wearing his real face. He lost it in a fiery inferno 18 years ago when the twin-engine plane he was flying crashed into a clump of trees and burst into flames. Merrill also lost the skin on his hands, legs and feet. About the only skin that wasn't burned off was that on his upper torso, back and arms. Today, when you look at the face of Merrill Womach, you are looking, really, at his chest, arms and stomach grafted onto the scar tissue of what was once a very handsome face.

Yet when one gazes at the reconstructed visage of Merrill Womach, and then spends time talking with this amazing man of courage and conviction, one learns some valuable lessons about what is beautiful and what is not.

His wife, Virginia, said it best in the Womachs' book, *Tested By Fire* (Revell, 1976; $6.95): "Handsome is knowing the person behind the face. Handsome is something inside that person shining out through him. Handsome isn't what a person looks like. It is what a person is. And Merrill is the most handsome man I know."

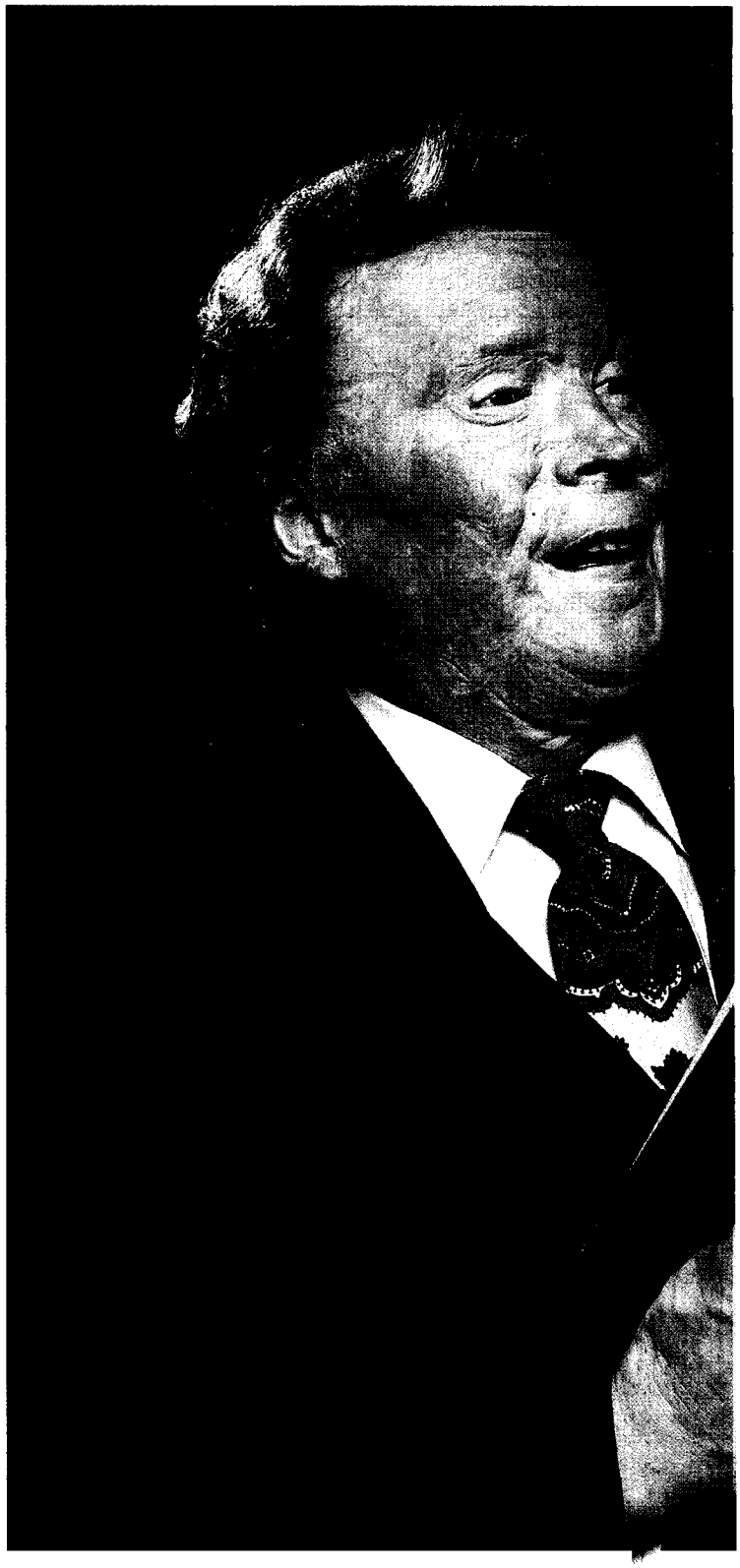
Most of you probably haven't seen Womach, a strong, medium-built man of 52. But you've probably heard his voice. And there's a world of contrast between the rough, uneven—and some would say, unpleasant—face of Womach and his beautiful, soothing tenor voice.

His voice is heard daily in nearly three-quarters of the funeral services in the United States and Canada. If you've been to a funeral in the last two decades, chances are you've listened to Womach singing those old favorites that seem so much a part of our deepest souls and which bring peace and hope during times of personal loss.

Womach is the founder—and the voice—of National Music Service, which provides taped music systems to funeral homes. Singing for the bereaved is a vocation he has pursued since childhood. "I found way back at the age of 10 what comfort and hope an inspirational song brings to a family who has lost a loved one," he related during a recent Los Angeles interview sandwiched between his busy schedule of meetings and speaking engagements. "I decided at that young age that, if given the opportunity to be a part of a work like this, I would do it for the rest of my life.

"When I was in high school and college in Spokane, Washington, I sang at many funerals, sometimes two or three a day. After talking with some funeral directors and my young bride, Virginia, we decided it would be much better if I recorded my songs on tape for the homes. That way they could use me when they wanted and I would always sing perfectly."

The first tapes and playback units were installed in two Spokane funeral parlors in 1959. At the time, Womach was subsisting on the meager salary of



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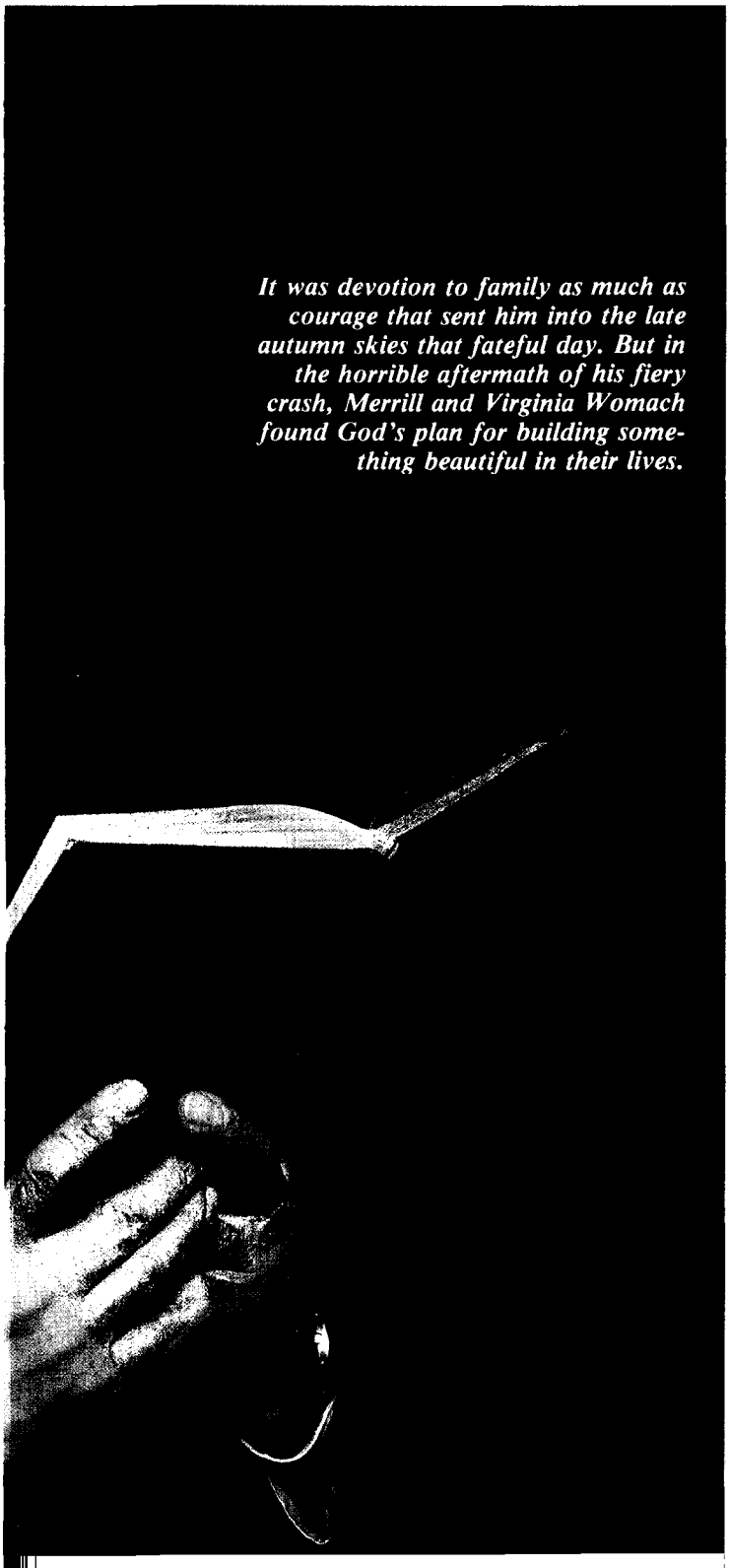
$375 a month as a minister for a small church.

"But we had saved enough to buy a tape recorder for the first recordings. I designed a new way of recording that makes it sound like I'm present right there in the home. We did those first recordings in the church. The tapes were duplicated in my basement and I made the playback units myself.

"And I'm not a carpenter," he added with a laugh. "If you could only see those things!"



It was devotion to family as much as courage that sent him into the late autumn skies that fateful day. But in the horrible aftermath of his fiery crash, Merrill and Virginia Womach found God's plan for building something beautiful in their lives.

In the summer of 1959, Merrill resigned his pastorate and began to market National Music Service in cities outside Spokane. Those first few years, while he was bootstrapping himself into business, are years he remembers with vividness.

"Needless to say, during this time we had a horrible financial problem," he said. "Looking back, I can see it was one of the many ways God used to strengthen our family, to prepare us for the trials that followed my accident. But at the time . . . whew!"

There was a period of a few months, he said, when breakfast for his family of five often consisted of one cantaloupe. "We'd buy a barbequed chicken for $1.95 and that would be our food for a few days. There were days when it was 20 below zero and, because I didn't have bus fare, I'd walk seven miles to work."

For two years, Merrill crisscrossed the west coast, visiting funeral directors and selling the National Music Service concept. A pilot, he often flew his own plane, one of the few possessions he and his family owned. Money to keep the Womachs alive came from occasional speaking and singing engagements at churches and rallies like those conducted by Youth For Christ.

His life style, obviously, was one of constant pressure, travel deadlines and lonely hotel rooms.

"I was working so hard that in 1961 I collapsed five times," he recalled. "In my own church in Spokane they had to carry me home once because I fainted dead away. I was exhausted."

By that year, though, National Music Service was beginning to take off. But it was while completing one of those extended trips—and rushing home to be with his family at Thanksgiving—that Womach's life was radically changed by the airplane accident.

He recalled the accident without the slightest sense of uneasiness. "I had flown to Los Angeles, written up six orders and gone on to San Diego. Then I started flying back north. I was flying through Oregon when a snowstorm became so severe that I put down on a small emergency landing strip at Beaver Marsh.

"I spent the time that night playing an organ in the home of the motel owner. He was so happy to have someone playing it that he called over the whole town—a few dozen people—and they all sang with me until midnight."

The next morning he awoke early. The weather was much better. If it stayed that way, he could make it to the family get-together in spite of having spent the night in Beaver Marsh.

Completing his pre-flight check list, Womach taxied his twin-engine Piper Apache to the runway, covered with a few inches of snow. He sped down the runway, lifting off toward the south.

Less than a minute later, having just cleared the treetops, the engines died without warning. As he was to learn later, the snow and slush from the runway had lodged within the induction intakes of the engine and frozen. Starved of oxygen, the engine died.

"I had to land immediately," Womach remembered. "Ahead of me was forest. I didn't want to tangle with those trees. Below was Highway 97, but I saw that if I landed there I would lock horns with a semi-truck and several cars. I had to head back toward the runway. I

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made the turn and went back, hoping that if I didn't make it, I could use the sparse trees ahead to cut off my wings and lessen the impact of the crash."

Fifty yards short of the landing strip, the plane stalled and hit a tree, knocking off one wing. Womach was knocked unconscious for a moment as the plane spun around backward and, like a torpedo, sliced 100 yards through the forest.

"Finally, the fuselage hit a tree. On impact the plane exploded," he recalled. "The force of the explosion was so great that two men eating breakfast at Beaver Marsh, a mile away, said the whole restaurant shook. They knew it must be me, so they immediately drove to see if they could help.

Thanksgiving morning, 1961, Merrill Womach took off from the snowy runway a handsome, active gospel singer with a growing business in the music world. After both engines quit, he remembered only hitting the first tree, regaining consciousness sitting in a bonfire of fuel from his wrecked plane—his face toasting like a marshmallow. Thus began the incredible test of a man's courage and faith and the loyalty of a wife who prayed, "Don't let that ugly thing be my husband."

"Meanwhile, enveloped in flames, I tried to get out of the plane. All I could see was fire. I reached for the door and for my seat belt release at the same time. The belt was jammed. I tried again. In desperation, I tore it with both hands—a 500-pound test seat belt—and it broke. Man, was the adrenaline pumping through me. Freed, I jumped into the snow."

Unaware of how badly he was burned, Womach stumbled through the snow, unable to see. "My flight became a nightmare of running, tripping, falling, getting up again," he said. "Branches like giant arms reached out to trap me and prevent my escape."

Gradually, though disoriented, he made his way toward the highway, where the two men from the restaurant found him. Putting him in the back seat, they raced toward the hospital at Klamath Falls.

As he lay in the back seat, in excruciating pain, Womach said God began to take over his situation. "God took care of a need I didn't even know existed at that moment," he said. "Many burn victims die soon after being burned because of the shock. But I never went into shock. Instead, I had this sudden urge to sing, an urge I feel God gave. I sang all the way to the hospital. It was a song called 'Wonderful Peace,' and it's about the peace you can't find on earth. I certainly could not have found any peace in my circumstances at the moment because, by the laws of nature, I should have been taking my last breath back there in the car.

"But instead, God led me to sing. And the guys driving me to the hospital were amazed. They said I sang better in the back seat than I had the night before. And I've found that's true. My voice is better now, after the accident."

As Womach was being rushed to the hospital, his family and relatives were assembling in Spokane, wondering why he had not already called them from the airport for a ride home. The tension had mounted. The family finally started to eat, listening on edge for the ringing of the phone.

"When the doctors finished wrapping my burns, I realized I needed to call my family," Merrill said. "I used to do some ventriloquist work and, since I couldn't move my face, I talked to Virginia using my ventriloquism. The nurse held out the phone and I told Virginia that I had been in an accident but everything was fine. She didn't really know how bad things were until she arrived at the hospital a few hours later."

In the Womachs' book, Virginia says that although she was told by the doctors that her husband would not look the same, she saw him in the distance and begged God not to let that ugly man be her husband. His blackened face, swollen to the size of a basketball, made him an ugly sight as he lay there.

But Merrill had heard her come in and said, "Who's there?" Virginia immediately went to his side, patting him on the shoulder. A few seconds later, overcome with emotion, she excused herself and went into the waiting room, where she fainted.

"Virginia was the type of person who fainted at the sight of anything unpleasant," Merrill said. "Once, when the doctor said our youngest son had broken his collar bone, she fainted."

Virginia fainted three times that first day. The third time her heart stopped beating for several minutes and the doctors and nurses had to revive her.

But then God gave her superhuman strength. During the next 55 weeks that Merrill was hospitalized, first at Klamath Falls and then in Spokane, she was his ever-present nurse. Several times a day she pulled scabs from his face and soaked his burned fingers in a solution that prevented them from growing together like webbed feet. Experienced nurses could not stand the sight or smell of the burned flesh on Merrill's body, but Virginia was constantly there, providing comfort and help.

What sustained Merrill and Virginia during this ordeal was a vision Merrill had one night in the hospital at Klamath Falls.

Merrill said he saw a scene before him in which the colors were deep and brilliant. There was a hill, and at the bottom of the hill was a river. There was a boat on the river and a man was in the boat. On the other side

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of the river, Merrill says he saw a house, brilliantly lit.

"Virginia, the man is Jesus," Merrill told his wife at his bedside. "And He is motioning for me to get into the boat."

Virginia remembers stifling a sob as Merrill asked what he should do. "I can go down the hill and get into the boat with Him or I can stay here. It is so beautiful. I would like to go with Him, but I would also like to stay with you and the children."

Virginia told Merrill that she loved him and so did their children, Dan, Judie and Marlene. But the decision was his.

"I knew what I would do," Merrill related. "I would live." Immediately the scene disappeared.

Recounting that incident brought Merrill to the point of tears. "I felt I had something more to do, that God wanted me to stay on earth for a reason. I knew I was to live, and that was a real source of comfort during my recovery."

Not that Merrill didn't experience depression during the next year of numerous skin graft operations. "There were some times when not even the most comforting of Bible verses could bring me out of the dumps. But usually God would bring by friends, who would cheer me up just by their presence."

Eventually Merrill began singing again. At first it was painful; he had to endure not only physical pain, but the stares and gasps of insensitive people.

Today, 18 years and many operations later, he still has some discomfort about his hands and face. "One eyelid doesn't work too well," he said. "Sometimes when the weather is very dry my lips draw apart and crack. But the doctors did a fantastic job reconstructing my face. It is such a difficult part of the body to work on."

The airplane accident was almost two decades ago, but it is still the pivotal point in Womach's life. Although his business was already going, and he was known throughout the country as a church singer and speaker, he says the quality of his work changed after the crash.

National Music Service is still expanding. Soon Merrill will open offices in Australia and Great Britain. He has expanded his business to include a record company. He has devised technological advances even technicians in big companies have yet to use.

But it is in his other line of work, speaking before church groups, that Merrill notes the biggest changes. Now he has a message of hope to deliver to those in despair. When he talks with audiences, he doesn't dwell on the macabre details of his accident; instead he tells people how God works in circumstances to provide supernatural strength to endure. He relates how God was with him during his entire crisis, how seemingly unrelated incidents—when added up—show how God worked.

"I should have died in the accident," he said. "I should have been blinded, my lungs should have seared. And yet I can see perfectly, and many people say my voice has improved. I also know that during the years preceding the accident God worked in our family to prepare us for the year of ordeal we went through. And God continues to protect us today."

As part of the evidence to support that later statement, Merrill related that in 1979 he traveled more than 350,000 miles in the air. He was home only 14 days. He has amassed more than 2,000 hours of flying his own planes since the accident. All this without serious incident or fear.

And as he talks with people today, he tells them what he feels God has taught him as a result of the accident.

On faith: "Across the country, especially on television, people are being told that if they have enough faith, God will heal them of anything. If they aren't healed, they are told they must have sin in their lives. That kind of statement is keeping more people depressed and discouraged than anything I know. I asked for healing; and others prayed over me for healing. I strongly believe God can miraculously transform my face into a baby's skin even now. But He doesn't. Yet I'm healed. God chose not to heal me physically and that gives me an important entrée when talking with others who have experienced accidents similar to mine."

On God's will: "Somehow many people think God picked me up out of bed and put me on the road again. They feel this was God's will operating in my life. They ask how they can know God's will. I tell them I didn't hear some voice saying, 'Get up.' I did know, though, that God had left me with my voice and the desire to sing. I don't think He wanted me to sit around and wait, saying, 'What now?' It says in the Bible, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.' It's a continuing process. I use up what He gives; He gives more. He gave me enough strength to get out of bed; then He provided enough strength to stand before an audience; then He gave me the strength to sing. That's how God's power and will works, you step out and begin doing."

On helping others in despair: "I learned some valuable lessons about ministering to people, especially those suffering from physical pain. Even today I can't go to a person and say, 'Yeah, I know just how you feel,' and try to comfort them in that way. I don't know how they feel because I'm not them. What I do is

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At the emergency landing strip in Beaver Marsh, Oregon, Merrill Womach had said good-bye to his new and nameless friends of the night before. Twenty minutes later they would save his life.

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DUELING PORKERS AND BUILDING IMMUNITY

A face-off at a health food convention taught this reformed junk-hog sinner an important lesson: To stay healthy, stay balanced.

by Cameron Stauth

Illustrated by Pat Dypold

Going out to eat with a nutritional therapist is usually about as much fun as going disco-dancing with Jimmy Carter or night-clubbing with the Ayatollah Khomeini. Which is to say, not much. A serious nutritionist's idea of sinful culinary decadence is to put butter on a bran muffin—on New Year's Eve, butter *and* preserves. Whoopee.

At a recent holistic health convention I was invited to dine with two nutritional therapists whose work I particularly admire. I figured I would suffer through their *basse cuisine* and then have room service smuggle up some cheesecake in a plain brown wrapper. You've got to watch yourself at those conventions—if you're a speaker, who will listen to a word you say about the Satan/Junk-food Conspiracy after word's gotten out that you've been observed furtively slurping Jello Instant Pudding in the coffee shop?

I sensed immediately that this meal was going to be different, though, when not just one but both nutritionists actually studied the menu rather than shunting it aside and putting the waitress through a performance of "Do-You-Have," as in, "Do you have honey? Do you have plain bran? Do you have skim milk?"

My mouth went agape when the older of the two nutritionists ordered a cheeseburger and fries. My jaw dislocated when the younger ordered a ham-on-rye. Gracious! Eating the flesh of the befouled swine! In broad daylight. I ordered an avocado salad and carrot juice. I, for one, had a reputation to uphold; if these dilettantes wanted to bring shame on their families and wreck their careers, that was their business.

About halfway through his ham, the younger guy hailed the waitress and ordered a Coke. Straight up.

The older guy said, "Yeah, me too." I kept myself from blurting, "Doc, you're too old to eat like that. For God's sake, think about your wife and pancreas!"

As dessert time drew nigh, they began eyeing each other. The younger doctor made a veiled threat about being able to eat the older guy under the table. Which elicited a long anecdote about feasting in Hamburg years ago.

"Yes," said the younger, "but that was in Hamburg, long ago."

"Not that long." Upon which he ordered strawberry shortcake.

The younger doctor saw the older guy's shortcake and raised him a scoop of ice cream.

"Do you have Haagen Das?" the older nutritionist asked the waitress. "Great! Gimme *two* scoops."

The younger guy folded. Thus ending our episode of Dueling Porkers.

Shocked and saddened at seeing these two luminaries fall from the heavens, I kept repeating to myself that all experiences hold a lesson. Two days later, when I heard the older doctor's speech, I learned what the lesson was.

It's this: We live in a sinful world.

The doctor's speech was about environmental stresses on the body. As Dr. Gio B. Gori says in an interview, "We live in a sea of carcinogens." If they're not in the food you eat, they're in the air you breathe. Serious, injurious insults to the body come from the noise on the street, the fluorescent bulbs on the ceiling, the radiation coming through your walls, your fights with your family, the chemicals that hold your clothes together, the germs on your children's lips. And the cheeseburgers in your mouth. Life is fraught with temptation.

There is no escaping emotional, biochemical or structural stress, said the doctor. What must be done, he said, is to learn to respond to it. He spoke about building resistance to disease by stimulating the immune system, and compensating for occasional overindulgence with fasting and detoxification. Immunity and resistance, he said, are at least as important, probably more so, than avoiding health insults. If a person becomes fixated on remaining pure in an impure world, he said, one will turn into one's own version of the aging Howard Hughes, walking around with Kleenex boxes on the feet and a handkerchief over the face to "keep the germs away."

This advice seems so reasonable. To stay healthy, stay balanced. If you overeat, undereat. If you stay up late, arise late or go to bed early the next night. If you can't avoid fatigue or some toxic material, bolster your resistance with extra concentrated nutrients.

We shouldn't worry about occasionally straying from the paths of righteousness. Too many of us health food nuts are reformed Junk-hog sinners who have traded utter recklessness for compulsive perfection. A dubious exchange. The stress of obsessive purity is no less than that of overindulgence.

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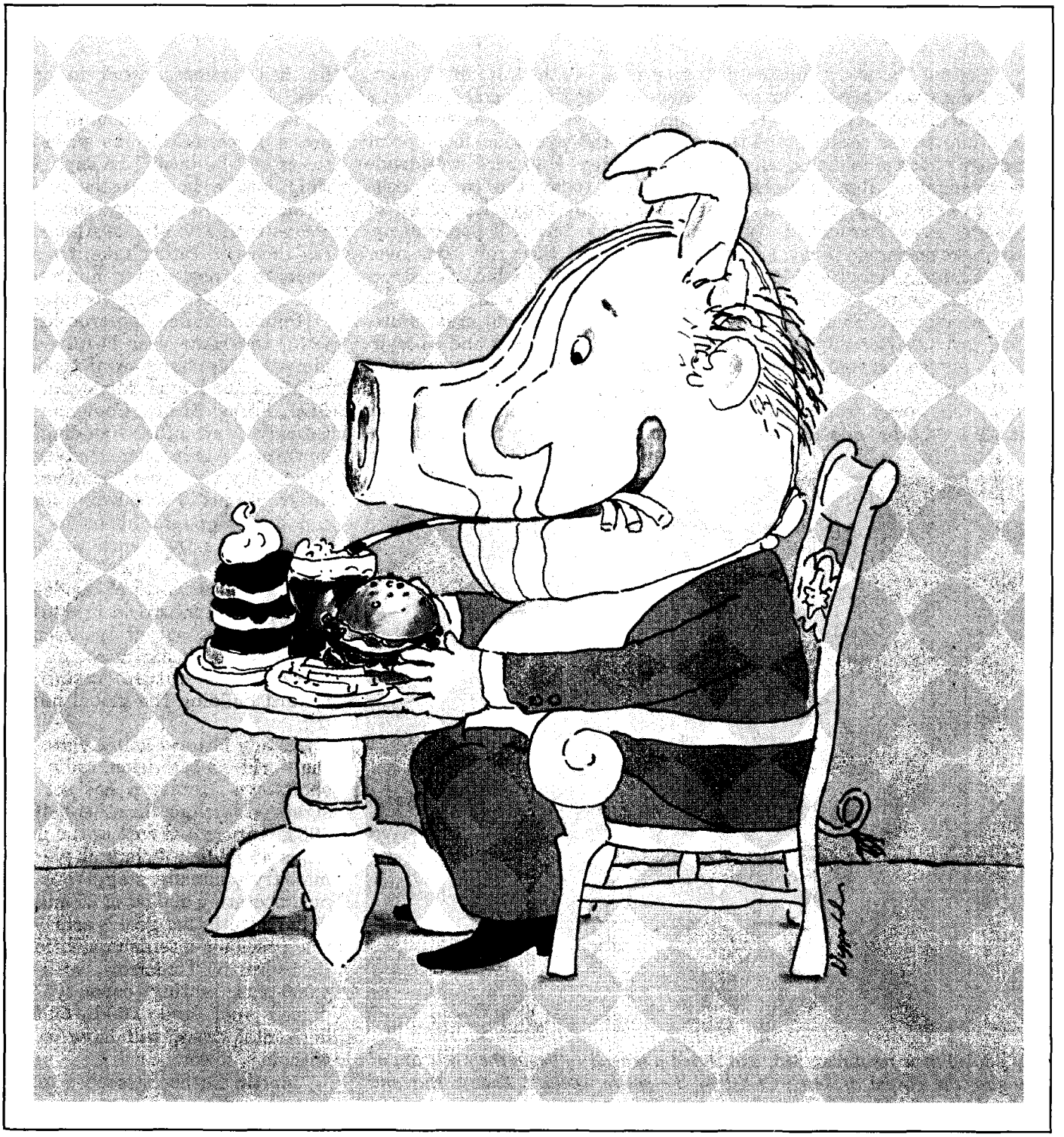
Academy counselor Lawrence Hooper has a method for dealing with people caught between the compulsion to pig out and the compulsion to constantly walk the straight and narrow. He insists that they eat every bite of junk food they even remotely desire one day every week. "In a month or so," he says, "they beg me to let them stop eating junk. When it's not forbidden, it's not desired. Desires you resist, persist."

After listening to the older doctor's speech I adjourned to the coffee shop for a guilt-free milkshake. I chased it down with a hydrochloric acid tablet, three pancreatic enzymes and a B-complex. Later on I would go jogging. The shake tasted great. People would talk—I knew that. The holistic health community is like a small town. But let the gossip-mongers hiss!

No small part of taking responsibility for your health is taking responsibility for your "sins." Life in the physical world is not secure—or pure—and there is no safe road nor sure bet this side of paradise. So I'll pay my money and take my chances. And hedge my bets—like any smart gambler.

Cameron Stauth is the editor and publisher of *The Journal of the Nutritional Academy.* This article reprinted with permission from *The Journal.* ©1979.



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REX HUMBARD: TV'S HEAVENLY HOST

Putting God on Main Street has been the goal of this dedicated preacher for 47 years. Now, thanks to the electronic media, his "Main Street" stretches from Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, halfway around the world.

by Holly G. Miller

Sometime between make-up sessions and his cue to hop aboard the moveable platform that sweeps him across center stage to address his flock of millions, television evangelist Rex Humbard pauses to whisper a private prayer.

"Before every service I say, 'Lord, make us human today; let us relate to human beings and let the Holy Spirit be present,' " he explains reverently. Then he adds with a grin, "After all, we don't want to get so heavenly we're no earthly good."

Just steps away from what he calls his "little mission"—the futuristic Cathedral of Tomorrow—stands the concrete base of a massive tower. Envisioned as the 750-foot-tall symbolic focal point of the Rex Humbard worldwide ministry, today the tower looks like a stubby finger lopped off at the knuckle but still pointing upward toward the gray skies over Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Construction was stopped years ago, long before the counseling area, museum, observation deck and 24-hour-telephone answering service could be installed. Still, in its current stage it may better represent the Humbard ministry of 1980: unfinished business; work in progress.

They pooled their resources, $65, and leased a theater to begin their mission of "bringing the gospel of Jesus Christ to the entire world." Today, Rex and Maude Aimee Humbard have the largest one-hour, weekly, religious television program in the world, reaching into areas of six continents.

"People in the community keep pressing me, asking me when the tower will be done," he says, settling into a beige settee in the plush studio dressing room he shares with wife Maude Aimee. "I tell them I'd rather take my program to a new nation and reach millions than to finish the tower."

Humbard halted construction in 1973, the same year he divested himself of his church-owned college on Mackinac Island, Michigan, the Real Form Girdle Company of Brooklyn, an office building in downtown Akron, a small advertising agency and other "commercial interruptions." Faced with a financial crisis brought about by the government's insistence that his church pay off more than 12 million dollars worth of bonds immediately, Humbard decided to cut expenses, get out of the secular business world and direct all his energy and future resources toward building the global ministry.

Already beamed halfway around the world via television, radio and shortwave, Humbard has set his sights on reaching the other half by 1983. Anticipated cost of the project is 45 million dollars above the ministry's already staggering annual operating budget of 25 million dollars. Until that goal is achieved, the spacious interdenominational Cathedral of Tomorrow, with its 4,000-plus seating capacity, its domed roof and 100-by-50-foot horizontal cross, will have to do without a tower.

"Martin Luther started a reformation and a great revival followed," says Humbard. "But in

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place of going into all the world with the Word of God, Christians built great memorials—tremendous cathedrals—across Europe. Now, I'd like to see us build our memorials, but I'd also like to see us share the gospel with the rest of the world. When I stand in the Lord's presence I'd hate to say, 'I built you a big church near Akron.' He'd probably answer, 'That's just what I needed. I got one on every corner.' "

Far more important to Humbard than building towers, churches and other "memorials" is fulfilling the Great Commission to "Go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15). He quotes the passage frequently and believes that while spreading the Word is man's job, God has supplied the necessary tools—radio, television and shortwave—to accomplish the task. "I feel this is the generation that's going to get the job done," he says. And he's just the man who hopes to do it.

At age 60, he's grayer than the dust jackets of his many books depict him, and his three-piece suits no longer hold in check his expanding waistline. Unchanged is his enthusiasm for his message and for the modern means of amplifying it. The tremendous potential of electronic media first struck him some 28 years ago while his family was visiting Akron and conducting daily prayer meetings in their traveling Gospel Big Top. Walking by a local department store one day, Rex noticed a large crowd clustered around a display window. Curious, he inched his way through the knot of people and eventually discovered the object of their interest was a television set broadcasting a baseball game. "That's it," he thought, and hurried back to the family compound to present his new idea.

"I said to my dad, 'Let's stay in Akron, build a large church, go on television to every state in the union and evangelize the whole world by electronics. That's the only way we're going to reach them.' Dad and the family didn't want anything to do with it; they couldn't understand it. I was so convinced that finally I said, 'Well, I'm going to stay; you all go right ahead.' They told me I was making a mistake and they left town. I had a wife, two children, $65 and no church. But I had an idea."

One of his duties as part of his father's ministry had been to visit radio stations along the revival circuit and promote the family's tent meetings. He would sing, strum his guitar and invite listeners to attend his dad's evangelism services. Suddenly on his own in Akron, he went knocking on stations' doors, looking for ways to launch his solo ministry. He was promptly hired to host three gospel radio shows, one of which was aired in the far-from-prime-time slot of 12:30 to 1:30 each morning. During the day he and Maude Aimee supervised the transformation of an old theater into the makeshift Calvary Temple. The do-it-yourself project often required Rex to pound a hammer alongside the plumbers, carpenters and electricians while Maude Aimee was balancing on a stepladder hanging draperies behind the pulpit. Within a year of Calvary Temple's opening, Rex was sermonizing and Maude Aimee was singing at five services every Sunday with all of the church's 1,200 seats occupied. About a million more "parishioners" watched the 11 a.m. service on television from six stations in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

His message was basic enough to harmonize with the beliefs of all viewers, and his personality appealed to blue-collar and professional audiences alike, shut-ins and the Sunday morning cartoon set as well. He was a unique mixture of Gospel Big Top and electronic soundstage, the old and the new, the down-home and the uptown. His soft Arkansas drawl was capable of fiery crescendos when speaking of sin and salvation, power and prayer. His song was familiar but his instrument was new. His sermons were variations on an old theme delivered in updated wrapping. And he was always open to innovation.

"I kept telling my staff, 'There's going to be a new thing called tape,' " he recalls. "They said, 'Maybe so, but we're all going to be dead before it gets here.' And I about killed them driving back and forth to Cleveland every day to do live programs, holding TV rallies at night, doing free radio programs during the day, filming our Sunday services and building the Cathedral of Tomorrow all at the same time."

Large crowds are the rule when the Humbards hold a rally. After 170,000 had jammed into the world's largest stadium in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, with many more unhappily snarled in traffic outside, Rex Humbard's reaction was, "Isn't it wonderful that God can have a crowd like this!"

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His prediction was right, of course, and today, thanks to tape, satellites, sophisticated dubbing methods and a large staff to oversee the electronic wizardry that keeps the cameras rolling, the same Sunday morning telecast that is seen on the original six stations in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia is also seen on more than 600 outlets, 2,000 feeder satellite stations and several cable systems around the globe. The message from Humbard's lips is identical, although the words may be English, French, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese or Russian. Every program is worked over in the studio for some 40 hours in order to make it suitable to each of its worldwide audiences. Linguists translate the dialogue, and special messages are tacked onto the beginning and end. The entire operation is superbly streamlined, terribly technical and, yes, enormously expensive.

"We're spending millions of dollars all around the world," Humbard explains. "You can look at our financial statements and see that we owe over 9 million dollars on all these facilities and equipment. The reason I mortgaged them is to obey the Great Commission. The Bible doesn't say get out of debt, but it does say to go into all the world. For 47 years I've never had enough money to do what we were doing. From the time I was a kid promoting my dad's meetings until today I've been guilty of overextending because I could see the need."

He thinks of himself as a salesman with a very good product—the Word of God—to sell. A favorite analogy he tells involves a Tennessee shoe company seeking new markets for shoes. Two salesmen are sent to Africa to drum up business, and when they get off the plane they are met by thousands of barefoot natives. One salesman rushes to the telephone and cables his office that he is com-

Rex Humbard made his professional radio debut as a gospel singer at age 13. Today, he leaves much of the singing to his family and to the well-known personalities who visit his show.

A man most often attains success by having his family behind him. Rex Humbard credits the progress of his mission to having his family with him: his wife, three sons, a daughter, two daughters-in-law, two grandsons and four granddaughters.

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ing right home because no one wears shoes in Africa. The second salesman dashes for the phone with the urgent message to double his first order because he's never seen such an untapped market for shoes.

"Half the world has never seen a preacher or a Bible or heard the name of Jesus Christ," says Humbard. "Nobody has shoes and everybody needs them—that's all it really amounts to in our way of thinking."

In addition to himself, Humbard's "sales force" includes his wife; sons Rex Jr., 36, Don, 32, Charley, 17; daughter Liz, 20; two daughters-in-law and six grandchildren. He admits he's trying to promote family members partly because his audience likes the togetherness image, and partly because he's hoping a successor will surface from the group. The most valuable asset of the Humbard ministry today is not the cathedral, office complex, adjacent senior citizens apartments, or the up-to-date electronic facilities. It's the enthusiastic, rapid-talking head salesman himself, Rex Humbard.

"Nearly all ministries are built around personalities," he says. "When I started out I didn't want the personality thing. Then I realized nobody sits down and writes 'Dear Calvary Temple . . . .' They want to write to a person. People don't open their hearts up to an organization like they do to Billy Graham, Oral Roberts or Rex Humbard. It's something we're forced into."

In order to preserve the human hub of the vast ministry, Humbard's contract with his church specifies that he take several weeks of vacation each year. He unwinds at a condominium in Florida, plays golf and sees his doctor when so much as the sniffles threaten to slow him down.

"I'll never retire, and I'll do my best as long as I can. But I feel the development of the family is more and more important as time goes by. Junior knows all of the mechanics. I'm not worried about that end of it, and we've got a good staff here to answer the mail. But the main thing is the faces on the tube. I've got so many Humbards, surely one of them can assume what little I'm doing. Liz is great," he says of his only daughter, Elizabeth, who is making an impact as a gospel vocalist. "But I think it's going to require one of the boys to carry the load."

Talented as his offspring may be, picking up the mantel of Humbard will be a tough task. As many people have coffee with Rex in the morning as share dinner with Cronkite at night. Besides dominating the Sunday airwaves, he has the ability to draw 170,000 to an outdoor rally in Brazil and the stamina to be the last person to leave the stadium. Then there's all the little duties he performs that no one ever sees . . . like last December when he received a letter from a woman in North Carolina that moved him so much he decided to respond to it personally.

"We tried to call her all evening but she works two jobs, so we couldn't get through until midnight," he says. "She was having a pretty rough time, so Maude Aimee and I talked to her for a long time. She cried because somebody cared. That's what it's all about, really." After the phone conversation, Humbard wired $200 to the woman's minister with the instructions to purchase "a nice Christmas dinner for the family and a gift for the children."

Most letters are handled by Humbard's staff, but even these are given special attention. No one knows better than Humbard that his worldwide ministry is made up of individuals. His congregation may have outgrown the Gospel Big Top, but he must never outgrow the needs of his congregation.

"Yesterday I carried home a pile of computer books this high," he says, indicating several feet of space. "The name of everyone who's written and asked me to pray for them in the last two weeks were printed in those books. We don't include addresses, but we have a coding system that tells if a person's problem is a broken home, alcoholism, salvation, or whatever. I take those books home and I sit down in my office, put them on my lap, lay my hands on them and pray for those people. Now I can't meet all their needs even if I read every letter and every request. But at least for my own benefit, not for them because they don't even know it, but for my own benefit, I know I've prayed for those people."

Music is in the air, going out to 100 million television viewers over 650 stations around the world each week on the Rex Humbard broadcast. Among the most memorable of those Sunday morning programs have been the hours with Johnny Cash and his wife, June Carter, singing gospel music.

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ASIAN EXODUS

Every generation needs to be reminded of its own holocaust. . .

by W. Stanley Mooneyham

Tran's begging eyes frantically swept the faces on the deck of the little boat, searching for help.

"Please!" they silently pled as she scanned each face in turn.

The only movement was a shuffling of feet, a turning of heads, an averting of eyes.

Tran saw tears in the eyes of some. But no one came to help.

It was then that panic seized her.

Where could she run? Where could she hide?

Nowhere.

That was the mocking answer. How could she run away when around her was nothing but water—250,000 square miles of it, known in the world's atlases as the South China Sea.

Most of all, Tran wanted to cover her nakedness. But this was no more possible than was escape. The pirates had taken her clothes when they forced the 17 prettiest women and girls on the refugee boat to strip.

The heartbreak of thousands is indelibly etched upon the face of this single Vietnamese refugee, rescued by the **Seasweep** *operation. The boats come in all sizes, but misery is available only in Extra Large.*

Tran's slim body began to shake even though the tropical sun burned her flesh. Help would come. Somehow—some way—she must be spared what her mind revolted at contemplating.

She prayed, but no deliverer came.

Some of the women resisted. Those who did were beaten and threatened. The sharp point of a knife held against the throat of a defenseless woman can be an effective peacemaker. One young man whose fiancée was among the 17 selected by the pirates struggled to save his beloved. He was left on the deck, unconscious and bleeding.

There was no more resistance. An eerie quietness settled down on the little boat, broken only by the squeals of the attackers, the soft sobs of the women and the lap of the waves against the hull.

As the pirates began their brutal attacks, the rest of the refugees turned away. They would spare Tran and the other tragic victims the ultimate indignity of an audience to witness their shame.

"This is not the way it was supposed to end," Tran remembers thinking.

Before leaving Vietnam they talked about the reports they had heard of attacks on other refugee boats. What is the powerful motivation that could still send a woman like Tran—and tens of thousands of others like her—on a perilous voyage to the edge of hell?

To understand it, you must go back to 1975.

When the communists stood at the gates of Saigon that year, panic swept through the population. Hundreds of thousands who had fought the Viet Cong, served the government of Nguyen Van Thieu, worked with the Americans or simply hated communism, sought ways to leave the country.

Tan Son Nhut Airport was a flurry of frantic activity as foreigners and Vietnamese alike fought for priority space on flights that were leaving around the clock. What was supposed to have been an orderly departure, with priorities predetermined, turned into a rout.

Of the more than one-half million Vietnamese who qualified for evacuation, only 135,000 got out in the first wave. Families were split. Sometimes it was agreed that one would go and the others would come later if they could escape. Decisions affecting a lifetime had to be made in split seconds.

I know of one case in which a Vietnamese staff member of an American private organization had to leave behind his two youngest children with relatives because families were limited to six members on U.S. government evacuation flights.

When the last helicopter lifted senior government personnel from the roof of the American embassy, people were left grasping for the rope ladder which swung beneath the carriage.

An era was ended.

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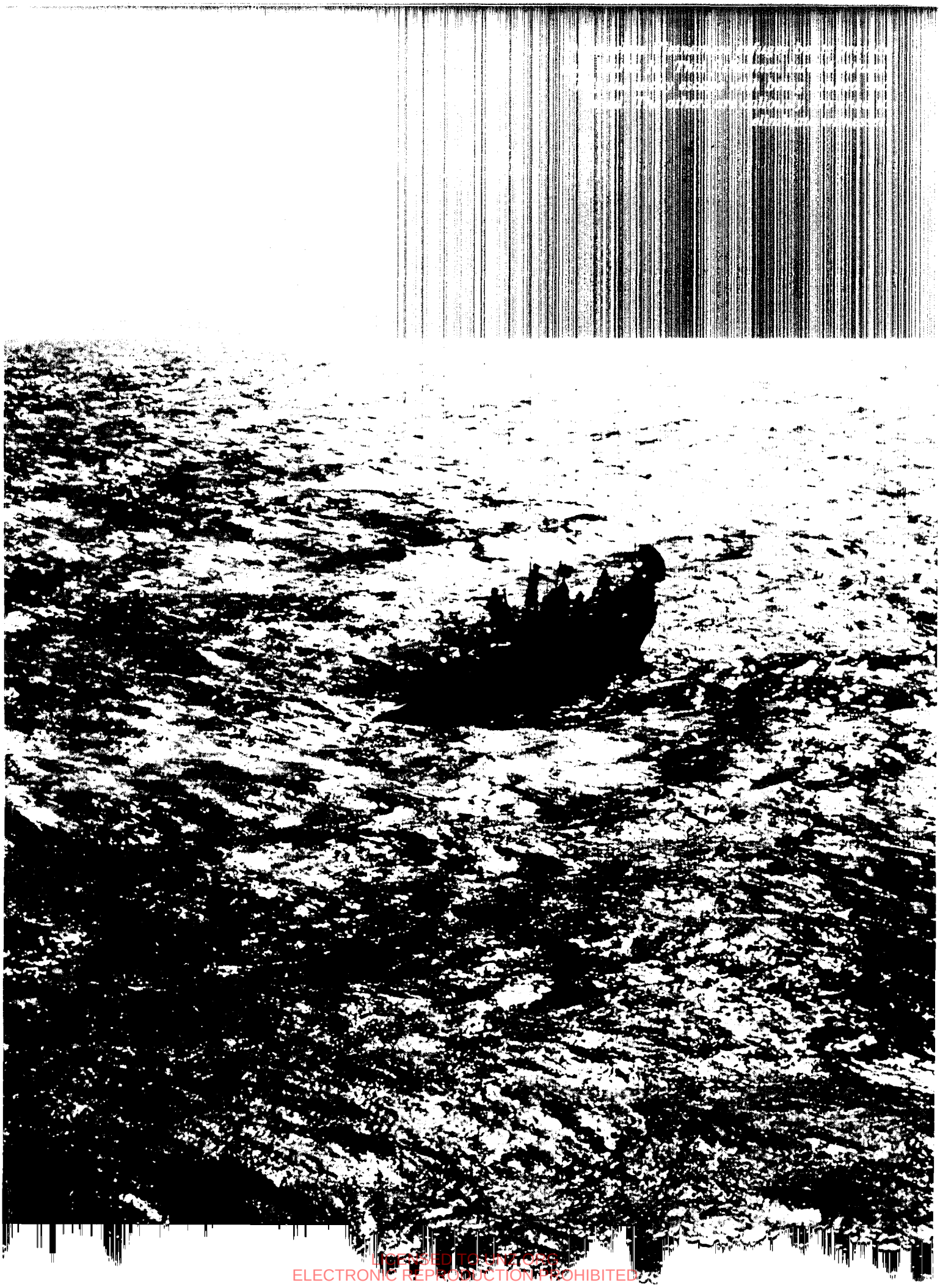

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And the door to the country slammed shut.

The communists could now begin to reshape that part of Asia which they had unified through violence and treachery and over which they now held uncontested control.

When the new masters came marching from the jungle and riding in their tanks into Saigon, there was no victory celebration.

A quiet fear gripped the city.

Ng Ngoc Thong was sure something terrible would be done to the people who had, with the help of the Americans and other allies, withstood the Viet Cong for so long. Thong was a 34-year-old bachelor lawyer, but during his country's struggles he had given up law for soldiering. Now with all the other residents of Saigon, he waited for the hammer and sickle to fall.

"But we were surprised," he recalled at a refugee camp in Indonesia. "For the first month things went smoothly and we thought these kinsmen from the North might not be as bad as we had been led to believe. At first things didn't seem that much different from the old days except that the soldiers walking around town wore different uniforms. The most noticeable thing was that the boom of the guns had stopped."

Welcome as that was, some nervousness prevailed after 15 days, when the first subtle signs began to appear indicating that things might not remain the same. The new regime announced that all enlisted personnel of ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam, the defeated soldiers of President Thieu) would be required to attend a three-day reeducation camp.

Thong dutifully signed up to go even though he expected the men would not be allowed to return home.

Again he was wrong.

The three-day course consisted of lectures on socialism and the sayings of Ho Chi Minh, the revered founder and long-time leader of the Vietnamese communist movement. There was no mistreatment of the ex-ARVN soldiers. Not even any threats.

Thong began to relax when he got back home —which, he now says, was exactly what the North Vietnamese wanted him to do.

"It was all a ruse," he says, "part of their strategy to get us to trust them. And it worked, because a few weeks later, when the new masters called all former officers and high government officials to a ten-day reeducation camp, everyone went willingly, thinking they would come home after their political indoctrination."

This time they were wrong. At the end of ten days none came home. Most didn't return for months, and their families had no word from them. Some, according to Thong, have never come back and it is assumed they are either dead or viewed by the communists as "politically incorrigible." Thong is sure the whole exercise was meant to determine who was capable of experiencing a political conversion and who would likely always be politically unreliable. The former went home

Food and dry land cannot cure disease or erase the horror of those repeated pirate attacks. After drinking sea water and worse, pure water (right) is life's sweetest luxury.

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after appropriate reeducation; the latter disappeared.

So, having successfully moved against all former military personnel, the communists turned their attention to what they considered their next most serious threat to reshaping the society—the "rich capitalists." The term was very loosely applied to anyone who was more than just a simple merchant. There were undoubtedly some unscrupulous profiteers among them, but most of those targeted were nothing more than reasonably prosperous businessmen who had managed to acquire some wealth and property through honest business transactions.

Such a man was Phan Van Tinh.

He and his family were Christians, having been brought up in the Tinh Lanh (Evangelical) Church. His father had taken him into the family jewelry business when he was 23. Like most Vietnamese young men, however, he did his turn in the army, four years, between 1962 and 1966.

After his military service, he returned to the family business in Bien-hoa and lived quietly. He married a Christian girl, Sarah, and they were blessed with six beautiful children. The business prospered and Tinh bought some houses as investment property. Then he bought a drugstore and a piece of farm land. He expected he would have enough to get his children started in life and then see himself and his wife through their old age.

That was what he thought until April 1975.

Seven days after the fall of Saigon, the communists struck the first blow at the despised "capitalists." It was announced that as of that moment, all precious stones, all precious metals and all foreign currency were the property of the new government. Nothing in those categories could be bought, sold or traded.

For a man in the jewelry business, that was quite a blow.

So the communist officials came to Tinh's shop and put him out of business. Oh, it was all done legally enough. The entire stock of jewelry was inventoried,

Continued on page 127

After a miraculous rescue, the **Seasweep** *deck looks like a hospital ward, with bottles and tubes running everywhere. The boat carrying this little survivor had been drifting helplessly for seven days.*

Six thousand dollars in gold buys but sitting space on a vulnerable, overcrowded boat chugging for freedom. A **Seasweep** *rescue, food, water and medical attention soon have some of the pitiful survivors smiling again.*

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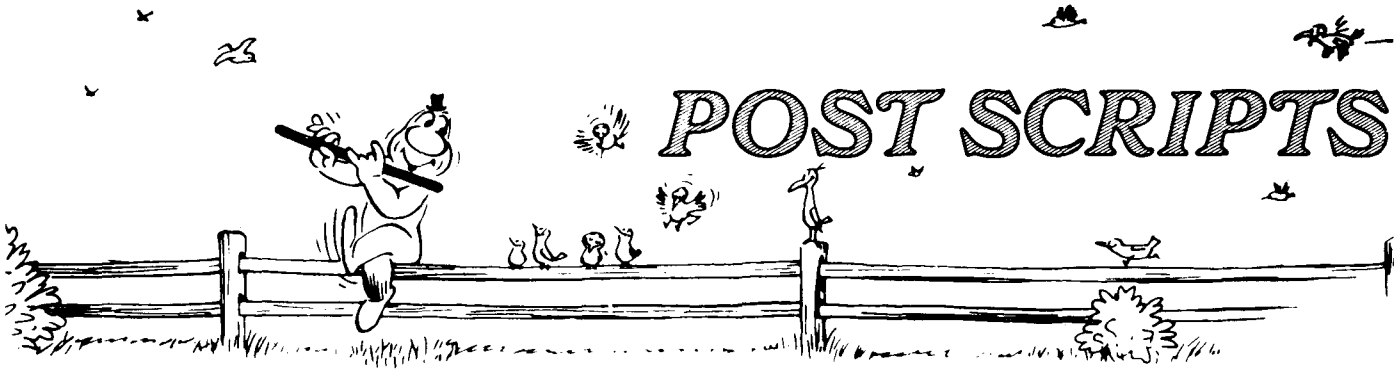

Delay Relay

A woman answered a knock at her door one night, and there stood two small boys. One of them was holding a list in his hand. "Lady," he said, "me and my brother are on a treasure hunt. Do you have three grains of wheat, a sheet of purple toilet paper and a pork chop bone?"

The woman replied that she was fresh out of all those items and then commented: "That's a rather difficult list. What kind of a treasure hunt is this?"

"Well," said the older brother, "if we find all the things on this list, we get a dollar apiece."

"Oh," said the woman, "and who's going to give you this dollar?"

"Our baby-sitter's boyfriend," came the reply.

—Herm Albright

Y's Crack

The personnel manager of the department store asked the job-seeking young man what he had been doing for the past few years.

"I was in Yale," the applicant said.

"Well, well, a college man starting at the bottom," said the personnel manager, deeply impressed. "I'll put you in charge of counting cash in the auditor's office."

A few days later, making his rounds, the personnel manager watched the newcomer stacking up bills and coins and said to him, "By the way, what did you say your name was?"

"Yim Yackson," the young man said.

—Carolyn Gilbert

Vocation Rotation

After the family's return from church one Sunday, little Bill announced, "You know what? I'm going to be a minister when I grow up."

"That's fine, Billy," commented his mother. "But what made you decide you want to be a minister?"

"Well," said the boy thoughtfully, "I have to go to church on Sunday anyway, and it would be more fun to stand up and yell than sit still and listen."

—Lucille J. Goodyear

Weather Retort

A sultry actress who had achieved some minor notoriety by adopting the name "Stormy Skyes" was dropped from her secondary role in a musical comedy and promptly went storming after the casting director.

"Look here," she protested. "You can't do this to me. After all, I am Stormy Skyes, you know."

"That's just the trouble," the director replied. "You were overcast."

—Walt Streightiff

"Like, wow, Dad—like I really wanna thank you, I mean ya know, for like puttin' me through college. . . ."

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Cut Thin

The stingy landlady at the boarding house brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread at which the boarders looked in dismay. One of them said, "Did you cut these, Mrs. Larkin?"

"Yes, I cut them," she replied belligerently.

"Good," the boarder said. "I'll shuffle and deal."

—Helene Levin

"Our" Mistake

The bachelor's attractive new housekeeper intercepted him as he was leaving for his office.

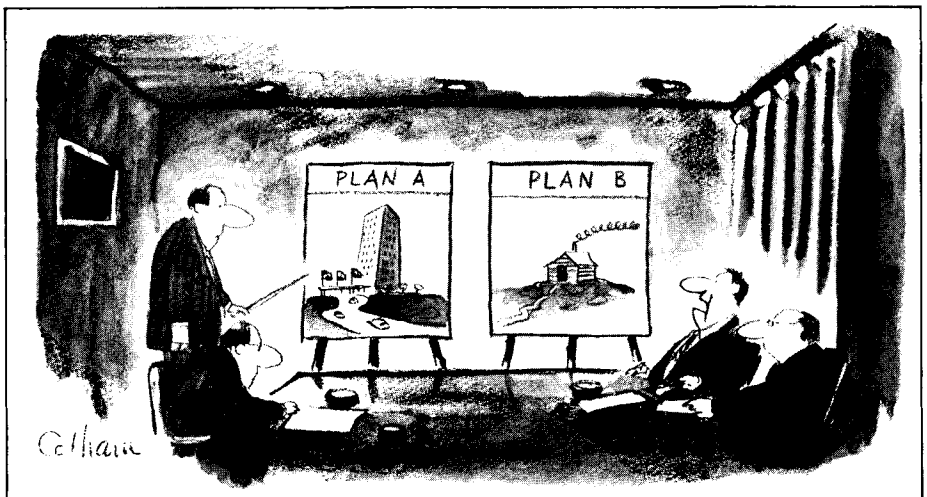
"Shall I clean your stove and tidy up your house today?" she wanted to know.

The bachelor was in an expansive mood. "Mabel," he said, "in this house we are all for one and one for all. Please do not ever say 'your stove' or 'your kitchen' or 'your anything.' I would prefer it to be 'our stove,' 'our kitchen' and so forth."

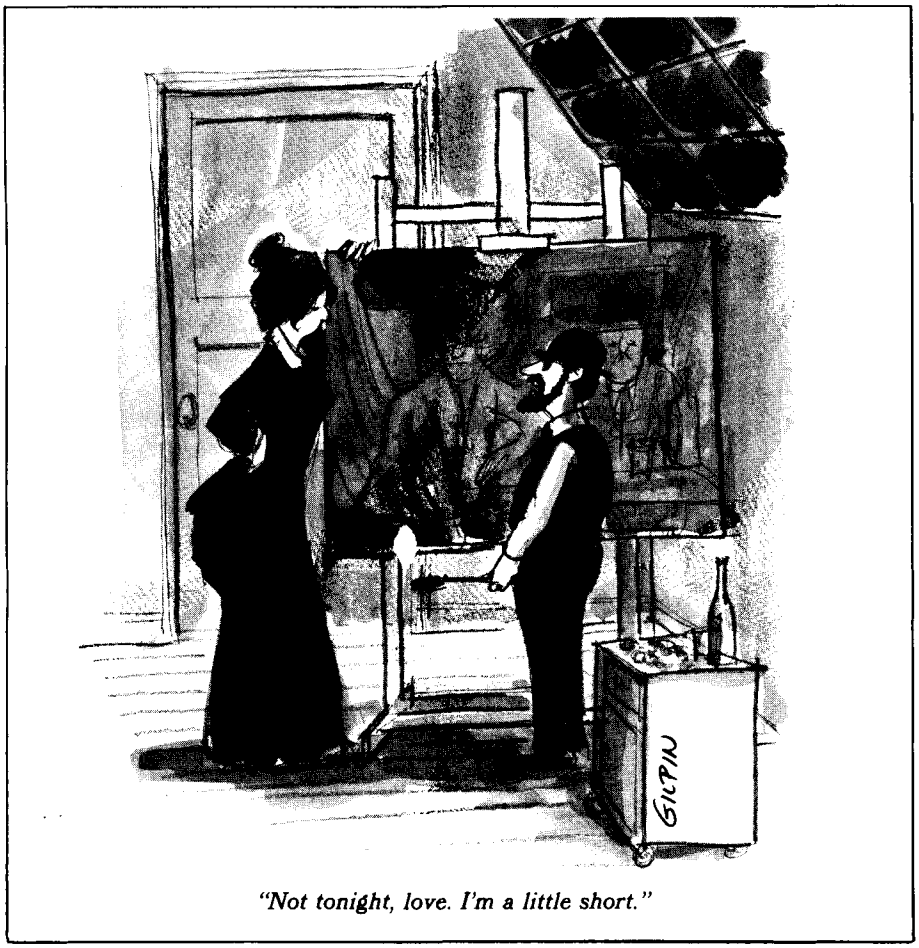
That evening the bachelor had some relatives for dinner and Mabel prepared a somewhat elaborate meal. But she was a little late with the dessert course, and as she came into the dining room she was all apologies.

"I'm sorry this is late," she said, "but I was upstairs getting the cat out from under our bed."

—T.J. McInerney



"What do you say we go with Plan A?"



"Not tonight, love. I'm a little short."

With Baited Breath

A ten-year-old boy protested vigorously when his mother sought to persuade him to let his kid sister accompany him on a fishing expedition. "The last time I let her tag along I didn't catch a single fish," he pointed out.

"This time," promised his mother, "she won't say a single word the whole afternoon."

"It wasn't the noise, Mom," asserted her son. "She ate all the bait."

—Anne Dirkman

X-Rated Fruit

An actor and his pregnant wife were just getting settled in their Paris hotel when his wife was smitten by a craving for neither pickles nor strawberries, but mangoes. The husband called room service and was told that the hotel was fresh out of mangoes but that they were sending out for some.

When no mangoes arrived after a reasonable wait, the husband called again and was told that mangoes were out of season but that they were calling all over the city in an effort to locate some.

After another interminable wait, a triumphant waiter appeared, bearing a single mango. "You won't believe this, sir," the waiter declared solemnly, "but you're now looking at the last mango in Paris."

—William H. Walton

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Trial by Fire

continued from page 67

go to people and say, 'I really can't relate to where you are, I can't relate to the pain you're experiencing, but I'm here because I care. If there is anything I can do, please use me.' That is much better than saying, 'Hey, smile. God is still the same. He still loves you. Cheer up.' "

On suffering: "Many times there has been a need for suffering to bring out the will of God. If there wasn't a need for suffering, then God would not have allowed His own Son to go through such pain. Yet Jesus suffered like no man ever. And many martyrs have died since the time of Jesus. These men, I might add, died in faith. They died believing in God and believing that God could rescue them. There was no sin in their lives. Yet they were sawed asunder, pulled apart. . .all of these things. God simply allowed this to take place because suffering is part of the Christian walk."

On the future of the world and the church: "I see some unpleasant years ahead, financially, socially and politically. It keeps getting worse. I think the church is pretty soft. Right now it's popular to be a Christian. We even have a Christian president. But Christians are going to face some tribulation in the years ahead. And there is an awful lot of doctrine that leads a person to think that if things happen that are bad, then there must be something wrong in their relationship with God. The church must recognize that tribulation is what makes it strong. The Christian community is pretty weak today. What will happen when real trouble comes?"

There are few people better prepared to talk about trouble, few people who have survived the fiery ordeal that Merrill Womach has weathered. He has survived without a hint of bitterness. He doesn't dwell on the pain, the stares of others, or what might have been. Instead he talks about the mercy of God, a mercy he feels allowed him to survive the accident and continue to spread hope and joy to people through his songs and his testimony. When one suggests that he must have been born with lots of moxie to begin with, Merrill won't deny that he has a streak of perseverance. But he quickly adds, "I would be nothing but a pile of ashes in the Oregon forest without God's intervention. Every breath I take is given by Him. And when I quote people my favorite Bible verse, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me,' the emphasis is not on the 'I,' but on the 'Christ.' He is the reason I'm alive today." ✝

"Your Honor, we, the jury, find the defendants guilty as charged and recommend they be sentenced to no less than two months in the Downtown Motel, there to be guarded by federal marshals who will censor their newspapers, TV programs and. . . ."

Courage

continued from page 61

Sometimes the limitations of her paralysis get to be a bit much for the young woman. She admits at times she wishes she could ride her horse again or go skiing, but one of her deepest longings is to be able to give a hug and to be able to feel one in return.

In one scene in the movie, the script calls for a physical therapist to tell the wheelchair patient she will never use her hands again to drive a car. Joni recently proved that line obsolete. Through an evaluation by Dr. Sam Britten of California State University in Northridge, she learned she could drive a specially equipped van. Grace Community Church in Panorama City purchased one for her new ministry—Joni and Friends—and, after a lot of practicing, Joni will soon be driving the California freeways.

Joni sees the film as a parable to her life. "It catalogs how I clung to my friends, how I thought healing would be my answer. I clung to the past, but finally in the end I discovered that Christ is the answer to my deepest longings and needs."

Billy Graham told the 13,000 people who attended the world premiere of the movie *Joni* in Baltimore that "although Joni Eareckson's healing has not been a physical one, she has been healed in her spirit. She has learned to place her trust in Christ. Because she is so dedicated to sharing her story, she took on the difficult task of reliving her life for the motion picture screen." ✝

Fairway

continued from page 63

since I began wearing corduroy slacks. It's only common courtesy to step back when a guy is putting, isn't it? And the one day that I didn't do it, could I help it if the soft drink can I was carrying caught the wind just right to set up this timely teeth-grinding hum? I went on from there.

Stan himself has, for our purposes, two foibles of his own. One, he is a dedicated student of the game; two, he has a club-throwing temper. (On Number 17 at Sycamore Springs I once saw him ac-

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Why Afghanistan Does Matter

Afghanistan is a long way from the cornfields of Iowa. It's up in the mountains like Tibet or Outer Mongolia. There's no known oil there and little else of value. The Afghans have never been very fond of Americans. Should we care enough to sacrifice for that? Why not let the Russians have the country? Incidentally, why do *they* want it?

Afghanistan is important to us because of its proximity to Iran and the oil which goes by tanker through the adjacent Strait of Hormuz. It's not just Iranian oil passing through the Strait, but also the oil from countries like Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Kuwait.

Russia has hungered for Afghanistan for over a hundred years. It was the land bridge to India of the British Empire—now Pakistan and India. For years it was the buffer between British and Russian interests. To Russia, Afghanistan is an important chess piece in the Asian struggle between the U.S.S.R. and China. Pakistan and India are now blood enemies. Russia has befriended India. Naturally, China has aligned herself with Pakistan. Russian occupation of Afghanistan puts Russian troops on the Pakistan border—embarrassment for the Chinese, punishment for her friends.

More even than for control of Afghanistan, Russia has hungered for control of Iran and the ice-free ports on the Indian Ocean. That was even before the days when Middle East oil made this area important.

For decades, Britain and Russia fought for control of Iran. Eventually, as temporary allies, Britain and Russia divided and occupied Iran. Harry Truman managed to force the Russians back out. The Soviets never forgot. They felt Iran, or at least part of it, belonged to them, was in their sphere of influence.

Then, in the past two decades, Iran became vastly more important. The U.S. was running out of oil. Britain had withdrawn her forces from the Indian Ocean. The oil for Japan, Western Europe and much of the U.S. flowed right by Iran's doorstep through the Strait of Hormuz. The forces of the Shah stood guard in the area.

Russia has some right to interfere in Iran—at least from her point of view. In 1921, a Soviet-Iranian treaty was signed in Moscow, and the Soviets still consider it valid. It says the Soviet Union may send armed forces into Iran if any third party does. The third power doesn't have to be America. Afghan rebels or even Kurds from Iraq might do. American forces are currently weak and weakly led. Iran's military is in shambles. Perhaps the prize may be had cheaply.

The U.S.S.R. has been getting ready for some time. Past Russian aid to Afghanistan has included highways suitable for Russian tanks leading right to the Iranian border.

The Iranian crisis was not all brought on by Jimmy Carter and his "human rights" binge. The Russians fish in troubled waters. They're not adverse to roiling up the water themselves. The long and the short of it—the Russians are ready to move massively into Iran from Afghanistan to the east and directly from Russia to the north. From Iran and the Strait of Hormuz, Russia could control the light switches of the Western world.

Would the Soviets plunge the world into darkness? Not necessarily, if we behave as they would like. Across the Persian Gulf from Iran is Saudi Arabia—the real "biggie" of oil production. The government of that sparsely populated country is near collapse. Beyond a doubt, the mere presence of Russian forces in Iran would push it over the edge and into the hands of the radical Yemenis, who are friends of the U.S.S.R., and Palestinians, who are being armed—at least indirectly—by the Russians.

The Russians are in Afghanistan mainly to be ready to move with massive armed forces into Iran if the time is right and the price is cheap. Must we respond to the Russians? Absolutely—unless we are satisfied to give the U.S.S.R. control of the critical balance of the world's oil. Until now it has been Western resolve—first British and then American—which has kept the Russians out of Iran. It is time to show that resolve again.

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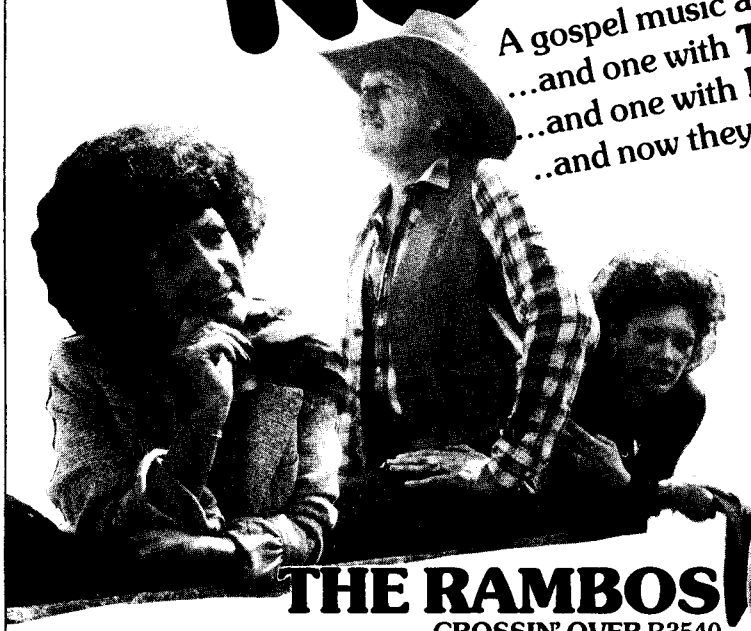

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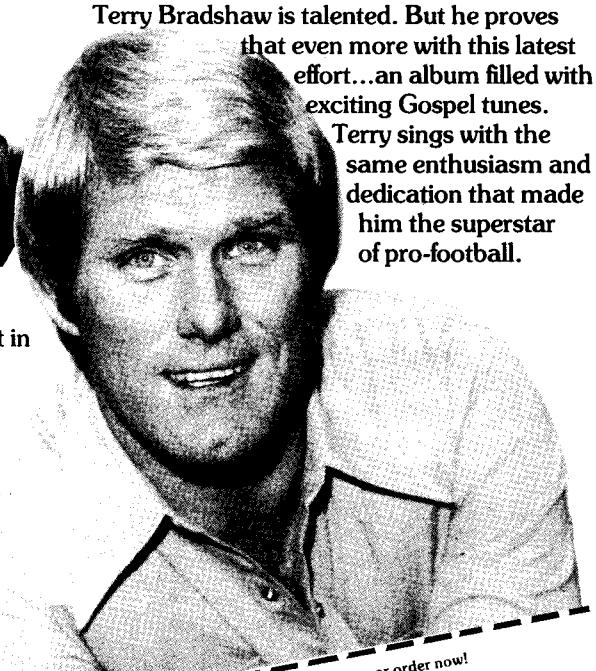

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ON A WING AND A PRAYER

No one knows better the ups and downs of missionary work than pilot Betty Greene, whose mercy flights have skirted awesome dangers and brought manifold results.

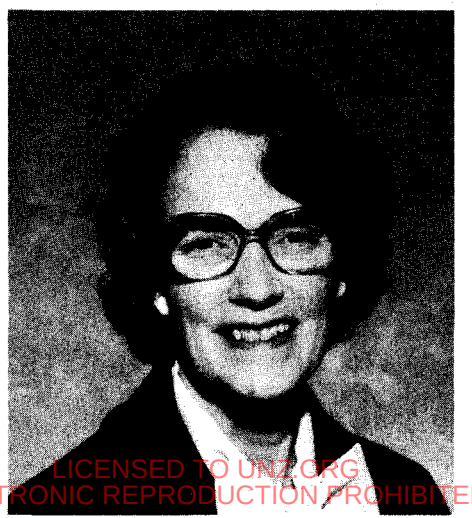
by Mary Wade

Pilot Elizabeth (Betty) Greene took one last pass over the tiny airstrip below and swooped in for a touchdown. Landing a plane in the rugged Carstensz Mountains of New Guinea was always a formidable challenge. If the craft approached too low, it would end up a grease spot against the jutting slope. If set down too late, the plane would run out of runway and drop off the rock-strewn plateau.

Betty glanced over at her passenger, a Dani tribesman only recently removed from a Stone Age existence, and gave him a smile to reassure him. The warrior had been released that morning from a hospital after receiving treatment for some minor injuries. Betty's chokecherry-dark eyes returned to the field and her hand went to the throttle—a critical instrument in all difficult landings. The plane descended to within seconds of the airstrip when all at once a wiry brown arm snaked out to grab the throttle.

With no time to protest, the pilot flung off the native's hand, readjusted the throttle and jammed both feet against the rudder pedals. The plane's wings were tickling earth when Betty applied the brakes and mumbled a hasty prayer. The effort proved enough. The craft bounced twice and then screeched to a halt. Betty and the aborigine were slightly shaken but unhurt.

Afterwards, Betty made no attempt to admonish the warrior. The man was disconsolate, and there was nothing she could say to cheer him, either. In the Dani society, women are regarded as property, at best a notch above poultry. A man is expected to perform all but the most distasteful tasks. That is why the Dani grabbed for the throttle. No matter that Betty was a trained pilot. The warrior felt duty-bound to supersede this woman and bring down the plane himself. "He didn't want to harm me," Betty would say later. "He simply felt he knew better than I did."



Every five minutes an MAF plane takes off to help someone somewhere. Veteran pilot Betty Greene has recently written a colorful account of her 34 years of flights logged in the service of humanity.

The incident is one of hundreds of stories reeled off by Betty Greene, no longer an active pilot as she nears 60, but still very much involved with aiding disadvantaged peoples in her role as prayer secretary for Missionary Aviation Fellowship (MAF). The organization, founded in 1945, is comprised of aviation specialists who traverse the globe from the Arctic to the Equator offering air assistance to MAF's 150 missions in 22 countries. Service is not limited to rescue work. MAF also offers trained help in community development, the training of leaders and pilots, evangelism, medicine and emergency relief in the event of natural disasters.

Betty has been with MAF since its inception. She long had been interested in flying on behalf of missions and, after writing an article on the subject for a small Christian publication, was contacted by a Navy pilot named Jim Truxton who wanted to found what he termed "a support group for Christian fellowship." Together with a group of former Navy jet jockeys, Betty and Jim met with a Borneo missionary to offer their assistance in delivering supplies via air over the steep mountain gorges and white-water rapids of the Borneo interior. The offer was accepted, and MAF was founded with a total inventory of one single-engine Beechcraft seaplane.

One plane, however, proved a tremendous work- and time-saver. Trips into Borneo that once cost the missionaries five weeks and many hundreds of dollars now cost two hours and $50. Remote areas became accessible, lives were spared which heretofore had been lost to disease and accident, seriously ill patients were transported with lessened risk and manpower hours were saved.

Those early days took a little getting used to, recalls Betty. For one thing, one couldn't be squeamish about one's source of protein. "One

Continued on page 105

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...contest: $100 to the author of the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. $100 will also be awarded to the photographer, amateur or professional, whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. (Black and white photos are preferred. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.) Send entries to Photo Contest, SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by April 25, 1980.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Marlene M. Shetler of Hallsapple, Pennsylvania, for the winning entry in our Jan/Feb photo caption contest.

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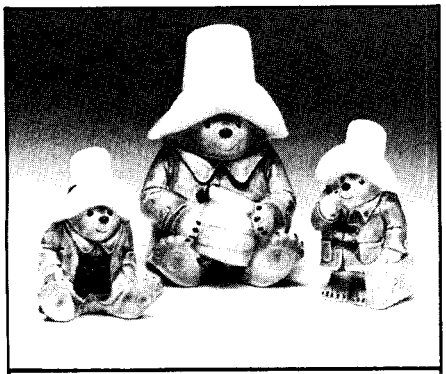

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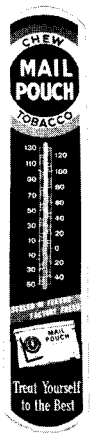

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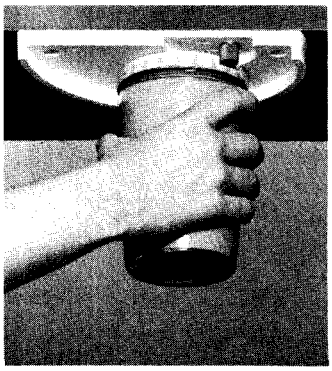

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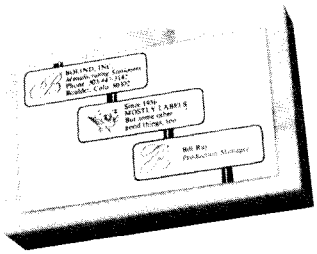

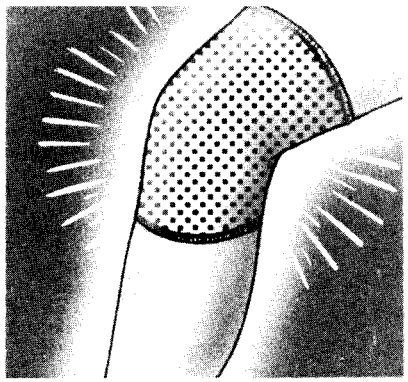

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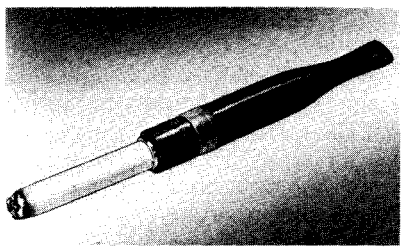

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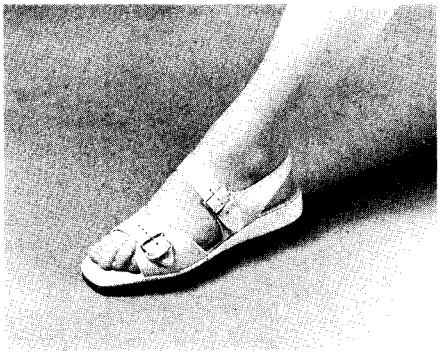

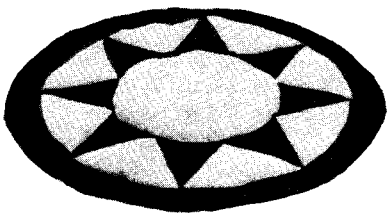

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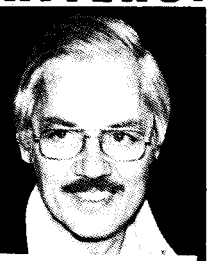

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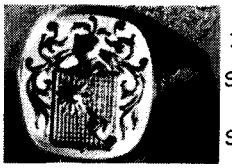

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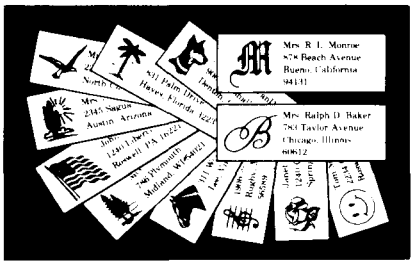

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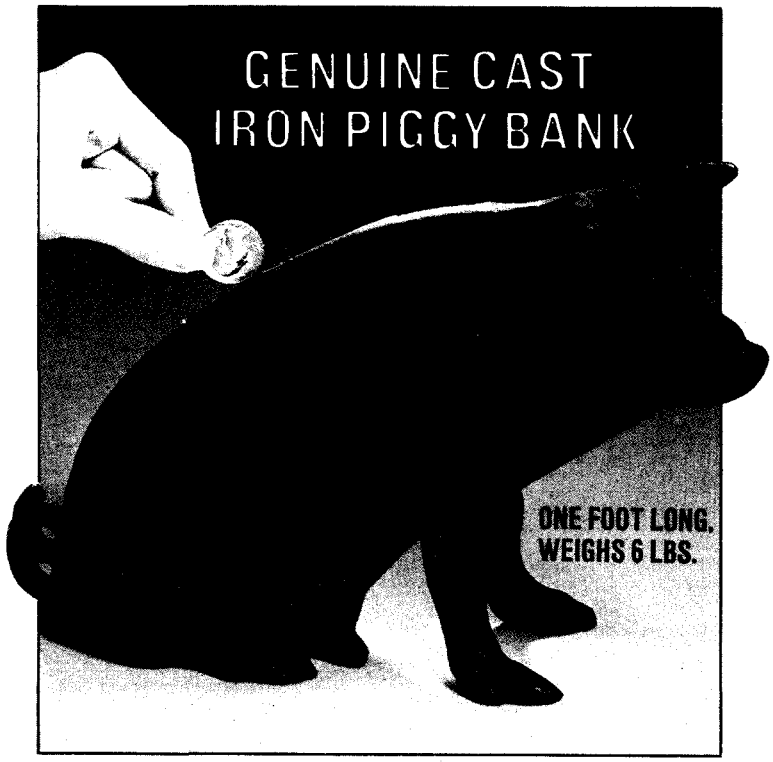

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

Kathy
by Barbara Miller
and Charles Paul Conn
145 pgs.; Revell; $7.95

by Jacquelyn S. Sibert

Ordinarily, at that time, on that particular day of the week, Larry Miller would have been on his way home from work, fighting the speeding traffic on Scottsdale Road. But that day, he had decided to come home early to do paper work and to make some phone calls. His wife, Barbara, had just dished out the ice cream when the doorbell rang. Before either of them could answer it, Heidi, the girl from down the street, burst in, crying, "You gotta come quick! Kathy's been hit by a car on Scottsdale Road!"

It can happen to anyone. In fact, it happens all the time. But it didn't happen to just anyone—some distant, unreal someone who becomes a statistic on the 11 o'clock news. This time it happened to Kathyrn Suzanne Miller, age 13. Kathy. Who had, as a toddler, already acquired a reputation for self-sufficience and stubbornness. Kathy. Pretty, blonde eighth-grader at Cocopah Elementary School in Phoenix, Arizona. Exceptional athlete, swimmer, distance runner, cheerleader. Honor student, bright, popular. Kathy. Daughter of Larry and Barbara Miller.

When the Millers arrived at the scene of the accident, they found her lying in the middle of the road, a small twisted heap. Her right leg was badly contorted and her forehead was bleeding into her blonde hair. She was barely breathing. A physician who had stopped to help was attending to her leg. The paramedics had arrived just minutes before. The hospital had already been notified. Everything that could be controlled was under control. But neither the physician nor the paramedics expected Kathy to make it to the hospital alive. It was at this point that Barbara Miller began to pray.

She and Larry rode along in the ambulance. Kathy's leg, twisted by a compound fracture, was not a pretty sight. The bone was exposed; the broken end had come through the skin at the back of the knee. Bad as it was, the head injury was worse, and it was a neurosurgeon who met them at the hospital.

And now, when only minutes before every second had counted, all the Millers could do was wait.

Time was on the mind of Larry Miller. That afternoon, just before Kathy had left, he had called after her to turn off the television set. It had delayed her departure only by seconds, but he couldn't help thinking that somehow those seconds could have made a difference. She could have been that much closer to the other side of the street.

Placing the blame somewhere, anywhere, was in keeping with Larry's problem-solving approach to life. An exceptional athlete himself, he had pitched in the major leagues for nine years. When he felt his career had peaked, he simply finished a master's degree in civil engineering at Arizona State and hired in as a marketing consultant in the cement industry. Now he was faced with a situation he could not control. That morning he had deliberately hugged her a moment longer before she left for school, as if he'd been forewarned to try and secure all her youth and health and aliveness—all he feared he was now about to lose.

It was Barbara Miller who recorded the events of the ordeal in the book she titled, simply, *Kathy*. Barbara is a born-again Christian. She and Larry had been, until nine years ago, "card-carrying Christians," faithfully attending the local Methodist church, but never putting much thought behind their convictions. Then, in 1970, Barbara had a spiritual revelation which triggered a change in her attitude toward her faith. Larry, however, remained somewhat skeptical of her "inputs with God."

Dr. Christensen, the neurosurgeon assigned to Kathy's case, the "best in the entire Southwest," describes Barbara's "inputs" as a "religious strategy" which she developed in order to cope with the enormous stress of the situation. Whatever it is or is called, it was to sustain her through the days of fear and uncertainty which lay ahead. For her, the time in the hospital waiting room that afternoon was not just a time of waiting. It was a time for praying.

Kathy's older brother had received word of the accident while at high school baseball practice. Having heard only of the broken leg, Larry, Jr., arrived at the hospital in a jovial mood, ready to poke fun at his little Sis for having been so clumsy. Kathy's critical condition forced to the surface his true feelings toward her —the ones he had always hidden behind big-brotherly jests. His attempts to deal with those feelings would later take their toll on both him and his parents. Kathy's accident would serve to test—and prove—the mettle of the family.

Each absorbed in his own thoughts, they kept a silent vigil. It wasn't long before the truth was learned. Kathy, though still alive, had suffered severe injury to her brain. She was deeply comatose. It was unlikely she would survive, let alone lead a normal life again. But she had made it through the first 24 hours, and they were the most critical. The girl known for her self-sufficiency and determination had begun the fight for her life.

Time would become an enemy. Each day that Kathy remained comatose lessened her chances of being nor-

Continued on following page

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F. Carlton Booth, Sec.-Treasurer
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THE BOOK ITSELF

Every believer should prayerfully read this book that could affect every major decision he makes. Most Christians have only heard about a pre-Tribulation Rapture, and probably believe in it because they have not heard a viable alternative presented intelligently. This book is solidly based on the Word of God and shows clearly why Christians will go through all, or at least part, of the Tribulation.

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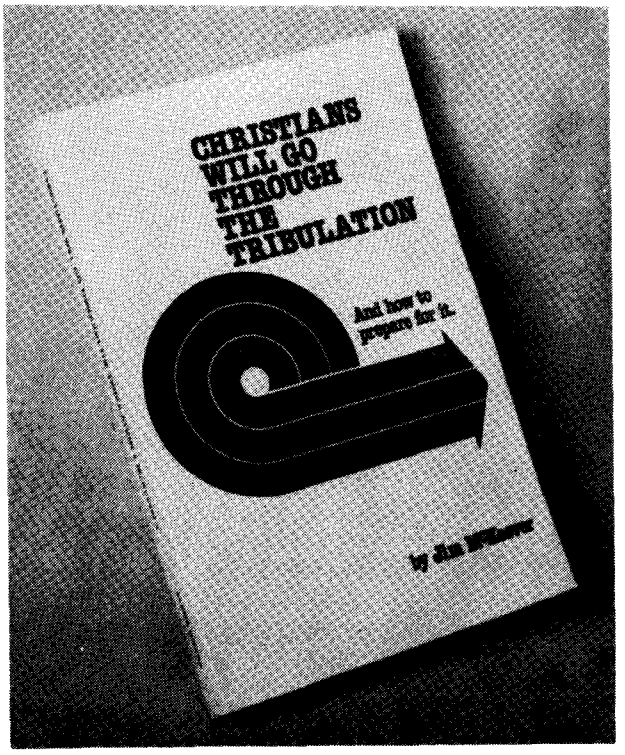

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mal if and when she awoke. But they never gave up, convinced that somewhere inside her damaged body was that stubborn, determined little girl of years past. They believed that her spirit still lived and that the things of the flesh could be overruled by the things of the spirit. All Kathy needed was time . . . and a miracle.

The feeling of a mother and the objectiveness of an outsider achieve an effective balance, as Barbara Miller and Charles Paul Conn tell their story. But it's not only their story. It's Kathy's story—a story of strength and determination and faith in the face of overwhelming odds. And it's a story of hope—hope for all the Kathys who arrive in emergency wards each year, hope for their families and hope for those who think it could never happen to them.

Thieves
by T.A. Noton
261 pgs.; Impact Books; $6.95

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by William A. Barton

Picture in your mind a typical religious novel. What do you see? Undoubtedly, a story of some character who has to overcome great obstacles in life, coming to a meaningful decision or a commitment of great faith as a result of this struggle. OK. Now, picture a novel about a band of thieves—a merry cutthroat group of rogues, reminscent, perhaps, of Robin Hood's band, but with a savagely serious side as well. You'll probably imagine a tale of high adventure and action, with narrow scrapes for the "heroes," thrilling chase scenes and liberal doses of derring-do.

Now, picture those two stories blended together into one novel. But don't stop there—add a love story, a dash of political intrigue, desire for power and money, a touch of poverty and death and just a smidgen of sex, tastefully handled and *very* low key. Spread this mixture against a historical backdrop centered in old Jerusalem at the time of Christ. What do you have?

At first glance, you might imagine such an eclectic hodgepodge to result in a collection of loosely strung themes and awkward events, populated by incongruous characters vainly striving for a shadow of relevance—the sort of thing Kurt Vonnegut's Kilgore Trout might throw together to make a few fast bucks. In most cases, unfortunately, you'd be right.

Not this time, though.

Instead, what you have is *Thieves* by T.A. Noton, perhaps the best biblical adventure to come along in several proverbial months of Sundays.

Thieves is the story of Marcus, a young man of Bethany who happened to live during the time of Christ's last year on earth. It follows Marcus' career from that of a petty thief in the streets of Jerusalem, stealing trivials so that he and his mother can eat, through his days as a member of the outlaw band of Ben-Elah, his involvement with the infamous Barabbas, his soul-searching repentance and his final confrontation with the Messiah, a man he'd initially dismissed as a "clever magician," on a hill called Golgotha.

Unlike many so-called religious "novels," *Thieves* is not a poorly written fictional framework for the author's own interpretations of scripture. Noton's scripturally derived passages are carefully integrated into a narrative that is both fascinating and real—the type that becomes difficult to put down once the reader has entered into the world the author has constructed.

Noton spent a lot of time traveling in the Middle East in order to make his book as authentic as possible. The depth of local color—Eastern customs, biblical archaeology and geography—shows he did his research well. Attention to detail coupled with a marked economy of words keeps the reader's interest from flagging even when the action slows for Marcus' frequent soul-searching.

Consequently, *Thieves* remains fascinating throughout, even in the areas where it is tied to scriptural tradition. For example, Noton's portrayal of Judas is one that could have originated from many an orthodox church pulpit anytime since the 1st century, starkly contrasting to recent attempts to whitewash the Iscariot name through sympathetic treatments of his character. Yet, Noton's approach doesn't seem stale. Rather, it is almost refreshing. Judas is a rogue, to be sure, but as Noton paints him, he is a rogue to be pitied, caught up in a web of deceit bigger than he could ever comprehend.

All of Noton's characterizations are similarly compelling. Even the minor characters seem real. Ben-Elah, the violent, yet sometimes compassionate, outlaw leader; Justus, the jovial lute-playing ex-priest; Oshea, the former doctor lowered to tending the Roman stables—all appear, if not someone you might know personally, at least to be flesh and blood human beings. Noton is to be complimented, too, in his portrayal of Jesus, always a difficult task. Although the non-Christian may consider Noton a bit too reverent in the passages in which the Nazarene appears, in truth Noton has resisted the temptation to go overboard. Instead, his characters do his interpreting through their individual experiences of Jesus' presence. And truly the spirit, if not the actual presence, of Jesus does per-

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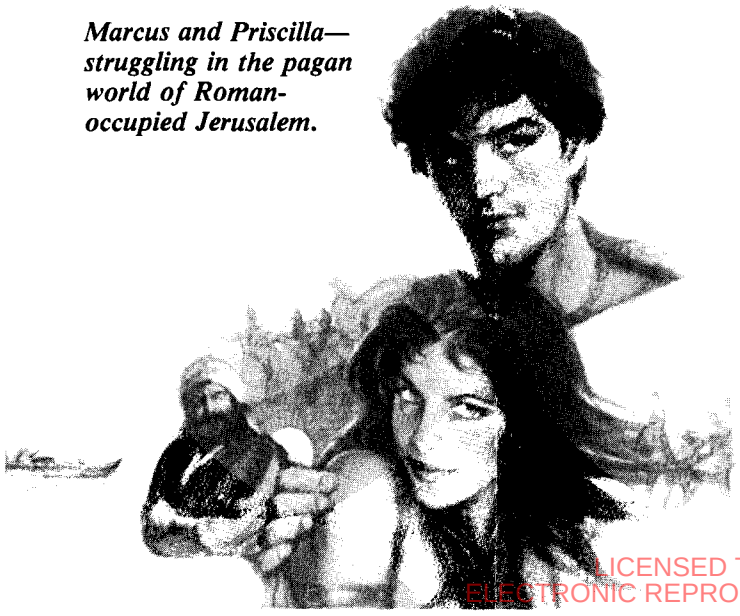

Marcus and Priscilla—struggling in the pagan world of Roman-occupied Jerusalem.

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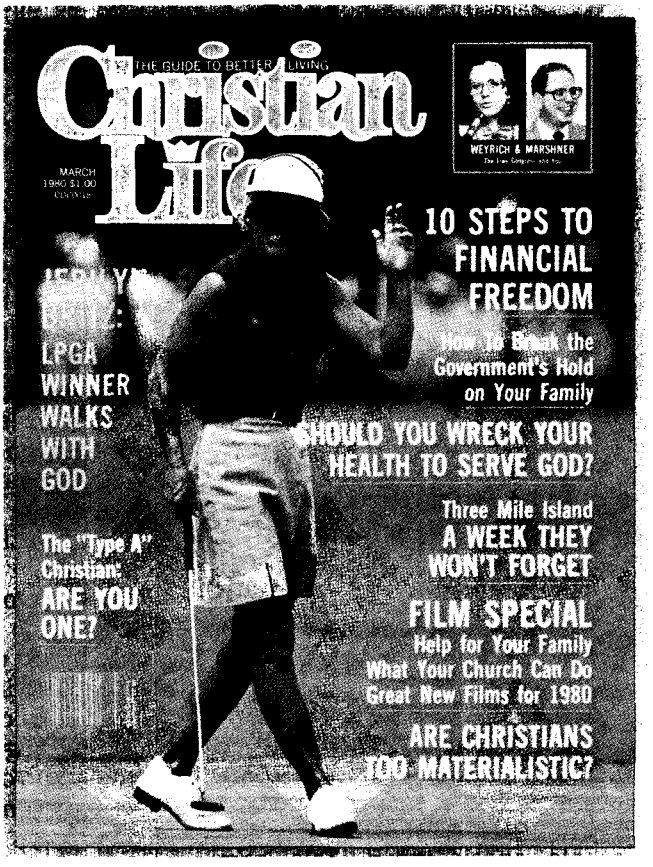
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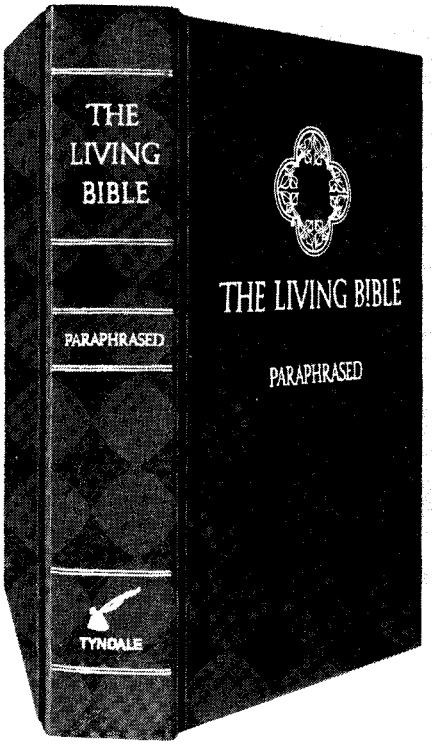
The People's Choice



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meate the entire story, as was, indeed, the intent.

Still, it is Marcus, the young thief, who catches our interest from the beginning as he is initiated into the band of thieves by Barak, at once Marcus' teacher and his corrupter. We follow Marcus' development from an immature boy, to whom the life of a thief seems both exciting and frightening, through a number of steps toward manhood. Noton keeps the pace lively while giving the reader the chance to get to know Marcus, to share his thoughts and dreams. We come to care when Marcus must defy Barak's instructions in order to help an old man ill-treated by the Romans. We fear for him when he must confront Ben-Elah with his decision to leave the band. We are concerned when he is forced to work for Barabbas to save his loved ones. And when, at last, he must stand before Pilate, who will decide whether Marcus is to live or suffer the agony of crucifixion, we stand with him awaiting the outcome.

So involved does one become with the story and with the character of Marcus that it is only in the final chapters that the significance of the book's title will slowly begin to dawn on the reader, and the role of thieves in Christ's crucifixion come to remembrance. Noton is too good a storyteller, however, to merely follow through with the seemingly obvious. He plays with the reader's expectations up to the final page in a manner of which even the most skilled mystery writer could be proud. The final pages of *Thieves* answer all the reader's questions in a way that is both satisfying and inspirational.

And there, perhaps, lies Noton's true talent—in the ability to inspire. For, in a larger sense, the story of Marcus is not merely an adventure story; it is the story of anyone who has ever had to struggle with his own heart to believe in something, anything, that isn't readily grasped by the five senses. Few of us have not, at some time in our lives, had to face up to the type of spiritual Rubicon Marcus found it necessary to cross, whether the decision was religiously oriented or not. Thus *Thieves* is endowed with a universality that transcends the significance of its biblical theme, making it a more relevant work than perhaps even Noton realized.

Help Lord—The Devil Wants Me Fat!
by C.S. Lovett
238 pgs.;
Personal Christianity;
$4.95

---

by Maynard G. Stoddard

Five feet, 10 inches tall, he weighed 205 pounds. He felt the squeeze when he bent to tie his laces. He lacked the pep and ultimate joy that goes with a trim body. He knew that fat was not only ugly, but it made him more susceptible to disease. Various diets had taken off weight, which he promptly put back on.

Today he weighs 170. The pounds came off easily and quickly. They haven't returned.

This is the case history of C.S. Lovett, who shares his story and his beliefs in *Help Lord—The Devil Wants Me Fat!*

Dr. Lovett's premise: Many American Christians are overweight and undernourished because the devil has unleashed an army of glutton demons that lock overeaters into sweets and starches through fast foods, conditioning them to jump up at TV commercial breaks and head for the refrigerator and shifting focus from eating what they *need* to what they

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want.

The result: They accumulate mounds of fat on their bodies while starving their tissues, blood and vital organs of nutrients needed to function. And when the body is overloaded with "food" it can't use, the surplus goes into *permanent storage*—all of it unhealthy.

The answer: Dr. Lovett's three-phase program for removing that surplus—and keeping it off.

First, the bulging Christian must realize he is bound by something he can't handle. He is helpless in the face of food. By tempting him to eat *one bite* more than needed, the devil gets his foot in the door. And the Christian who could never be tempted into adultery can easily be led into gluttony.

Dr. Lovett's first form of attack on this "food stronghold" the devil has for Christians who live to eat rather than eat to live is *fasting*. With it comes the author's assurance that the craving for food lasts no more than 48 hours. Once over the hunger hump, a person can easily go ten days without a longing for food. Control of the body is by then regained, and the compulsion to eat, eat, eat has been silenced.

After that, trimming the figure becomes a matter of proper eating habits. Here, the author distinguishes between the conscious mind used for thinking and the unconscious mind, or computer. By means of this computer, God makes His power available to His people. What one *believes* to be true, goes the theory, the computer accepts as fact. By deprogramming himself from bad eating habits and harnessing the power of the body's own computer system to make it eat the food it should, the fat Christian will emerge from this experience looking different, feeling different, *being* different.

If *you* are currently measuring "out" instead of "measuring up," *Help Lord—The Devil Wants Me Fat!* will make you eager to begin putting the program to use.

Solitude

I'd like it very much if only
It didn't make me feel so lonely.
—Richard Wheeler

Eyes As Big As Cantaloupes
by Don Freeman
191 pgs.; Joyce Press, Inc.;
$9.95

by T.M. Gomez

Although this sounds suspiciously like a greengrocer's manual, it is a book about television. Fred Allen's throwaway remark that the next generation will have "eyes as big as cantaloupes and no brains at all" provided the title for a book TV fanatics can pick up, enjoy and talk about at parties, smug in the knowledge that they can have their set and read about it, too. It is also a book for those who actually *like* to read, who forego a Sunday afternoon of ABC sports to "curl up with a good you-know-what," because Don Freeman, TV editor at the *San Diego Union* newspaper, has an easy style, filling his newest project with quotes, personal insights and an occasional tongue-in-cheek poke at what makes television and the people of the medium so fascinating.

Beginning with an introduction

Continued on page 127

Why Sally Struthers helps support someone else's child.

There are so many children in this world whose parents are too poor, too ill to give them the basic needs of life.

Innocent children with little hope of a better tomorrow.

Unless someone else, outside the family, can help.

Sally Struthers did. She became a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

Four years ago, Marites was an eight-year-old little girl who had to go to work just to survive.

Now, because Sally helped, Marites is going to school.

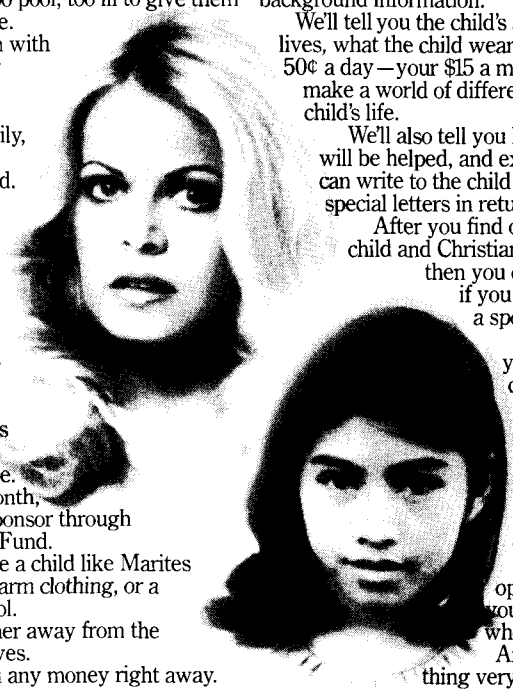
And she has hope.

For just $15 a month, you can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

You can help give a child like Marites nourishing meals, warm clothing, or a chance to go to school.

Without taking her away from the family she dearly loves.

You needn't send any money right away. Just send the coupon.



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We'll also tell you how the child will be helped, and explain how you can write to the child and receive very special letters in return.

After you find out about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

Simply send in your first monthly check or money order for $15 within 10 days.

Or return the photo and other materials so we can ask someone else to help.

Take this opportunity to open your heart to a child who needs you.

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Dr. Verent J. Mills
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FOOD

LETTER FROM A READER'S KITCHEN

Converted to the "natural path" trend through the salubrious "medicine" of oatmeal gruel, her family was motivated to move to the simple life of a Wisconsin hamlet. Cigarettes went out, jogging shoes went on and oatmeal became a mainstay in the recipes of this loyal Post *reader's wholesome farmhouse meals.*

by Josephine Stenson Grund

Oatmeal—and *The Saturday Evening Post*! This is how I know the fates are still around, alive and well, moving we lesser beings into our proper places.

It was oatmeal which saved my own infant life, as well as that of my eldest son. Each of us remained in the hospital after our mothers had gone home, and both were subsequently nourished back to well-being after bouts with digestive disorders with an old-fashioned but effective remedy—oatmeal gruel.

So for some years now, even to this day, on my many international voyages I always take along a quarter cup or so of oatmeal. Why? It is the only last-stand remedy for severe intestinal disorders that can be used anytime, anywhere. Although I have never personally needed it, I particularly remember a scenic train ride from Irkutsk, Siberia, to Ulaan Baatar on the Siberian express, during which three Americans were reduced to groaning miserably in their berths until beginning the sips of warm gruel I had prepared from the boiling water carefully tended by the Mongolian tea-steward with her huge coal-stoked samovar at the rear of our passenger car. Yes, oatmeal and I have come a long way!

And it's been almost as long with *The Saturday Evening Post*. Sent to spend winters with my grandparents in Michigan and, later on, spending all my childhood summers there on the farm, my chief preoccupation was the musing over of pictures, and then words, of the great collection of *Posts* in the travel trunk at the back wall of my grandparents' bedroom in the attic. The eaves dipped low on that side of the house, and alongside the trunk a single window overlooked the meadows and woods beyond. This was my quiet place. Many an afternoon I spent there, fascinated by the people and places brought to me from so many diverse origins. The illustrations—I can remember them still: the Norman Rockwells, the N.C. Wyeths, the airbrush drawings—had to be seen again and again to capture all the nuances. And the serials—*The Doll's House* by Ibsen, *The House of Seven Gables*. What was especially good about reading back issues was not having to wait a week for another installment! The cartoons, the mini-maxims, the last page commentary—all in all, what publication has so mirrored the culture of the American people as has the *Post*?

Now we look back to those eras and wonder where it all went. Things move so fast now, with little or none of the time taken to just "chaw" about with a neighbor. It's good to know the *Post* is still around, free of the hassle of everyday news. It's good to know a regular publication distributes the printed word in stories and articles written for the pure pleasure of reading them, as well as those on topics which inform. That editorial position is a reflection of the deep sensibility of Americans, I think.

We all see now more and more of our friends and neighbors turning away from television to the art of reading, to crafts and to other more meaningful leisure activities. And, as I see it, the *Post*'s commitment to the high-fiber foods, to oatmeal and to what is plain sense in nutrition is old-fashioned but futuristic as can be.

It is difficult to imagine a more gratifying literary experience than

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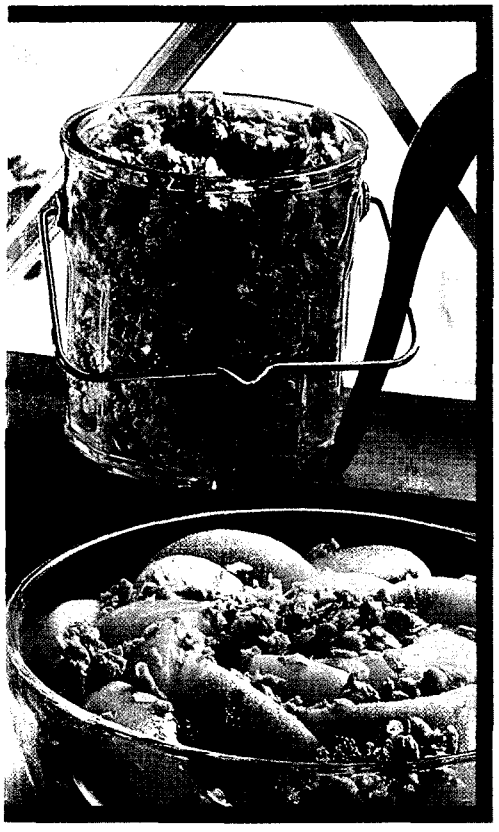
to participate in this new movement.

Editor's Note: Some of the following recipes call for oat flour. To make, place 1¼ cups quick or old-fashioned oats, uncooked, in blender or food processor; cover. Blend about 60 seconds. Store in tightly covered container in cool dry place up to 6 months. Use for baking, breading, thickening or dredging and browning. (When used in baking, substitute up to but not more than ⅓ of the all-purpose flour called for with oat flour.) Makes about 1 cup.

Door County Cherry Crisp

4 cups cherries, pitted (or 1 bag frozen cherries without sugar)
1 teaspoon almond extract
1 teaspoon arrowroot or corn starch
¾ cup old-fashioned oatmeal
¼ cup whole wheat pastry flour
¾ cup brown sugar
¾ cup corn oil margarine or butter

Arrange the cherries in a shallow baking pan. Place on low heat to bring out juices. Add corn starch and almond extract. Mix dry ingredients and margarine with pastry blender until gravelly. Spread evenly over cherries; bake in 375-degree F. oven until brown and crisp (about 45 minutes).



Tuna-Cheese Kid Biscuits

¾ cup tuna (7-ounce can, water-packed, liquid included)
¾ cup oatmeal
¼ cup chopped celery (leaves included)
¼ cup chopped green onions (tops included)
⅓ cup evaporated skim milk
½ teaspoon kelp powder
Dash pepper
1 egg
¼ cup grated cheddar cheese

Mix all ingredients together, tossing lightly. Place in well-oiled muffin tins and bake at 425 degrees F. for 15 to 18 minutes or until nicely browned. Making this recipe with salmon is a delicious change, and serving with asparagus or tomato sauce converts a family meal into party fare.

Butternut Soufflé

1 cup cooked, mashed squash
½ cup mashed ripe bananas
¾ cup quick-cooking oatmeal
⅓ cup frozen orange juice concentrate
¼ cup blender-grated walnuts
4 teaspoons corn oil margarine
4 heaping teaspoons unbleached bran or whole wheat flour
¾ cup evaporated skim milk
5 eggs, separated

Use the conventional soufflé method. Oil a 2-quart soufflé dish; dust with flour. Set oven at 425 degrees F. Blend the squash, bananas, orange concentrate, walnuts and oatmeal. Add one of the egg yolks. In a saucepan, heat the margarine and make a roux with flour and milk (add milk gradually and bring to the boiling point). Remove from heat and add egg yolks, one by one. Cool slightly and add this mixture to the squash, folding until well blended. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into all. Spoon into soufflé dish and place in oven. After 18 minutes, reduce heat to 350 degrees F. Bake until nicely browned and crowned on top—about 15 minutes.

Banana Cardamon Muffins

3 mashed ripe bananas (about 1 cup)
1 cup quick-cooking oatmeal
1 cup unbleached flour with 5 percent bran
⅓ cup blender-grated walnuts
½ cup raisins
2 teaspoons crus[h]ed seeds and pods (or powder)
3½ teaspoons baking po[wder] (low-sodium)
¾ cup lowfat milk
3 teaspoons sunflower seed oil or safflower oil
1 egg
Juice of one lemon

Sift together dry ingredients in a deep bowl. In a separate bowl, mash the bananas, cover with lemon juice and stir. Add milk, oil and egg, and stir in dry ingredients all at once. Add the raisins last. Fill well-oiled muffin tins ⅔ full and bake at 375 degrees F. for 15 to 18 minutes. Makes 2 dozen.

Leisure Learning Zucchini Casserole

1 large zucchini squash (at least 1½ pounds)
4 ripe red tomatoes, chopped
1 large green pepper
1 medium onion
8 ounces Colby cheese, grated
8 ounces mushrooms (fresh are best)
4 tablespoons corn oil margarine or safflower oil
2 tablespoons oat flour
2 cups chicken or vegetable broth
1½ teaspoons each: fresh basil, thyme, parsley
6 to 8 ounces macaroni (whole wheat preferred)
⅓ cup grated Romano or Parmesan cheese

Slice and sauté zucchini, onions, mushrooms and green pepper in oil or margarine. Cook the macaroni. In a saucepan over medium heat, combine 2 tablespoons margarine and 2 tablespoons oat flour with a wire whisk until smooth. Add broth and herbs, stirring until creamy. Combine all ingredients except Romano cheese and turn into a well-oiled 2½- to 3-quart casserole dish. Sprinkle top with grated Romano or Parmesan and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees F.

Seafare Chowder

¼ cup green onion slices
3 tablespoons corn oil margarine
3 cups water
2 cups carrot slices
½ teaspoon dill weed

Continued on page 124

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Prayer

continued from page 84

thing I remember most vividly was learning to spoon out all the little weevils that were in the split peas and were cooked right along with the rest of the ingredients in the soup. Finally, after you let your soup get cold and unpalatable a few times, you just gave up and ate the weevils along with everything else.

"Now they have a well-thought-out camp with an excellent survival training course and all the rest. But back then our survival training was very simple: getting used to the rustle of rats in palm fronds overhead; sleeping under mosquito netting; taking antimalarials; studying the language; killing, plucking and cooking chickens; and eating copious amounts of garlic to avoid the awful dysentery."

Another problem which had to be met, of course, was that no airstrips existed in the remote areas in which MAF intended to set up missions. The solution was more easily thought of than carried out: The organization had to build its own runways.

By and large, resident missionaries supervised the construction of strips at their stations, clearing vegetation, digging rocks and smoothing the earth. To complete a strip took from six months to two years, and then an MAF pilot would have to march inland to approve the job.

Betty elected to take one such trip into Dutch New Guinea. "I didn't know how hard it would be," she admits, "but I wouldn't trade that experience for anything." The pilot took off into the treacherous jungle accompanying a field-hardened female missionary named Leona St. John and eight Moni tribesmen for carriers. "I suppose the carriers were perfectly aware of the trail," says Betty, "but for most of the way I wasn't even sure there was one. The place we were going to was supposed to be 30 walking miles away, but I think the map meant horizontal miles, and most of ours were straight up and straight down."

The trip was made over difficult terrain, to say the least. At one point the party had to cross a twisted vine bridge strengthened by dozens of frayed and broken strands. The forest itself offered little solace. Days were frequently punctuated with tropical rainstorms, and the party had to high-step over slippery mud and concealed tree roots that caused more than one bad fall. But by far the most terrifying episode occurred when the group wandered into a skirmish involving two rival tribes. From her vantage point, Betty could view spears flying and huts burning.

"This retaliatory fighting is almost a ceremonial thing with these tribes," explains Betty. "If someone does something to one of your people, you are obligated to repay these people in kind. If they kill one of your people, you go out with spears and arrows and kill one or more of their people. They come back and kill more of yours, and the fighting goes on and on. There's never any end to it, and I was reminded many times of the saying: 'Hatred is not ended by hatred; hatred is ended by love.' "

Fortunately, the trip ended on a positive note at a clearing above the mission and airstrip, an hour from the final destination. "Suddenly a chillingly beautiful sound filled the air," recalls Betty. "The bearers were singing to the people down below to let them know we were coming, and the melodious, woodwind quality of those voices brought goose bumps and tears at the same time. It was a hauntingly beautiful ritual, filled with a harmony like that of Polynesian singing. Then far below, we saw people running onto the airstrip and heard the echo of their singing floating up the mountain to make us welcome.

"Somehow we made it down those last torturous miles, fording the shallow stream and straggling up onto the

Continued on page 111

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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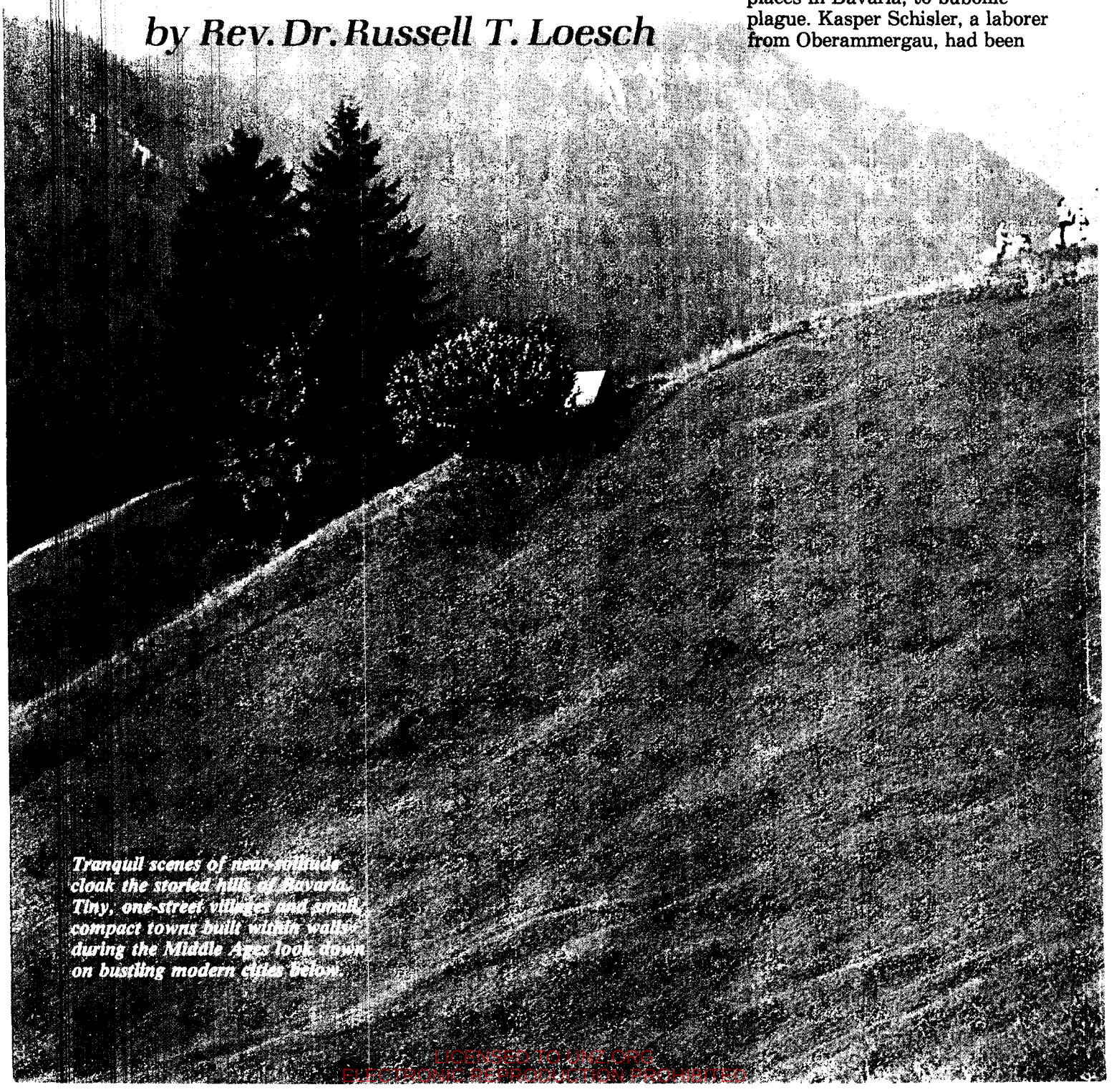
The Play's The Thing

Once again, the stage is set in Bavaria, where every ten years the citizens of tiny Oberammergau keep a promise to God with a spectacle of song and story.

by Rev. Dr. Russell T. Loesch

Few rash acts elicit as much regret as the hasty making of a vow in time of great need. Very few such promises are adhered to for any respectable length of time, and when they are they become the subject of legend. The tiny village of Oberammergau carries one such legend, and people from all over the world have flocked there for more than three centuries to share in the on-going fulfillment of an ancient pledge.

In the fall of 1632, Oberammergau fell victim, as did many other places in Bavaria, to bubonic plague. Kasper Schisler, a laborer from Oberammergau, had been



Tranquil scenes of near-solitude cloak the storied hills of Bavaria. Tiny, one-street villages and small, compact towns built within walls during the Middle Ages look down on bustling modern cities below.

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working for the summer in nearby Eschenlohe, where the plague had already taken its toll. The infected man, desiring to go home, slipped past the guards and brought the Black Death to his hometown. He died a few days later. The next months brought death to 84 persons whose names are recorded in the parish church register.

The people in other villages offered various votive services to placate the Death Angel. Some wanted to erect churches or undertake pilgrimages. Oberammergau took the vow to enact the Passion of Christ. The elders and the parishioners of the church met on the Eve of St. Simon and St. Jude in the year 1633 and took a solemn vow to enact the passion every ten years. Evidently, the Death Angel heard them—a 1770 record states that from that time on, no further deaths from the plague occurred in Oberammergau. In 1634, only a few months later, the people of the village kept their promise and performed the play.

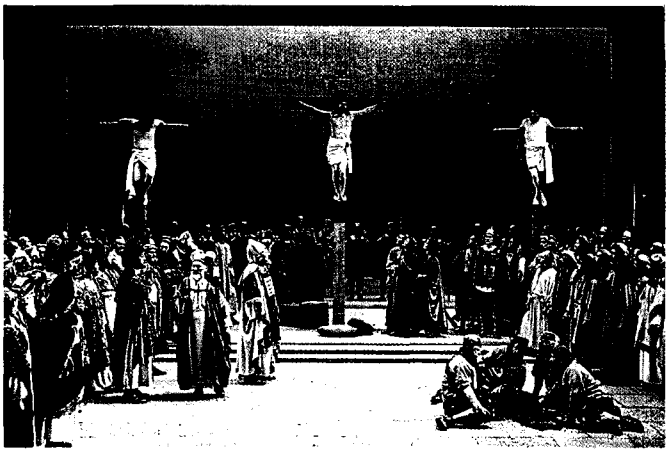
Except for times of war and periods when religious plays were banned, the passion play has been performed every ten years since then. Sometime along the way, performances were changed to those years ending in "0," and this year the amateur thespians are gearing up to be onstage from May through September.

There have been changes in the script over the years in answer to critics, but, for the most part, the play holds to the early renditions presented with the interpretation and in the dialect of the local people. Perhaps the greatest change was the introduction of a musical score written by Rochus Dedler, the son of an Oberammergau [illegible] musical [illegible] the 1815 [illegible] music [illegible] from [illegible]

[illegible] opening of each new decade, the passion play community of the village fulfills the vow that marked their deliverance from the plague in 1634, they know they are not just upholding the tradition of their forebears, but truly acting on a Christian mission. Their sacred play is more than a carrier of pious ideologies and a passing entertainment. It is also a rare opportunity to show forth religious truths and values to believers and unbelievers alike—for those who are just passing by because it is something to do, to speakers and doubters from all over the world. One cannot share in the presentation without being touched—perhaps for only a few hours, but more probably for the rest of one's life.

Those who visit Oberammergau simply to see the passion play but have little idea of the [illegible] by of the presentation [illegible] how to be made long before the [illegible] mance, yet [illegible] [illegible] beginning [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

passion play committee a couple of years before the performance year. This body consists of 16 members of the community council, including the mayor and six men elected from the play cast. The parish priest is by tradition accorded an honorary seat. On a Sunday in July, two years before the play decade, a ceremony takes place in the passion play theater before the assembled inhabitants of the town. Here a vow is taken to perform again the traditional presentation. A pontifical service is held. At this time honors are presented to those who have shared in the presentation of the play in the past. In 1968, six men were awarded medals for appearing in eight plays. Twenty-three were honored for having taken part in seven decades of performances.



The most moving story of all time performed against the backdrop of the Bavarian hills brings awe and profound respect to the souls of the spectators—even the swallows lift up their voices in song unto the Lord.

Early in the year before the play, the committee puts out a directive determining the number of persons entitled to perform in the next play. To give an idea of the enormity of the cast: In 1969, 1,250 adults and 550 children were requested to let their hair grow. This has always been a condition of participation.

In the fall of the year before the presentation, the long period of anticipation reaches its climax when the names of the principal actors selected by the committee are announced. On the following days, after many meetings, 120 speaking parts are allotted along with the appointment of 50 singers, 60 musicians, 30 stage hands, 80 auditorium attendants, 50 first aid helpers, 80 firemen, 20 box office and 30 cloakroom personnel, as well as other staff. In February of the play year, a needlework committee is formed to work with seven seamstresses to take care of the more than 1,000 garments to be worn during the presentations. Along with all these preparations, there are many physical improvements to be made to the village facilities and the theater. In 1970, for the first time, the 5,000 seats were upholstered. Also, a new roof was added and the stage rooms and equipment were rehabilitated.

The rehearsals of the play begin, according to tradition, on the Feast of St. Stephen (December 26) in the year preceding the presentation. At this time the actors with speaking parts assemble to read over the text together. Virtually every evening afterwards, the director and his assistant will call upon individuals and groups for rehearsals. Full rehearsals will not begin in the theater until the warmer spring days. The participants have little leisure time during the months before the first performance in May.

While the rehearsals are in progress, the entire village must be completely organized to care for the great influx of visitors. From the middle of May until the end of September, about 6,000 visitors will arrive in the village by rail and road each day, five days a week. All of their living and eating needs must be met. There is hardly a house in the village that is not used for this purpose.

But the passion play is not an enterprise to bring worldly wealth to the village inhabitants. Any real vision behind the scenes of the play will show only a determination of the true Oberammergauer to keep the heritage of the forefathers alive. It is not the maintaining of some relic from the past. It is necessary to see it as a presentation of deep significance whose message rises above religious and political attitudes and stretches out far beyond national boundaries.

Perhaps a glimpse of what the visitor to the 1980 performance will meet can be helpful. You will certainly have received the verification of the date of the presentation you are to see before you leave home—there is little chance of getting tickets after you arrive in Europe. You will arrive some time during the day before the date of the performance you are to witness. You will be able to check into your accommodations, which are a part of the reservations you have, some time after the noon hour. Your lunch will be up to you. Your room reservations will be in a home, a pension or a hotel, depending upon your choice of tickets. When you register at your accommodations you will receive your tickets to the play performance. During the afternoon, after you have settled in your room, you will have a chance to wander around the village. It is all on level terrain, thus making it easy for those who are somewhat handicapped. Everything is fairly close to your sleeping quarters, so you can walk to most of the places you will want to visit. You will see some of the "painted" houses which have scenes from the Bible and fairy tales, as well as other motifs, depicted on their walls. Of these, the "Pilatus" house is perhaps one of the best examples. You may want to visit the wood-carving school, where the art is taught. The museum will give you a greater appreciation of the art of wood carving, with its display of carved crèches, some of which are very old. You will want to examine the art of églomisé, which is painting done on glass. The Oberammergau museum collection has perhaps the best examples of this art form in the world. You will wander about the village and will catch something of the cordiality of these village people, and you may even have the opportunity of meeting some of those who have major parts in the play.

As you come back to your quar-

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ters in time for dinner, you will feel something of the warmth of these people; there is no feeling of commercialism or pressure. You will be impressed by the orderliness and planning which has gone into making your stay a pleasant one. Perhaps during the evening you will want to read about the play and its history to make you more receptive to the experience you are about to share. The many shops and refreshment places are open until 10 p.m., so you can do some of your shopping at this time if you desire.

On the day of the play, you will have to awaken quite early, but a hearty German breakfast will be waiting for you. Then you will have a leisurely walk to the passion play theater. Your tickets are all marked, as are the entrances to the theater, and you can find your seat in the large theater easily. It will be filled to capacity.

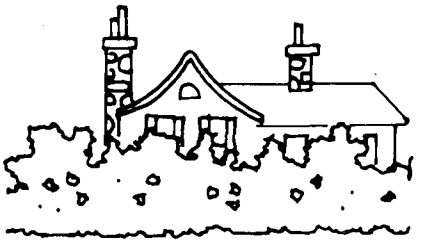
Then, shortly after 8:30 a.m., a hush will fall over the assembled people as a soloist calls you to attend the play. A tableau follows, depicting the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden. The prologuizer will speak the lines which will set the mood for the scenes which are to follow:

Welcome, welcome, to all whom here the tender love
Of the Saviour unites, mourning, to follow Him,
On His journey of suffering
To the place of His burial rest.
Who from afar and near all here have come today.
They feel themselves now joined in Brotherhood.

The chorus now joins in, and scene after scene interspersed with tableaux from the Old Testament relating to the story of the passion unfolds. The morning session of the play will break just before noon. Then you will have a two-hour interval, during which time you will return to your quarters and have a fine luncheon. This will give you the chance to absorb something of the events and insights which you have witnessed. You can have an English text of the play, which will make it possible for you to follow the German depiction with little difficulty.

The afternoon portion of the play will begin shortly after 2 p.m. You

Continued on following page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Holiday Inn

THE HOLIDAY ON ICE

Swirl the coolness of a sunset drink and conjure up the memories of a tropical day. Fishermen casting nets into the azure waters of a world turned upside down. Sailing in perfumed breezes of old Spanish Mexico. Mazatlan Holiday Inn.

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THE HOLIDAY IN LIGHTS

The fantasy colors and images of electric light are exciting reflections of the stars sparkling in Banderas Bay. Music beats in the heart through the exotic Mexican night. At daVinci's disco, in the Puerto Vallarta Holiday Inn.

PUERTO VALLARTA
LUXURY BEACH RESORT
Holiday Inn

THE HEAVENLY HOLIDAY

Golden sunrise [illegible] the city of [illegible] arches and [illegible] Holiday Inn perches [illegible] the valley. [illegible] together in [illegible] and time [illegible]

TAXCO
LUXURY RESORT HOTEL
Holiday Inn

THE HOLIDAY [illegible]AMBE

[illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

will want to be in your seat promptly. The play now moves into the climactic events leading to the crucifixion and resurrection. Then you will share in the inspiration of the lifting chorus following the ascension of Christ.

The entire play will have taken something over five hours. One of the thrilling experiences you will notice throughout the play will be the great flight of the swallows from inside the covered section of the theater out over the stage to the outside. They have been quietly resting in the upper structure and then, as if on cue, with every great crescendo of the orchestra they rush out in a paean of joy.

What may have seemed to be too long a period for the play is all over too soon, and you find yourself caught up in the great spiritual impact of the experience of which you have become a part. You may say, as do the people of Oberammergau, "Every passion play is like a milestone in our lives." They count the years of their lives according to the passion plays. The older people know that they may have little chance of seeing the next play. The young will look forward to assuming the roles open to them. The whole village will have been the better for carrying out once more the vow taken so many years before.

You will return to your residence for a fine dinner and perhaps another leisurely stroll through the village, with its shops and points of interest. Good fortune may bring the opportunity of meeting some of the leading actors to whom you can express your appreciation of their endeavors. Sleep may not come easily as you move through the many scenes of the passion of our Lord in your mind and heart.

Early the next morning you will have another good breakfast and be on your way to make room for the next persons on their pilgrimage. Many will leave this experience with tears in their eyes as they say *Auf Wiedersehen*—"we will never forget."

Prayer

continued from page 105

airstrip. And there was the missionary with his wife and girl, Amy, as well as a huge crowd of natives, singing, chanting, dancing and milling around us in a ceremonial welcome, and even though I was bone weary, I didn't want it to end."

But end it did, and Betty enjoyed an equally meaningful thrill the next morning when an MAF aircraft set down on the airstrip and unloaded a badly needed cargo of food and medicines.

Today, Betty Greene no longer goes up in the air, but the excitement of her work for MAF is far from over. In addition to her duties as prayer secretary, Betty serves on the organization's board of directors and is completing a book about her experiences abroad. Now that the MAF has grown to an $8 million-a-year project, excellent personnel behind the desks in the front offices are as important as those who are out running the front lines. Requests for more missions and assistance to uprooted ethnic groups such as the Cambodian boat people are skyrocketing, and Betty intends to do all she can for the outfit which *really* serves the friendly skies.

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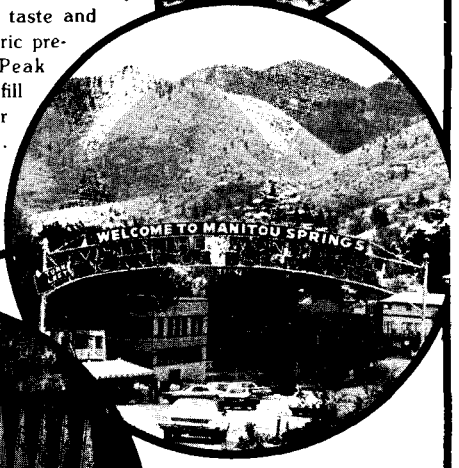

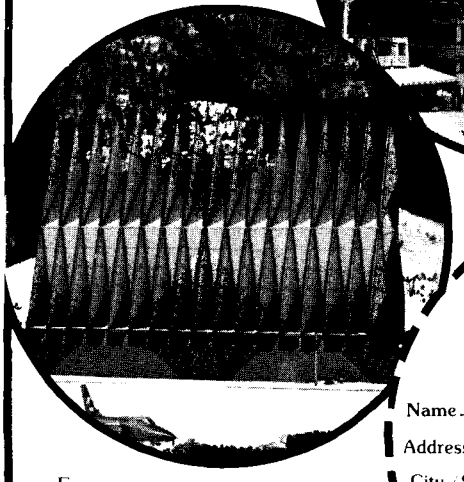

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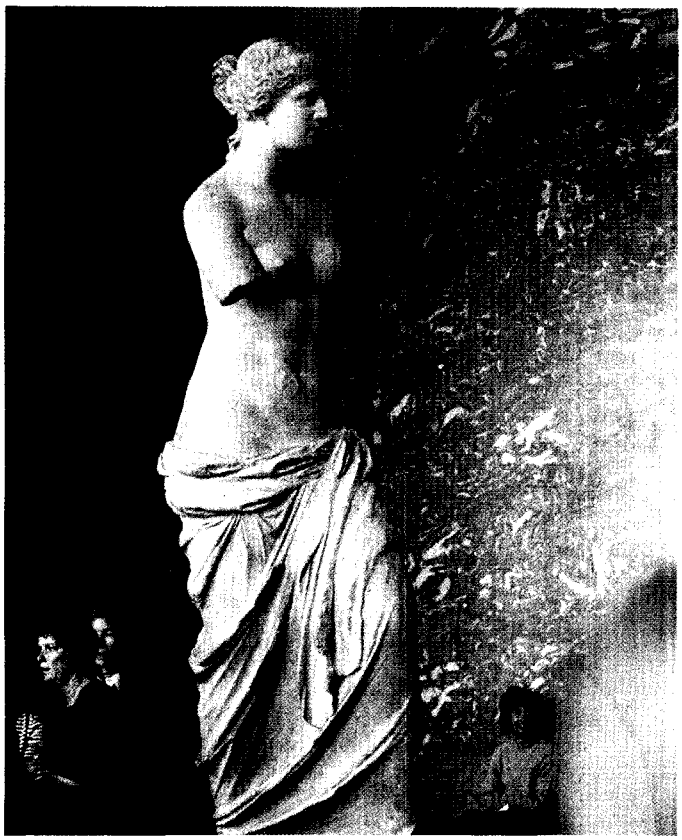
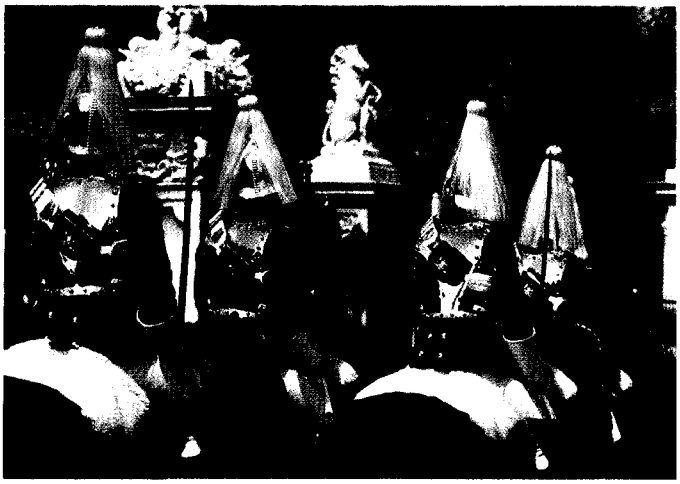
WHERE IN THE WORLD?

Photography and text by John Fulton



1 ☐ Paris ☐ Madrid ☐ New York
Despite its lack of arms, this famous statue of the Venus de Milo is one of the world's most superb art treasures. The statue, which was discovered on a Greek island in 1820, was probably made in the first or second century B.C. Parts of the arms were also found, but were later lost.

2 ☐ Lisbon ☐ Tunis ☐ Istanbul
Be careful! In this port city a person doesn't have to ride in a ship to get seasick. The "rolling motion square" is the tourists' nickname for this plaza's undulating patterns of black and white mosaic. Similar arabesque designs decorate sidewalks throughout this capital city and Old World port.



3 ☐ Vienna ☐ Versailles ☐ London
Pomp and circumstance are still alive and well amid the bustle of modern life in this country. Still sporting uniforms like those worn for the charge during the Napoleonic wars, the Household Cavalry flashes plumes and silver breastplates every day in the spectacular changing of the guards.

4 ☐ Antwerp ☐ Bremen ☐ Copenhagen
No stranger, perhaps, than some of today's rock groups, this animal quartet sang so loud it frightened away would-be robbers in this ancient harbor town. The story was brought to life in the fairy tales of the famous Grimm Brothers, but the town site is real enough and the monument stands at the city hall.

(Answers on page 121)

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Too Busy Earning a Living To Make Any Money?

You think you've got problems?

Well, I remember when a bank turned me down for a $200 loan. Now I lend money to the bank — Certificates of Deposit at $100,000 a crack.

I remember the day a car dealer got a little nervous because I was a couple of months behind in my payments — and repossessed my car. Now I own a Rolls Royce. I paid $43,000 for it — cash.

I remember the day my wife phoned me, crying, because the landlord had shown up at the house, demanding his rent — and we didn't have the money to pay it.

Now we own five homes. Two are on the ocean-front in California (I use one as my office). One is a lakefront "cabin" in Washington, (that's where we spend the whole summer — loafing, fishing, swimming, and sailing.) One is a condominium on a sunny beach in Mexico. And one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii — Maui.

Right now I could sell all this property, pay off the mortgages, — and — without touching any of my other investments — walk away with over $750,000 in cash. But I don't want to sell, because I don't think of my homes as "investments." I've got other real estate — and stocks, bonds, and cash in the bank — for that.

I remember when I lost my job. Because I was head over heels in debt, my lawyer told me the only thing I could do was declare bankruptcy. He was wrong. I paid off every dime.

Now, I have a million dollar line of credit; but I still don't have a job. Instead, I get up every weekday morning and decide whether I want to go to work or not. Sometimes I do — for 5 or 6 hours. But about half the time, I decide to read, go for a walk, sail my boat, swim, or ride my bike.

I know what it's like to be broke. And I know what it's like to have everything you want. And I know that you — like me — can *decide* which one it's going to be. It's really as easy as that. That's why I call it "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

So I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need: money. Ten dollars to be exact. Why? Because I want you to pay attention. And I figure that if you've got $10 invested, you'll look over what I send you and decide whether to send it back...or keep it. And I don't *want* you to keep it unless you agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested.

Is the material "worth" $10? No — if you think of it as paper and ink. But that's not what I'm selling. What I am selling is information. *More* information than I give when I'm paid $1000 as a guest speaker. *More* information than I give in a one-hour consultation for $300.

But you're really not risking *anything*. Because I won't cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material. That's the deal. Return it in 31 days — and I'll send back your check or money order — uncashed.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, if you really want to be on the safe side, post-date your check for a month from today — *plus 2 additional weeks.* That'll give you plenty of time to receive it, look it over, try it out.

I know what you're thinking: "He got rich telling people how to get rich." The truth is — and this is very important — the year before I shared "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," my net income was $216,646. And what I'll send you tells just how I made that kind of money...working a few hours a day...about 8 months out of the year.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." Remember I was up to my neck in debt when I started.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share. But I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better. I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that — nothing more, nothing less — the results will be hard to believe. Remember — I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again — I guarantee it.

I know you're skeptical. Well, here are some comments from other people. (Initials have been used to protect the writer's privacy. The originals are in my files.) I'm sure that, like you, these people didn't believe me either when they clipped the coupon. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their check for at least 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right.

And here's what they gained:

'Wow, it does work!'
"Oddly enough, I purchased Lazy Man's Way to Riches some six months ago, or so, read it..and really did nothing about it. Then, about three weeks ago, when I was really getting desperate about my financial situation, I remembered it, re-read it, studied it, and this time, put it to work and WOW, it does work! Doesn't take much time, either...I guess some of us just have to be at a severe point of desperation before we overcome the ultimate laziness, procrastination."
Mr. J.K., Anaheim, CA

'Made $50,000 just fooling around'
"In February 1974 you sent me (for ten bucks) your Lazy Man's Way to Riches. Since then I have made approximately 50 grand ($50,000) just fooling around on the basis of your advice. You see, I really am lazy — otherwise I could have made 50 million! Thank you!"
Mr. R. McK., Atlanta, GA

'$24,000 in 45 days'
"...received $24,000.00 in the mail the last 45 days.
"Thanks again."
Mr. E.G.N., Matewan, W.VA

Made $70,000
"A $70,000 thanks to you for writing The Lazy Man's Way to Riches. That's how much I've made...
"I use this extra income for all of the good things in life, exotic vacations, classic automobiles, etc. Soon I hope to make enough to quit my regular job and devote full time to making money the easy way..."
Mr. D.R., Newport Beach, CA

$260,000 in eleven months
"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life...One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership...I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."
B.F., Pascagoula, Miss.

'There's no stopping me'
"Since I've got your (Lazy Man's Way to Riches) in July, I've started 4 companies...there's no stopping me and I'm so high I need chains to keep me on the ground."
M.T. Portland, OR

What I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers, and maybe everyone else you know.

I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you.

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older — or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

©Joe Karbo - 1979, 17105 South Pacific, Sunset Beach, Calif. 90742

PROOF!
Don't take my word for it. These are excerpts from articles in newspapers and magazines:

Time:
He only works half the year in his stunning office on California's Sunset Beach, and even when he's there he puts in short hours...In other words, Joe Karbo, 48, is the prototype for..."The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

Seattle Times:
Is it all honest? A man who has done business with him says Karbo's reputation is excellent, and that he has managed to conduct mutually beneficial deals with him with nothing but a handshake and an oral agreement.
Want to be rich? Take my advice and follow his.

Boston Herald-American:
The book has drawn hundreds of letters from persons who have profited by it...

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner:
An unpretentious millionaire, Joe Karbo of Huntington Harbor is a vibrant, living testimonial to his intellectual, pragmatic conviction.

Forbes:
After bouncing around show biz, advertising, and real estate, he made his fortune...Last year (1972) he made $250,000.

Money Making Opportunities:
Maybe Joe Karbo has the secret. Don't you think you owe it to yourself to find out what it is all about?...I just finished it — and I'm off on a vacation myself. Get the idea?

The Boston Globe:
Jay Haws of Chico, Cal. said the pep talk...in "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches" has "changed my life," and upped his freelance graphic designer income from $2000 to $30,000 annually.
"I'm not rich yet," said Haws, "but I see the light at the end of the tunnel...It gave me the swift kick in the pants that I needed."

Long Beach Independent:
He's programmed the path to riches for the lazy man.

Sworn Statement:
"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."
Stuart A. Cogan

Bank Reference:
Home Bank
17010 Magnolia Avenue
Fountain Valley,
CA 92708

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 545-B
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for at least 31 days after it's in the mail.*

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Western

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Gold Panner

continued from page 57

ing on a stove and not throwing garbage out the front door, and like that.

I don't know if their life was perfect or not. Must have been kinda hard, most of the time. But I don't reckon it was much harder on the crick that time of the century than it was in the so-called towns in those days. Nobody anywhere out here had indoor plumbing or electric lights or iceboxes.

They must've been fairly happy, however, 'cause they stayed in that cabin for almost five years before he struck gold. She bore him a daughter in the second year, but the baby died of the fever early in its first year. Johnny didn't know whether to be happy or sad, you know, 'cause what kind of a future would a little half-breed girl have? Neither white nor red would really want her. But anyways, the baby was gone, and he was torn.

Two years later, in a raging blizzard, she bore him another young'un, a boy this time, and Aurora was happy. The boy grew stronger all winter, and by spring he was allowed to crawl around on the cabin floor. When Summer Nighthawk—yes, you know her name by now—was outside getting wood or washing clothes, the baby was strapped spraddle-legged to her back.

They say the baby looked more like his daddy than his mother. That is, more white than not. That's as it may be.

Jimmy Decatur seemed to lose himself in his thoughts for a moment, and once he opened his mouth to say something and then didn't. The toe of one worn boot traced dusty patterns on the floor as he stared pensively into the fire. I waited. There was nothing else to do, and nothing to say. I thought I could see what was coming, but I was only part right. He continued:

When Johnny Aurora found the gold, he didn't actually give it too much thought, at least at first. He figured it was just a chance nugget, and it wasn't really very big, not more'n $10 or $15 worth. But a few days later, with the spring runoff dropping the creek a little more each day, he followed the little branch upstream just to see what he could see. He sifted a few handfuls of sandy gravel through his hands and after a while, sure enough, there was the flash of sunlight in the watery sludge that fell from his fingers. His interest perked up right then, you can bet, and he ferreted out a half-dozen small nuggets in the next few hours without even a pan or a screen.

He scratched his head in wonder as he looked at the tiny irregular bits of metal in his palm. He didn't know anything about karats and ounces and gold standards and all that, but he did know that all the furs tacked to the outside logs of his cabin weren't worth what he held in his hand that moment.

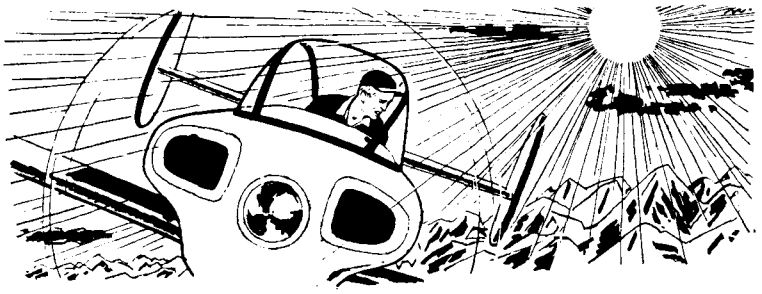
For several days, as his little hoard grew bigger, he scarcely could swallow the real truth of his strike. Every day he expected to see the end, but as he worked his way up the tiny crick, he realized that he was finding more and more all the time. By now, of course, he was using a tin plate and getting more and more efficient, but it was more than that. He gradually realized that somewhere above him, along this tiny gravelly stream, was the mother lode itself.

By May, when the spring runoff was past the flood stage but still high enough to float him over most of the rapids, he stacked his furs in the canoe which Summer Nighthawk's brother had helped him make and took off for the fort. His deerskin poke was chockfull of dust and nuggets and he wondered just how rich he was.

You can almost see him, can't you, son, beaching his birchbark on the shore beneath the fort, striding long-limbed and buckskin-clad into that old fort? He sold his furs, took his map with the marks of his claim on it to the surveyors' office, and showed the men what he'd staked out. He took his poke to the assayer's little dusty cubbyhole and found out he was almost $1,200 richer. Even that was a fortune in those days, and Johnny had just begun.

By the next day the word had spread all over the place, and within a month the whole territory had heard of the strike. By then, of course, Johnny Aurora was back in the hills with regular panning equipment and a pickax or two. He didn't even bother to say an "I-told-you-so" to the lieutenant who was now a captain.

That little fort came alive, you can bet, what with the lure of gold in everyone's minds and the smell of gold in everyone's noses. The only real miracle was that no one had found gold before, 'cause it was all through those hills, not just on Johnny's claim. But then, everything's got to be done or found for the first time, and in this case it was Johnny Aurora what found that gold



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

A professional man who flew his private plane on business was about to land at his local airport late one afternoon. When he pushed the lever to let down his landing gear, it jammed. The wheels refused to come down. A hard shove sent the lever into the right position, but he still didn't know whether the wheels were down. His gas was running low. He faced a choice: Risk a normal landing with the wheels not in position or prepare for a crash. If you were the pilot, what would you have done?

Circling a nearby field, he maneuvered until he could observe his plane's shadow on the ground. Happily, he saw that the wheels were down. He made a normal landing.

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for the first time. They say old Joe Slocum was fit to be tied 'cause it could 'a been him instead of Johnny if he'd gone upstream to trap. But who knows? Maybe he never would've even seen the gold.

Doomsday was built almost overnight, 'though it wasn't called that then. They called the town for the fort until the boom ended, and only then did people who was moving out start calling this place the spot that'd sealed their doom, and finally shortened that to Doomsday.

Remember Robert Service's poem—'Oh, those Dawson days, the sin and the blaze, the town all opened wide?' Well, that was Doomsday in that time. And Johnny Aurora came out rich the next fall, and I mean really rich. Most fellers took out a goodly sum, some none at all, and some pulled a fortune from those hills that summer and the next.

Johnny used most of his first summer's takings to hire a small mining company to set up a real ore-digging outfit up to the head of his trapping crick. Johnny never went back to trapping, and he never went back to panning. And he never went back to Summer Nighthawk.

He built himself the big mansion you saw across the street and he married the daughter of the banker who moved into the town along with the hundreds of other people who lived by doing service to those fellers what worked the cricks and gravel bars.

Jimmy Decatur stopped to catch his breath and to ponder the direction the tale was taking. I thought I could see a little more light as the funny edges of the story began to sharpen up a little. But even then I was way off from the full significance of that gold strike of Johnny Aurora's. The fire was dying out and we let it go.

In the heyday of Doomsday, there was over 2,000 people in this town, not to mention the 40 or so soldiers in the fort. And I guess just about everybody had money to spend 'cause there was a job for everyone, even if they didn't care too much for gold.

One fall evening Johnny and his wife Lisa had a party to celebrate their third wedding anniversary. Everyone who was anyone was invited. The whole house was lit up, and Chinese lanterns hung from the pines and cottonwoods out back. Beer and whiskey flowed in a continuous stream, you can bet. The men were mostly dressed in fine clothes, but there were a few old-time friends of Johnny's who just put on their cleanest buckskins and came

Continued on following page

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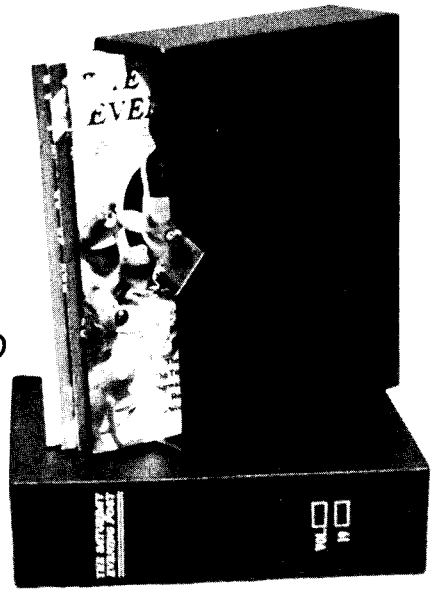

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along for the fun. The women were elegant in their long velvet gowns and jewels round their necks and on their fingers. You can just see it, can't you, son?

Well, so could Summer Nighthawk, for she had come into town at dusk with her five-year-old boy clinging to her hand, and was standing in the shadow of this very building we're sitting in. She watched for a couple of hours, seeing all the fine people talking and dancing. We'll never know why she came to town, or what she had in mind before she came. All we know is what she did.

Along about 11:00, she took the little boy across the street and walked slowly and gracefully into the house. The people on the verander were so dumbfounded they just stopped their talking and watched her. She was dressed in her best buckskins, intricately beaded and brushed clean of dust and dirt, and the longish skirt swished rhythmically as she climbed the stairs. Her raven hair was carefully combed and hung down in a single braid almost to her waist. In a word, she was strikingly beautiful, even regal looking, if you know what I mean.

The boy was scared stiff, so his eyes was wide and everyone could see they was blue. His hair was blond, bleached almost white. Except for the high wide cheekbones and the first hint of a Roman nose to come later in life, he didn't look Indian at all. He walked stiff and straight as a lodge-pole pine, not looking neither to left nor right.

Summer Nighthawk walked right up to Johnny Aurora, dropped her head courteously, and then looked straight up into his eyes. He saw the smoldering fire there, all right, and knew without a doubt she still loved him. And he knew that down where his own soul really lived he loved her, too.

Before he could say anything, she began to speak in her own language. There wasn't no one in that room who knew what she said, but Johnny did.

"The boy is now five years old and ready to leave the women's camp. He needs a father much more than I need a son. Take him."

And then the floodgates burst like a beaver dam before a spring freshet. All the pent-up emotions of three lonely years spent themselves in a long wailing cry. To give him credit, Johnny Aurora opened his arms to take her and the boy into them, but Summer Nighthawk was gone, fleeing that alien world, leaping gracefully down the veranda steps, long braid trailing in the wind, the ululating and eerie mourning cry floating back to them on the summer breeze.

It was a little while before I could speak. The wind keened in the pines and for a moment I thought I could hear once more Summer Nighthawk's mournful cry over the soughing of the trees. But I couldn't, and I never heard her again. I didn't need to, really, for all I had to do was close my eyes to hear the lilting lament which now sounded almost beautiful to my ears.

When I opened them, the fire was a glowing pile of embers throwing a red and awesome light onto the features of Jimmy Decatur. I saw now the blue eyes and the high cheekbones and the nose which indeed had grown strong in the shape men call Roman. And I knew that the trapper who had struck it rich in the Black Hills of South Dakota was not named Johnny Aurora at all. ★

Fairway

continued from page 81

tually take a bite out of a red maple that had darted into the path of his drive.) He analyzes every shot, yours and his, good or bad. He reads the golfing magazines religiously, follows Trevino tips in the paper, goes to the driving range when he can't get a match.

You remember the story of the foursome teeing up with a highway to the left of the fairway? One of them hooked badly, his ball disappearing so far down the road they didn't bother looking. But the group had no more than reached the green than the sheriff came up, demanding to know if one of them had driven out of bounds. "Yes," confessed the guilty golfer, "my ball hooked into the road."

"That ball struck the windshield of a car," said the sheriff, "and the pregnant woman driver is in the ditch in pretty bad shape. What are you going to do about it?"

After thinking it over for a minute, the fellow said, "I think I'll move my right hand back a little more." That could have been Stan.

My approach here is quite simple. On about the third hole, all I have to say is, "Stan, I think I know what it is you are doing wrong."

This comes as something of a surprise, as he is usually low man and isn't aware that he has been doing anything wrong. But he won't ask what it is, of course; he'll blamed well figure it out for himself.

I've seen him change his grip, his stance, his backswing, even take a booklet out of his bag and study it. And I have happily watched his game deteriorate until one day on the puny par 3 at White Rock, with the tee and green separated by a mere 115 yards of water, his drive barely made it to the pond.

"Well, I'm a &%$#**!" he fumed. "I've never done *that* before!" Perhaps not, but he did it three more times before throwing the offending club into the water and selecting another. When two more balls joined the other four, he threw his entire outfit in, bag and all, and headed for the clubhouse. Halfway there, much to my relief (I only wanted to beat him, not lose him), he turned around and came back. But it was only to take off his shoes and throw them in.

After this strategy wore thin (Stan had bought a complete new outfit by the next week), quite by accident (although it does prove what can be accomplished by keeping your head down and your eyes open) I discovered that Stan has a deathly fear of snakes.

There had been this green plastic water hose lying half buried in the grass directly in front of the tee. To get it out of the way I gave it a yank, just as poor Stan was unwinding from his backswing. His club went farther than the ball. Even after he had been assured that it wasn't a 50-foot python and we had located his driver (I have looked for plenty of lost balls in my day, but this was my first time looking for a lost club), Stan's next five strokes brought him only to the ladies' tee.

Jim is what I call a pants addict. Let Jim be on the tee and let a girl line up her putt on the green as much as 400 yards ahead, and the game comes to a halt until she straightens up. Jim was about to try a 20-foot putt one day when near our green a girl in hot pants bent over to tee up her ball. It's the only time I ever saw a putt back up.

By now, if you have grasped the fundamentals of this new approach to the game, you're probably ahead of me. But my favorite way of increasing Jim's handicap is to wait until he's taking his practice waggles on the tee. Then I whisper hoarsely to the others, "You wouldn't believe what happened in the elevator yesterday. I was alone, see, when this lovely young thing gets on carrying a negligee over her arm." (Jim's waggling stops.) "She says she just finished modeling in the Tea Room and there's a photographer waiting on the tenth floor to shoot her in the negligee and she's running late." (Jim has put his club down.) "And she said since there were only the two of us in the elevator, she wondered if I would mind if she. . .go ahead and hit, Jim, this will wait."

"No, no," pants old Jim. "What happened?"

But I insist that he go ahead. So he hurries his drive and we never do find the ball. The odd thing is, he invariably hooks—and Jim is a natural-born slicer.

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There are times when one of our regulars can't make it and we end up with a sub. I always hope it is Charlie. Charlie is one of those immaculate dressers, always punctual, fastidious to a fault in his personal hygiene. All it takes to throw him off his game is to say—in fun, of course—"When you get upwind of us, Charlie, we can't help wondering if your Right Guard isn't playing Wide Receiver today."

Charlie always laughs, but whenever he raises his arms from then on we can see him taking advantage of the opportunity to check. And it's not hard to beat a man who swings with his nose stuck in his armpit.

Now there'll be times, of course, when all one knows about an adversary is his name. And there goes your big fat new approach to the game, you are saying. Not necessarily. If you keep your ears open you can have his ball bouncing merrily past the out-of-bound stakes in no time.

Example: One fellow that came in off the street made the mistake of mentioning that this would be his first round since breaking his arm. Six holes later, when it was beginning to look as if, even favoring his recently healed wing, he would be nailing our collective hides to the clubhouse door and tucking our cash into his wallet, I again called upon my new strategy—and found it not wanting.

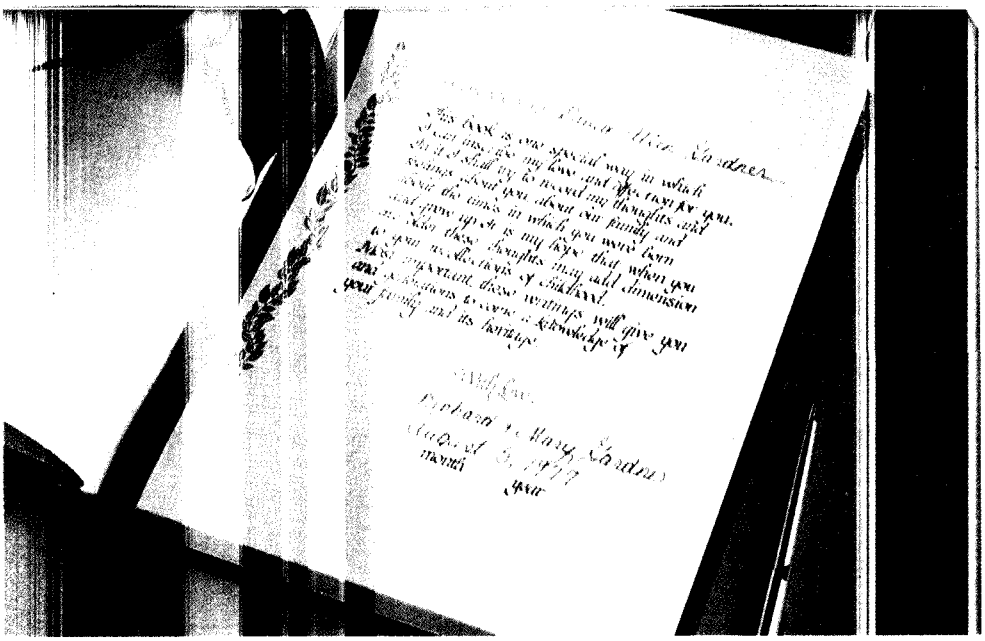
In the walk over to the seventh tee I lagged behind to pick up a seasoned branch from beneath a poplar tree. While the victim was busy hunting the ideal spot to position his tee, I was as busy looking for a slight depression over which I could position my dried branch. So it happened that just as he came through with his drive I accidentally stepped on this stick, which broke with a terrible cracking sound.

The guy's club came through fine, only his hands weren't holding it. With a horrible guttural yell he had clutched his right arm above the elbow and bent nearly to the ground. Even after I explained and had apologized for my clumsiness, the gingerly way he swung from then on assured us he wouldn't be having his hand out at the finish.

Even *I* don't play *every* Wednesday. After something like that duck-call deal a member will vow never to play another round with that so-and-so, and this time he really means it. So I figure the foursome is broken up and I don't

Psychological Novel

One which you must read a lot of
Before you start to find the plot of.
—James W. Power



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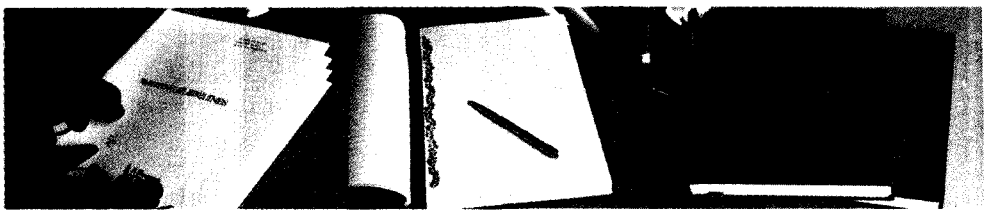

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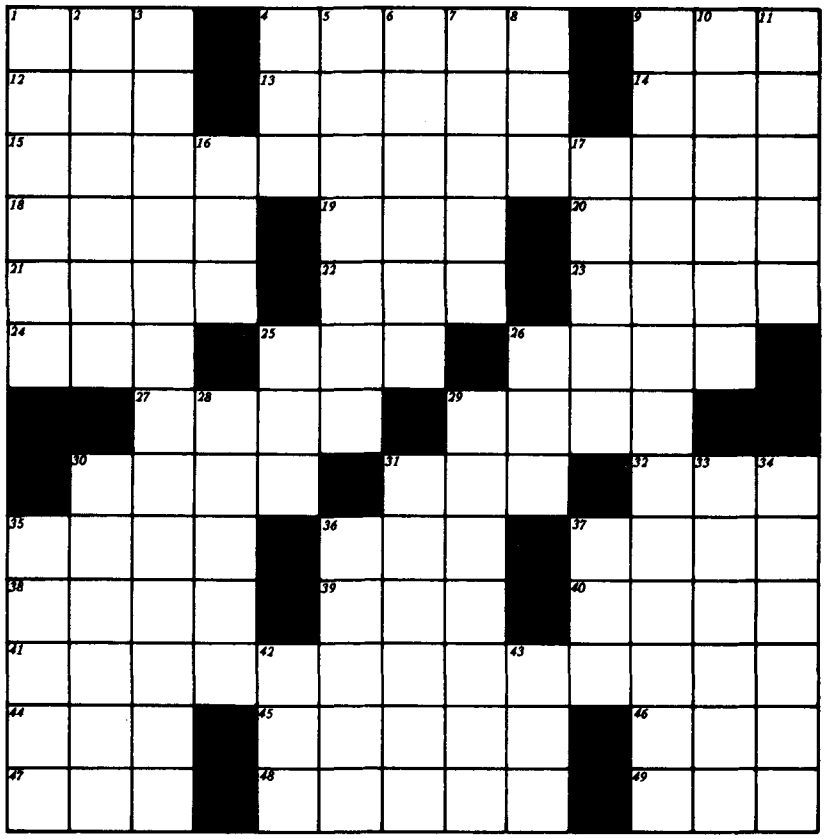
The Easter Story



(Answers on page 121)

ACROSS
1. Japanese park (Kyushu)
4. Game, such as basketball
9. --- and downs
12. Arrest or grab
13. Fundamental
14. Experienced athlete
15. Begins the Passion
18. Cooking need
19. Bishop's center of jurisdiction
20. Payment acknowledgment (abbr.)
21. Periods of time
22. --- and outs
23. Goddess of discord
24. A sign of the zodiac
25. Portable trough
26. Socialites (abbr.)
27. Stingy or nasty
29. Lisa or Freeman
30. Prefix meaning skin
31. Russian plane
32. Churchill's sign (spelled out)
35. Country humor
36. Broadcast (on the ---)
37. Andrews or Wynter
38. Breakfast fare
39. Pretoria is the capital (abbr.)
40. Eye part
41. Ends the Passion
44. --- de cologne
45. Author Zola
46. Malt beverage
47. M.D.s
48. Changed into wine
49. Saul's grandfather

DOWN
1. Elk's weapon
2. Great desert
3. Site of the Passion Play (possessive)
4. Government agency (abbr.)
5. Goes with flower, week, play or tide
6. Belgian seaport
7. Ascends
8. Southern campus (abbr.)
9. Resident of German state (northern part)
10. Summary
11. Sometimes out of -----
16. Latter-day Saints (abbr.)
17. Primp
25. Easter dish
26. Pet
28. Film director Lubitsch
29. The Resurrection, e.g.
30. Page blight
31. Out of place
33. Isolate
34. Celebrates the Passion's vanquishment
35. Surrendered
36. Scent
37. Film overseer (abbr.)
42. Cut
43. Objective pronoun (fem.)

show the following week. Then I get a phone call, "Where were you last Wednesday! We had to use a sub."

Well, from now on they can keep their sub, because I'm not playing another round with those so-and-sos. And this time I mean it. Not after what they pulled Friday.

It was one of those Scotch affairs where the wives play and the men get their partners by throwing a shoe into a pile and pairing up with the woman who pulls it out. The day before, my wife had asked what I'd be wearing. "To make sure it's clean," she explained. Any other time I could have gone in burlap boxing shorts without her raising an eyebrow. But as this was the highlight of the season at the club, her reason sounded plausible. I told her I would be wearing my off-white walking shorts, the ones that give me that long, lean look. (As I would be playing with someone other than my wife, I naturally wanted to look long and lean. You understand.)

My partner, who was to make every other shot, turned out to be the type to make a man want to throw rocks at Cheryl Ladd. (You understand that, too, don't you?) And to establish the fact that she had selected the shoe not only of a long, lean hunk of man but a gentleman as well, I let her take the first drive. It was the longest ball I had ever seen a woman hit, except on TV.

For the icing on the cake, not only was I long, lean and gentlemanly, she had also tied up with a real golfer to boot. The green lay some 250 yards due east, or roughly 50 yards beyond my previous capabilities. But by really pouring the persimmon to the Golden Ram I had bought especially for this spectacular, I just might make it. The ball, however, not only went due south into the woods, which was devastating enough, but I suddenly felt this even more demoralizing draft down around my nether region.

Checking as casually as possible, sure enough, the fly of my off-white shorts that give me the long, lean look stood wide, wide open.

Although I couldn't have found my ball with a bloodhound, under the pretense of looking I slipped behind a tree and shored up my zipper. My partner in the meantime dropped another ball and drove to the green.

After I missed the putt and she sank it, it was my turn to tee off. And you must know how much I wanted to atone for that shot into the woods. And you must believe that I gave it all I had. But I didn't see the distance of my drive, or the direction, if indeed it had a direction. My concentration had gone from such minor matters to the

Continued on following page

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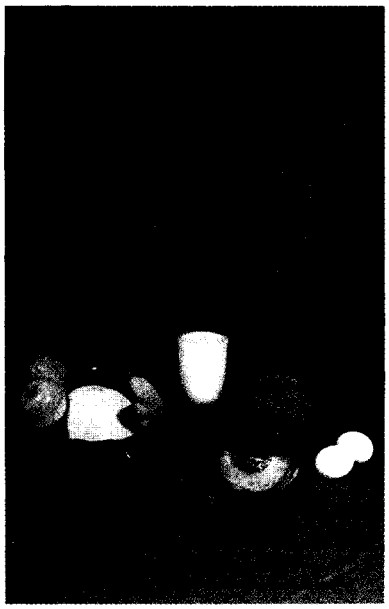

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more important concern of that same horrifying draft in the same nether region. Bending over to pick up my tee confirmed my worst fears—zipper again clear down to the floor boards.

As a result, that shot into the woods proved to be my best effort of the game. You may not know this, but trying to keep the right elbow over the fly can raise all kinds of hell with the swing. Especially when one is preoccupied with the thought of his "buddies" stooping so low as to bribe his wife to tamper with his zipper.

As I said, that's it. I'll never play another round with those guys—never. And I mean it.

Of course, this is only Monday. And I have until Wednesday. I wonder if I could hire a girl with a corduroy bikini and a permanent case of hiccups to kibitz when Stan. . .hum. . . . ♜

War Party

continued from page 46

activist government in action. Though removed in time from today's Democratic era—colored by almost half a century of near-total Democratic control of Congress—Wilson nonetheless showed himself a people's man. And it was a wealthy liberal, Kennedy, who hustled his favorites, "the best and the brightest," to construct a European-style welfare state which Johnson, with a surer hand on Congress, brought to being under his grandiloquently named Great Society.

But as history has shown of all such people-serving schemes, the cost was enormous. Roosevelt's New Deal, Truman's Fair Deal, Kennedy's New Frontier, Johnson's Great Society—all cost the government far in excess of its revenues. Yet because these schemes were politically expedient, a whipping boy had to be found. It was not the social programs of a benevolent government that caused the red-ink spending, it was said; it was the exorbitant cost of national defense. Defense was the bugaboo. Especially to blame were the demands of the military and their suppliers, the despised military-industrial complex.

Thus there has been an almost continuous tug of war between the monetary demands of government-sponsored social programs and those of national defense, and too often it has been the latter—at the hands of vote-conscious politicians—that have taken the cuts.

The consequence is that U.S. defenses have been negligently depleted in the sense that the ultimate well-being of the American people depends on the nation's capacity not only to repulse its enemies but also to muster military might awesome enough to stamp out wars before they begin.

"The moving finger writes," and one thing it has written is that America's wars in this century have followed a downhill path. Though immensely costly, World Wars I and II were clear-cut victories. The Korean War at least restored the boundary between North and South Korea. But the Vietnam War can be classed only as a clear-cut defeat in which 50,000 Americans died merely to herald the coming of the pathetic Vietnamese "boat people."

Could a future war replace the famous "weeping Frenchman"—overcome at France's ignominious defeat in 1940—with some nameless American in tears at the forced surrender of his country to an alien power about to take charge of his destiny?

Perish the thought. To render such an outrageous event no more than a nightmare's conjuring, however, the time has come for the American people to demand that henceforth America's military might and productive power be the means to rid the world of war. It must be made clear to the world that America will make the cost of war insupportable. ♜

You be the Judge

As the April 15 tax deadline nears, many taxpayers are scratching their heads for that one additional deduction. Take the case of Dr. High Bracket who, in order to promote his medical practice, joined the County Sheriff's Mounted Posse. As a result of his membership he incurred expenses of $4,000 in stabling and maintaining two palomino horses. Dr. Bracket rode the horses only when participating in posse events at state and county fairs and at practice sessions. The good doctor never used the horses for general recreation and he claimed to have gained 189 patients as a result of his posse membership. Should Dr. Bracket be entitled to a business deduction for the membership expenses?

The Tax Court ruled no. The Court viewed the posse membership as normally a personal pursuit. Merely gaining patients, in itself, did not prove the expenses were undertaken primarily for business reasons. The Court did allow some of his expenses to be taken as a charitable deduction, as the posse was a qualified charitable organization.

(Based on a 1979 Tax Court case.)

He Arose

continued from page 10

alive. . .by many infallible proofs." If there be a God, and if He loved this world and gave His Son to this world, then the only other fact that would fill out the needed background for such Christianity is that this Son of God should die and rise again from the dead.

This truth is so compelling that with astonishing boldness Paul the apostle faced King Agrippa with this unanswerable question, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" (Acts 26:8).

So the bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ is basic to Christianity. No risen Savior, then no Savior at all. No resurrection of Christ, then no resurrection for anybody. No resurrection of Christ, then no Son of God to die for man's sins. No resurrection, then the Bible, which declares it to be so all the way through, is false and unbelievable. To deny the truth of the resurrection of Jesus Christ is to deny Bible Christianity.

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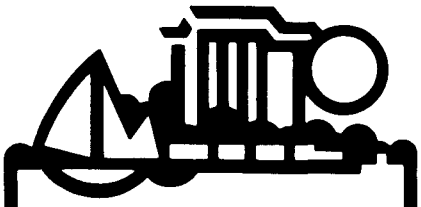

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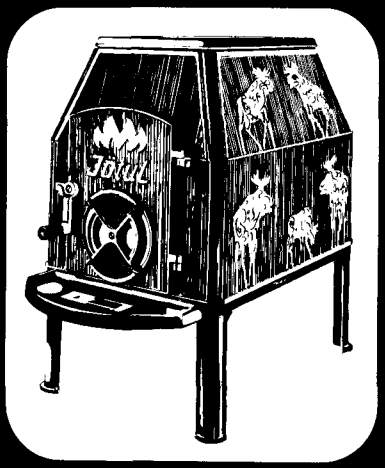

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Where Do You Think You Are?

(Answers from page 124)

1. Indiana
2. Maine
3. Montana
4. New Jersey
5. Oklahoma
6. Oregon
7. Minnesota
8. Wyoming
9. Georgia

Since Christ Arose, What Then?

We have a living Savior who died for our sins and rose again for our justification; and this living Savior is coming one day to receive His own. Since Jesus Christ arose from the dead, we who put our trust in Christ and are born again will also rise from the dead.

The Christian dead are safe in Heaven, and their bodies will be raised when Christ comes.

Since Christ arose from the dead, we have a proven and reliable and trustworthy Word of God—the Bible.

Since Christ arose from the dead, praise be to God, I can look at the grave and say, "O grave, where is thy victory?" Christ arose and so conquered death for the Christian.

Continued on page 127

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 112)

1 The statue of the Venus de Milo and Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, the Mona Lisa, are the two most popular attractions of the Louvre in Paris. The one-time palace on the west bank of the Seine houses 275,000 works of art in 140 exhibition rooms. Its eight miles of galleries cover a total of 40 acres. Founded in 1546, the Louvre was not opened as a public museum until 1793.

2 At the height of Portugal's power, sailing ships carried the Portuguese language and culture around the world from Lisbon. Acquiring new tastes abroad, sailors brought home foreign oddities such as rice, which is now grown in Portugal. The sidewalk designs seem to be a native idea.

3 Almost every visitor to London heads for the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, although throngs for the event are often so large it's hard to get close. The Brigade of the Guards dates back to 1642. Their scarlet tunics were originally designed to hide the bloodstains of battle.

4 Not as well known as some of the other Grimm Brothers tales such as Snow White, Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella and Hansel and Gretel, the story of the donkey, dog, cat and rooster who earned a home as the Bremen Town Musicians is nevertheless the favorite of this city in northern Germany.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

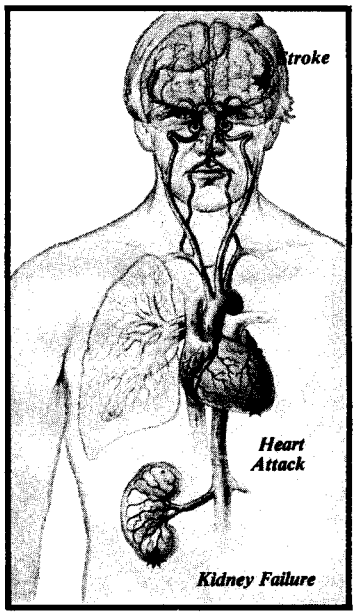
"Ill-health, of body or of mind, is defeat . . . health alone is victory. Let all men, if they can manage it, contrive to be healthy!"
—Sir Walter Scott

A Film That Works

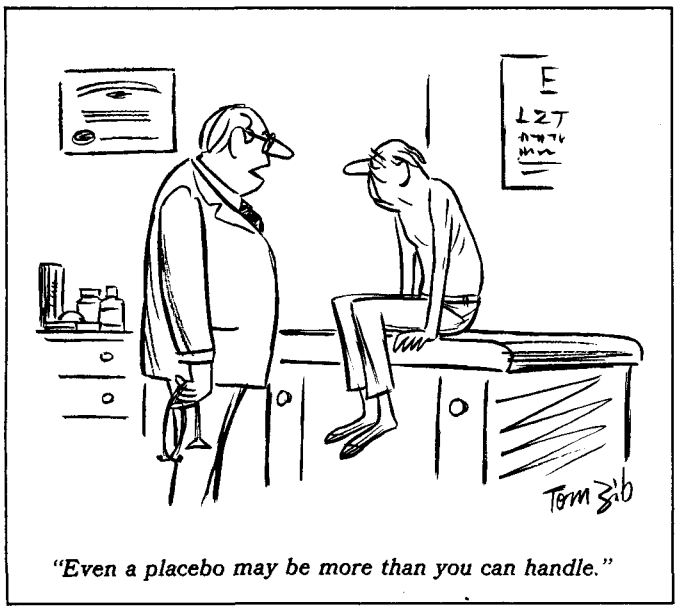
High blood pressure is America's most prevalent endemic disease. It is by far the largest and most serious disease process affecting Americans today. It leads to heart attacks, strokes and kidney failures. As a result, literally tens of thousands of people in volunteer organizations across the country are constantly manning voluntary screening groups in churches, in shopping centers and in factories to discover high blood pressure in those who do not know they have it. Amazingly, only a small percentage of those people found to have high blood pressure actually get in to see their doctors about it. They feel good, they don't know they have anything wrong, they're surprised, they don't know the consequences of not getting medical attention, and so they don't go to see a doctor.

As a result, a group of volunteers in Indianapolis associated with the Medical Education and Research Foundation under the direction of six physicians set up an experiment in which, of over 12,000 state and city employees working in Indianapolis, nearly 6,500 employees volunteered to have their blood pressure taken. The blood pressure was taken by nurses who were specially trained to assure accuracy. Employees who were found to have high blood pressure were placed in two groups at random. One group was told that they had high blood pressure; they were handed literature describing their condition and they were advised to see their physicians. *Only 28 percent of this group subsequently did call on their doctors.*

The other group of approximately 300 with high blood pressure was shown a film of about 3 minutes' duration, very forcefully depicting the dangers and risks of high blood pressure but also pointing out how it can be controlled, thus insuring improved longevity. This group was given the same literature as the other group and was assisted in any way possible, at the screening site, to arrange an appointment with a physician. *Seventy-nine percent of this group visited their physicians.* The result of the experiment demonstrated that it is much more economical, in dollars and man hours, to immediately motivate those found with high blood pressure to consult their physicians and put themselves under medical care than to screen tens of thousands of persons without adequate motivation and instruction about what they can do right now.



Uncontrolled hypertension shortens the life span just as assuredly as does cancer. Stroke, heart attack and kidney failure follow neglected high blood pressure. Low-salt diet, weight reduction and exercise are the first steps to lower it.



"Even a placebo may be more than you can handle."

The Indianapolis volunteer group employed an actor to dramatize the importance of treatment. Playing the part of a physician in the film, he compares the disease to cancer—of which the cause and cure still evade us; with hypertension, however, the causes are fairly well understood, and reliable treatment has been proven to effectively control the problem. Hypertension is potentially as dangerous and life-threatening as cancer, but it can be controlled!

The film about hypertension is available to groups, and arrangements for ordering it may be made with the Medical Education and Research Foundation, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

Q. Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I agree wholeheartedly with your suggestion of more fiber in the diet and have been adding more oats along with the wheat we've been consuming after reading the latest issue of the *Post*, but please tell us how to solve a

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grave problem. There is no delicate way to put it but to say that the flatulence caused by the ingestion of fiber makes one absolutely miserable or a social recluse! Don't assure us that this will cease after a length of time because that has not been the case with us even after many months. Is there a remedy that you are aware of? If so, please share it.

Also, the dried bean situation. We realize that they are an excellent source of protein, substitute for meat at times, etc., and we both enjoy eating them but only when we do not have any social engagements. Even Julia Child's information on cooking them was not the answer to this problem. I am sure we are not the only culprits, so you would be doing a great service to many people if you have an answer.

Ann L. Hartman
Bunceton, Missouri

A. Dr. Phillip Christianson, a distinguished gastroenterologist, has some answers. If you will drink at least 8 cups of warm water you will have less gas. Another thing he recommends is more exercise. Walking will expel the gas in small increments and unnoticeably. He cautions not to drink tea or coffee to increase your warm water intake because they contain drugs, caffeine and xanthine, which you don't want. While he doesn't understand why, he says that *cold* water doesn't do the same thing in relieving the flatus.

I might suggest that you serve lots of "citrus tea" at your house. It is hot water with a quarter of a lime squeezed and dropped in the tea cup. It has a refreshing taste and you can drink it all day long.

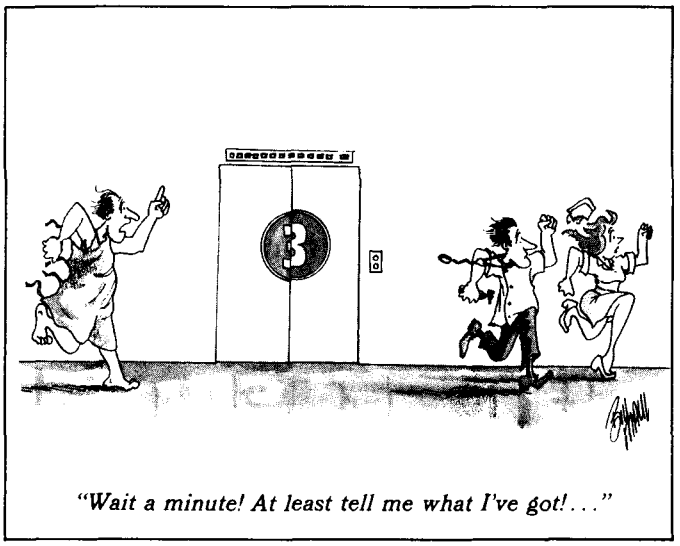
My mother advocates adding a half-teaspoon of baking soda to the beans while cooking to prevent the gas from forming, but we don't recommend it because we're basically against adding sodium to food.

We keep eating high-fiber diets, including plenty of beans, here at the *SatEvePost*. Flatus is not a no-no, but cancer of the colon is.

Q. Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In your December issue, "*oat bran*" was referred to as possibly having some therapeutic value for

Continued on following page



"Wait a minute! At least tell me what I've got!..."

The marijuana shown above is illegal; the water pipe, a "hookah," which is used for smoking the illegal marijuana, is sold in "head shops" throughout the country.

Magazines like *High Times* and *High Life* propagate myths that marijuana is a harmless, benign drug that young people smoke with no permanent damaging effects. Public relations campaigns like the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) buy advertising in these magazines and others encouraging young people to disregard well-documented scientific research. Dubiously funded, NORML is enormously successful as a lobbying group. Head shops selling marijuana paraphenalia for the illegal smoking of pot thrive in every large city in the country. Young college newspaper editors are barraged with ad materials soliciting support for the legalization of pot.

"Marijuana can destroy our society because it can change the way our people think and it can interfere with their reproduction," says Dr. Nicholas Pace, who now has well-documented research that marijuana is damaging to brain cells, lung tissue, sperm, chromosomes and ovulatory cycles. He nominated Marion and Olivia Gilliam of the Myrin Institute to receive the Benjamin Franklin Award for their outstanding efforts in discouraging the use of marijuana.

Their institute was founded by a now-deceased general practitioner who became concerned because he noticed distinctive personality changes in marijuana-smoking young kids he had known well from very early ages.

"We realize there is this vast need across the country for some organizations that can provide information to the public on what the scientific community is finding out about this drug," says Mrs. Gilliam.

She continues, "A lot of parents see things happening to their children, they notice changes, and they go to their pediatrician or to the drug counselor and they're told, 'Oh, don't worry about it.' Because of our work with different researchers we have come in contact with, we know there is a crying need to set the record straight."

Anyone wishing additional information about the documented research pointing out the dangers of marijuana should write to the Gilliams at The Myrin Institute, 521 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10021.

Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical feats performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation. Both amateurs and professionals are eligible.

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diabetics and/or those who have high cholesterol.

Our local health food stores have never heard of oat bran. ***Where can I buy it?***

A. None of the large cereal manufacturers sell oat bran at this time, but research is going on and development of new products is expected. However, Quaker Oats has made oat bran and supplied it to doctors for research purposes.

General Mills makes oat flour to put in their Cheerios®, and Post uses oat flour in Alpha Bits®. Quaker sells oat flour to Gerber for making baby cereals and uses it in Life® cereal. We have talked with some physicians whose patients grind their own oat flour starting with the grain from the field; others make it by putting oatmeal in the blender. Oat bran is made from the outer layers of the oat, using about 40 percent of the kernel. Oat flour uses all of the kernel.

Oat bran has been shown to lower the need for insulin in diabetics and to lessen the cholesterol in patients at the University of Kentucky experimental laboratories of Dr. James Anderson.

There are additional oatmeal recipes on pages 102 and 103 of this magazine.

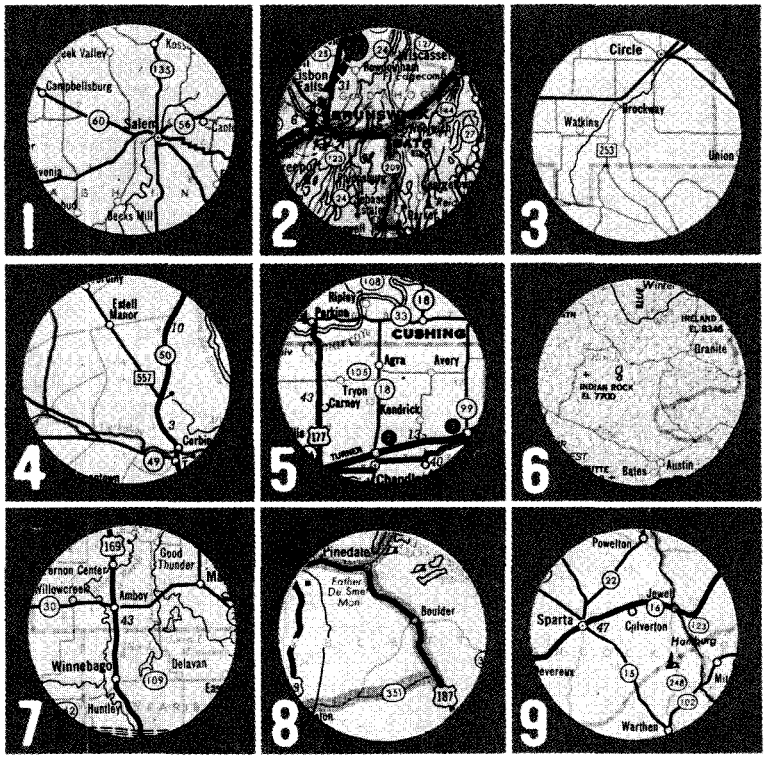
Drugs and Vitamin Requirements

Over the past two decades, the fact that certain drugs can cause increased vitamin requirements has become better understood. Some medications consistently cause an increased need for vitamins, while others never or rarely cause problems. Much of the effect of a drug in producing a vitamin deficiency may be due to the nutritional status of the individual taking the drug. Many people who become vitamin-deficient after taking a drug have low body levels of vitamins to begin with. Some of the ways in which drugs cause a vitamin deficiency are reduced absorption, increased exertion and altered utilization of the vitamins.

Drugs taken over a long period of time tend to cause more problems with vitamin deficiencies than drugs taken for a relatively brief time. A recent article in *Drugs* (18: 278-98) reviewed the effects of commonly used drugs on vitamin requirements.

Specific drugs can affect folate, vitamin B_{12}, vitamin B_6, niacin, riboflavin, thiamine, vitamin C, vitamin A and vitamin D requirements. Birth control pills have been shown to increase the need for several of these vitamins. Certain antibiotics can also cause increased vitamin requirements. Mineral oil, a substance used for its laxative effects, can cause increased requirements for the fat-soluble vitamins A, D and K. Cholestyramine, a drug used to treat high cholesterol, can cause increased requirements for a number of vitamins. Isoniazid, a drug used to treat tuberculosis, is known to cause an increased requirement for vitamin B_6.

In conclusion, some commonly taken medications can alter the body's requirement for certain vitamins. For this reason, your doctor may suggest supplementing your diet with certain vitamins while taking certain medications. If you have any questions about the effect of specific drugs on vitamin requirements, ask your doctor. If you are taking birth control pills, you might consider supplementing your diet with a multiple vitamin or at least be very careful to eat a balanced, nutritious diet.



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 121)

Food

continued from page 103

¼ teaspoon paprika
1 bay leaf
1 pound frozen fish fillets, cut up
1 cup milk
½ cup ground oat flour
1½ cups shredded Cheddar cheese
3 tablespoons sherry or lemon juice

Sauté onions in margarine in 4½-quart Dutch oven. Add water, carrot and seasonings. Bring to a boil. Cover; simmer about 10 minutes. Add fish. Cover; continue cooking about 5 minutes. Gradually add combined milk and oat flour, stirring constantly. Cook over medium-high heat, stirring frequently, about 5 minutes or until thickened. Add cheese and sherry or lemon juice, stirring constantly until cheese is melted. Makes about eight 1-cup servings.

Wake-Up Shake-Up

1 cup milk
1 large ripe banana, cut into chunks
½ cup Quaker Oats (quick or old-fashioned, uncooked)
1 egg
2 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons peanut butter
6 ice cubes

Combine all ingredients except ice cubes in blender container. Cover; blend 1 minute or until smooth and creamy. Add ice cubes. Blend 1 minute or until frothy. Makes 3 servings or about 3 cups. (Will keep overnight in refrigerator.)

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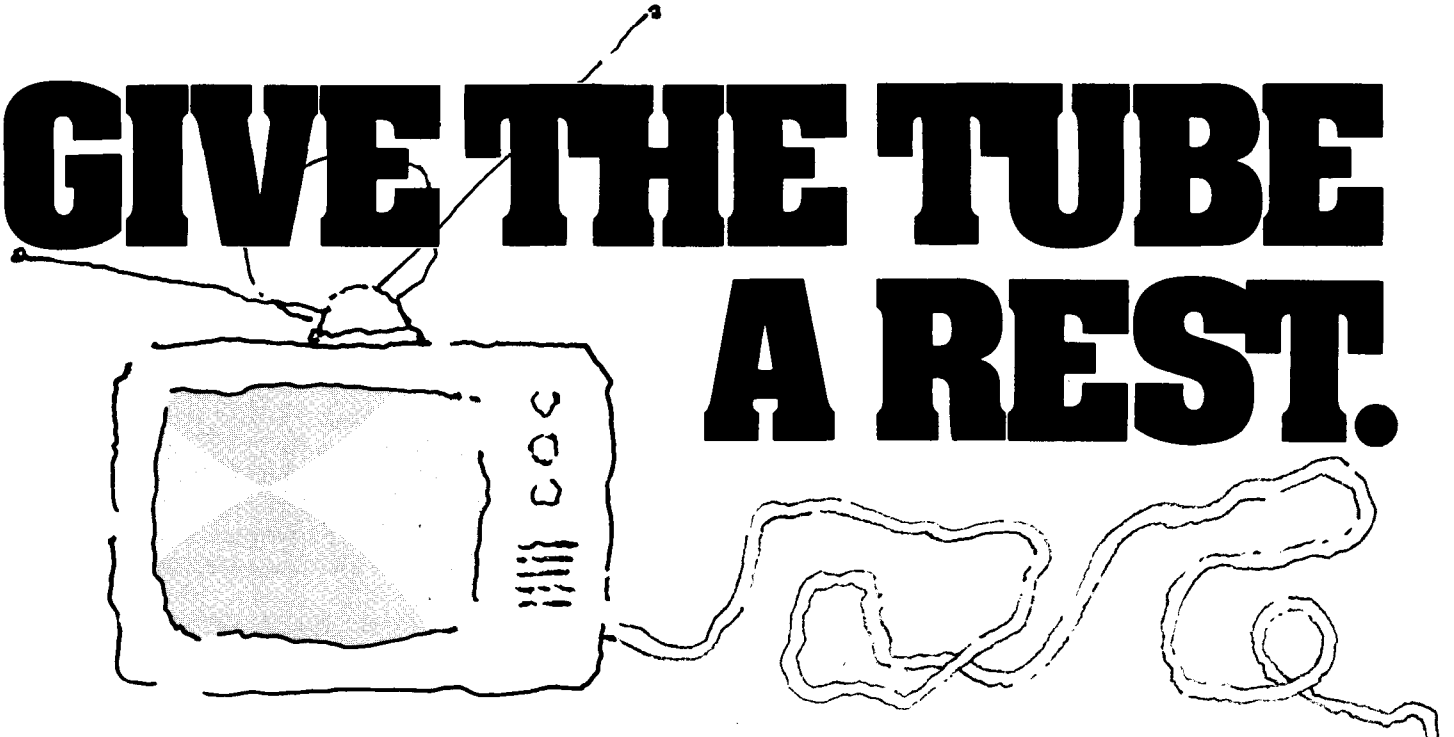
GIVE THE TUBE A REST.



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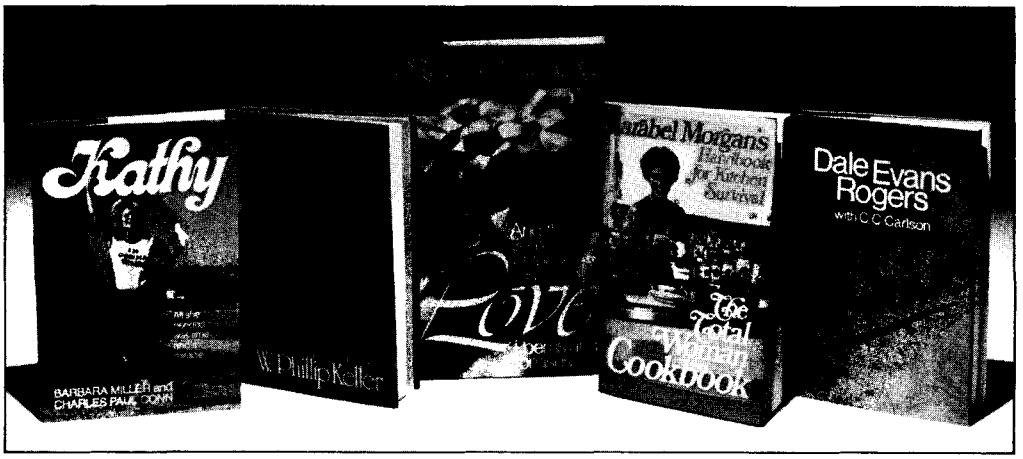

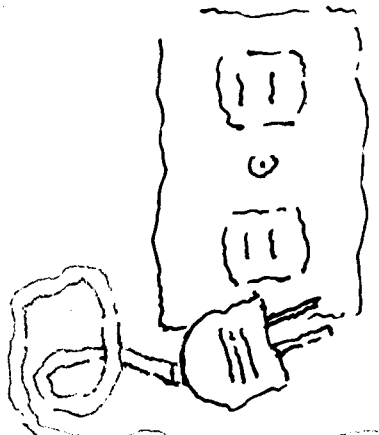

Why watch a second-run TV show when you can read a first-run book?

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POST PEOPLE

When In Rome...

If you are Dr. Robert Schuller, you have an audience with Pope John Paul II. And if you have the pride of Dr. Schuller in the almost-completed Crystal Cathedral at Garden Grove, California, whence he broadcasts his positive messages around the world, you carry a picture of that magnificent structure to present to His Holiness.

One of a kind...

Her great-grandfather was President Eisenhower; her grandfather is Richard Nixon. She is David and Julie's Jennie, at 19 months. She recently moved to suburban Philadelphia, where her parents are writing books.

Swinging From The Lip...

Although out of the political ring at the moment, Henry Kissinger is still swinging. During a recent speech he took a couple of pokes at President Carter. "Our current president got off to a slow start," he said, "...and has been losing momentum ever since." In the next round he jabbed at Carter's revival of FDR's radio broadcasts by commenting, "Carter is the only president to deliver fireside chats with his sweater on...which means he's the first president in American history to pull the wool over his own eyes." End of bout.

Students Have A Ball...

Zany Lucille Ball teach a college course? How crazy can our educational system get! Some 160 students at California State University, Northridge, don't think the idea is crazy at all. In fact, Assistant Professor Lucille Ball's course in "Theory of TV Broadcasting" has the students walking out of her classes as if walking on air. Her confession on opening day, "Do you know that I'm dying?" made her an instant hit, and she soon relaxed and had them laughing. But "Professor" Ball's classes are not all fun and games. She is most generous in sharing her broad experiences with her students. "It might be useful to them," modestly states this universally loved comedienne.

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He Arose

continued from page 121

And since Christ arose, we have a High Priest at the right hand of God who ever lives to intercede for God's children. We are not left alone in a Godless, Christless world, for we have a living Savior. He ever lives to make intercession for us according to the will of God.

Jesus didn't stay dead! Not only at Easter but every day of the year the believing heart can thank God for a living Savior.

Books

continued from page 101

by Bob Hope (who opined that Don Freeman was safe in asking him to write the preface because, if he refused, Freeman would refer to him in a later column as "the plump, balding, seldom-funny comedian"), Freeman talks with personalities from Barbara Walters to Helen Gurley Brown, Gary Cooper to Johnny Carson, and makes no excuse for liking programs from "M*A*S*H" to "Masterpiece Theatre." In fact, he makes no excuses for anything or anyone, not even the "intellectuals" who snub television and therefore have never taken their places in a medium that by its own admission could use more brainpower.

The book is filled with anecdotes, making it a trivia collector's treasure. Somehow Freeman manages to cover subjects as diverse as travel, women, cats and dogs and politics, and link them all to the television experience.

"Television is all of us," the author notes; "all our experiences, fantasies, fears and dreams, the best and worst in the human character, with all the shadings in between." Makes TV sound something like a candidate for the Literary Guild, doesn't he?

Asian Exodus

continued from page 77

and when it was taken away to the bank for "safekeeping," he was given a receipt for every item!

At his home in California, Tinh looks at the long list and smiles wryly.

Although he was out of the jewelry business by government expropriation, Tinh still had his drugstore—but only for seven more months. In January 1976, the government decided it wanted a monopoly on medicines, so Tinh had to close his pharmacy as well.

Tinh knows of a number of businessmen who resisted these measures and were shot.

And still they were not through with the "capitalists."

In the same manner that the communists had announced new regulations regarding businesses, houses came in for some strange edicts. For example, any housing unit over 200 square meters (about 1,850 square feet) would be confiscated by the government. In addition, size of houses should be determined by the number of people living in them, not by the ability of the owner to pay for or maintain it. Consequently, each person was allowed only 78 square feet of living space.

Tinh lost on both counts. His home at Bien-hoa had over 3,000 square feet, so it was immediately confiscated.

Score one more for the communists.

Next he got notice that his house in Saigon was also due for confiscation. (It was 59 square feet over the "legal" limit.) However, Tinh managed to keep it until his escape because of the number of people living in it.

Because none of the family members had government-approved work positions, they were unable to get rice ration cards. (Jobs, incidentally, were not handed out on the basis of talent, skill or training, but rather on family relationships with communist party members.) Even a ration card, however, would not have guaranteed rice to Tinh's family. It would have meant only that when rice was available, they could get it at the official rate. For the favored ones who possessed the treasured card, it was not an inconsequential benefit, since rice on the black market cost up to ten times over the official rate.

But it was from the black market (also called the "running market" because the vendors would set up their stalls on different streets at random times and literally run away when the communist cadres learned of it) that Tinh had to support his family from 1976 to 1978. They managed, although somewhat precariously, because he had managed to keep back some of the gold and precious stones from his jewelry store before the communists "liberated" the stock from its capitalist owner.

The poor people who had neither ration cards nor resources went hungry.

Thong remembers that while the new masters in Saigon were incredibly stupid in some things, they were very shrewd in things that mattered. For example, even the officers of the North Vietnamese army who took over all government posts in the South didn't

Continued on following page

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know how to use a flush toilet. He says they would put towels in the toilet for washing and then blame the Americans for "swallowing" their towels when they were flushed away. They also tried to clean their fish in the toilets with the same disastrous results.

When they finally found out what the toilets were for, they still squatted down beside the fixture and then dumped the deposit in the water, triumphantly flushing it away!

However, Thong says, it would be a mistake to write these people off as loutish. He scores them high marks as fighters ("They follow orders to the letter and can be relied on to advance toward an objective without second thoughts") and as controllers of people.

The communists altered family relationships, the ex-lawyer reports. Children were coerced into joining "Ho Chi Minh youth camps," where they were encouraged to report their parents if the adults were not following the party line.

Traditional family customs changed drastically. Because the father might no longer be the chief breadwinner, his authority in the family structure was undermined.

Gradually, the grip was tightening.

The pressures rapidly intensified. People had to get permits from the local officials in the town where they lived before they could stay elsewhere overnight. The permits had to be renewed each month.

Tinh tells of the two Montagnard pastors who came to Saigon in 1978 from their home in Da Lat, a city in the highlands. They had the appropriate documents for travel, and as night approached, their host, who was a local pastor, went to the local government office to register them. A low-ranking officer gave them permission to sleep in the church but did not bother to tell them that the request had to be approved at a higher level. It wouldn't have mattered anyhow, for it was getting late and the other office was closed.

Security police came during the night and arrested the pastor of the church, the assistant pastor, the president of the congregation and the two visiting tribesmen. The senior pastor, who was over 70 years old, was released a few days later, but the experience caused him to have a heart attack.

The other four were sent to a concentration camp in central Vietnam. Tinh's informants tell him they are still there. Tinh makes a point to differentiate between reeducation camps and concentration camps:

"A reeducation camp is where you are brainwashed with communist ideology and where you are made to work hard. You are told that the reason for this is because you made others work before, so now you must be made to understand what hard work really is. Even the work is supposed to be part of the reeducation process.

"A concentration camp," he says, "is like a prison. You are not permitted outside your cell and you are not allowed to work. You are sent there as a punishment for some crime."

So four religious leaders are in a concentration camp for the "crime" of sleeping in a church without the necessary permission!

Under the communists, all religions came in for difficulties. Lawyer Thong says that while the new regime did not forbid worship, they put Ho Chi Minh's picture above all the others in the churches and strictly regulated congregational meetings.

Tinh says, "The communists hate all religion, but especially Christianity, because—they say—it opened a way for foreigners to enter the country."

"There's only one solution! Nationalize the oil companies!"

"Right. And turn 'em over to the Postal Service."

As is true in most communist countries, the practice of religion is not totally prohibited. The regime just makes it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for the church to function normally. For example, the church in Vietnam has lost virtually all its young people. They are not forbidden to attend the services—the government just makes sure that other activities are scheduled for them at the same time.

Most of these activities are in the form of work projects. Sunday is street-cleaning day or rice-planting day or land-cultivation day, and the young people are formed into work brigades. Sometimes they are sent outside the town for a whole weekend, especially if they have jobs with the government—and there aren't many other jobs available in Vietnam today.

In fact, Tinh says bitterly that there are no more weekends in Vietnam. "Sunday is just another day," he observes. His own children were assigned on Sundays to trim the trees in their town of Bien-hoa.

Preoccupation with the border war with China in 1979 led to a relaxation of some restrictions, and the churches were once again crowded, indicating that faith among Christians still runs deep. A recent letter received by a refugee from a relative in Vietnam said: "A lot of people go to church now and their faith is getting stronger because it is too sad outside. Life is so desperate that we have to go to church to seek hope, calmness and peace."

There is no census of the numbers of refugees who have left Vietnam since 1975. All that the rest of the world knows is how many of the "boat people" have managed to make it to land; this number, as of October 1, 1979, was nearly 400,000. However, it is generally agreed by many authorities that those who made it represent perhaps only half of those who tried.

Every generation needs to be reminded of its own holocaust, and this one is still in the making. There are thousands of stories from the survivors. But we do not know the terrible experiences of those who didn't make it—for, as in murder mysteries, dead men tell no tales. ✱

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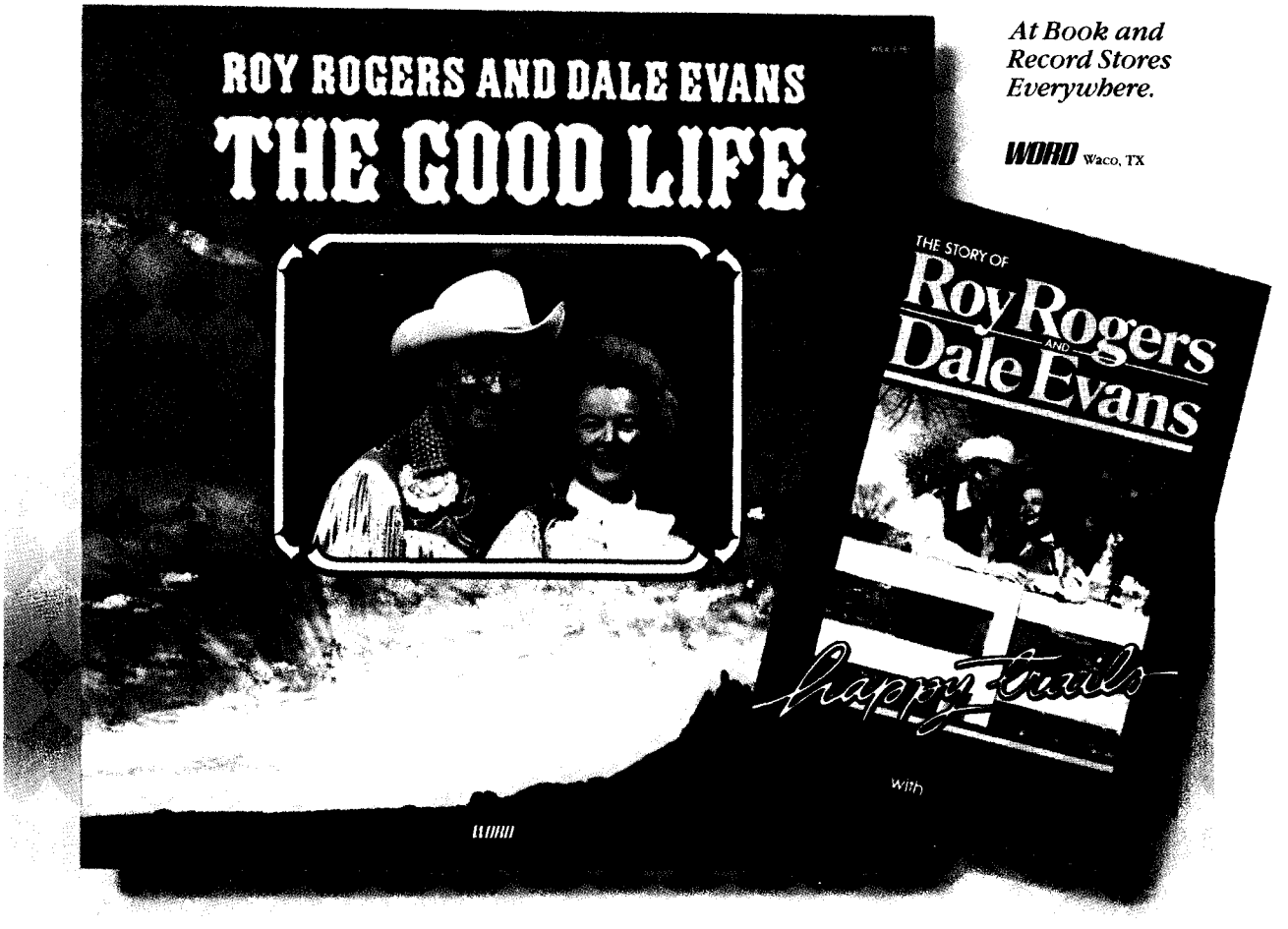

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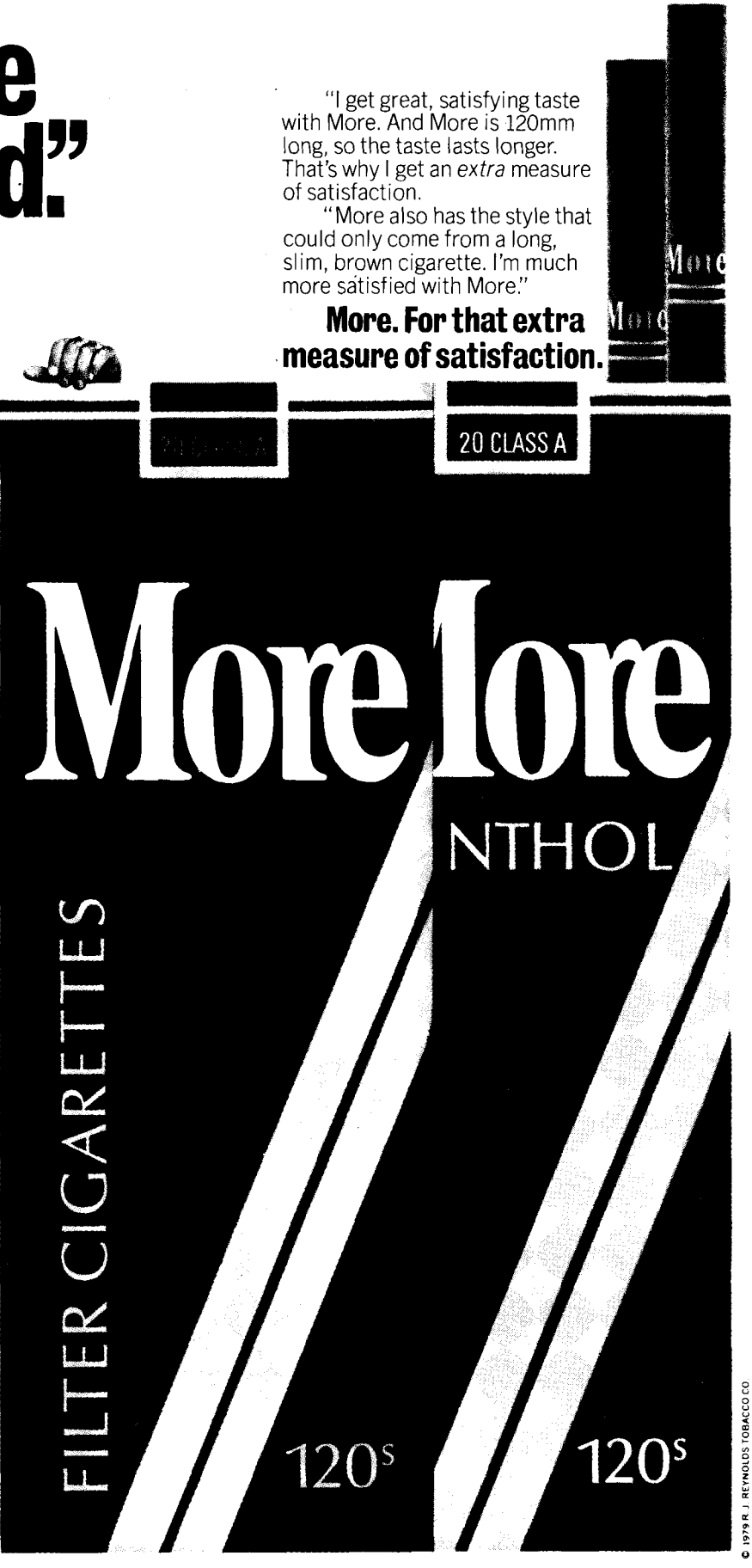

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